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THE LUSTROUS LADY

BY

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I.

FORTEGAN came up on the *Henlopen* of the Hook and Horn Line—Santo Domingo to New York. He had expected to wait a fortnight longer for the *Hatteras*, because he slightly preferred the captain and certain officers of the latter ship, but, looking over his own mountains from the veranda of the hacienda, just as a tropical torrent swept overland from crest to crest, bringing out a subdued glow to the wild verdure, it occurred to Fortegan that he wanted New York rather badly. So he ponied down to the port among the trickles of this very torrent; and ten hours after the decision, was out among the Silver reefs, and the fruity old *Henlopen* was nudging her way through the coral passage as confidently as if the trick of getting to sea from Santo Domingo was part of the weathered consciousness of her boilers and plates.

Now, Fortegan is a big, swift chap to keep in hand for such a short distance as a half-length novel—a four-mile horse asked to do the mile distance. Whip and spur are best left behind in the stable. All that is needed is weight, a tough bridle-arm, and the ability to sit tight and steadily, to keep the big fellow from running away. Not lungs and legs merely, this mount, but head and heart.

It always seemed to the chronicler that Fate must have looked him over when Fortegan was "a soft one," over thirty years ago, and that

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orders were given something like this for his future: "Hello, here 's a particularly fine and springy man-stalk. He should work out a whole lot of intrinsic hell in this incarnation. Give him a goodly portion of the finest *spirit* for his level—enough to last him through and show him his angle at all times. Give him passions that will answer to the call of strange voices, rough wanderings, and wild friends, but never let him forget that his particular girl is in the world—the one Fortegan girl. Make it interesting, but save him mightily at the last."

That 's something of the way the Destiny Master planned it out for Martin Fortegan.

Perhaps it was the haunt of that one girl that came over him with the rain-storm—and hurried him down to catch the *Henlopen* for New York.

But before he leaves the Island, it is well to explain how he came to be there, and how the hills he saw from his own veranda came to be in his own name. Years ago, before he was twenty, Martin Fortegan, in a single afternoon, performed an action which brought him financial abundance for his mature years. The *Truxton*, of which he was cook, was becalmed in the southern Pacific. She was a smart clipper of six hundred tons, on her way down to Calcutta. The captain was a tubby little man of fifty, named Carreras. The crew was composed of a few run-down British seamen, Lascars and Chinese, and there was a queer, unspoken friendship between the master and his cook.

The ship's bell had struck four times on this eventful afternoon, and Fortegan had just finished tiffin matters (a dismal formality, since no appetite of man's size could live in that breathless, burning air) and stepped on deck. The planking was like the galley-range, and the fresh white paint of the boats had blistered and peeled. It was an ugly sea, yellow-green and dead, save where a shark's fin knifed the surface. The crew was lying forward under the awnings—a fiend-tempered outfit of Asiatics. Captain Carreras appeared in a forward companion-way and nodded to Fortegan aft. Then both men looked at the sky, which was brassy straight above, but thickening in the north. Indeed, in the far north the metallic yellow changed to azure, which in its turn darkened strangely. It was augmenting in a streaky way, as when one drops bluing into a tub of water. Presently the voice of the Captain brought the crew to its feet.

Fortegan has never been able exactly to describe his varying states of consciousness from that first moment. He remembered thinking what a fine little fat man the Captain was; that their sailing together was finished; that, without words, they had been real companions. A few days before, the ship had plied through the muddy waters at the mouths of the Godivari. It was the same now. The water had taken on a thick, dirty look; or a whipped, yeasty look—the changes were so

rapid. Often Fortegan glanced at the Captain, and as often followed the little man's gaze to the north, the churning, blackening north.

A chill came into the deathly heat, but it was the cold of caverns, and not of the vital open. The heat did not mix with it, but passed it layers—a novel movement of the atmospheres. An unearthly gliter, like the coloring of a dream, wavered in the east and west, while the north stormed blacker and the south lay still in brilliant expectation. . . . In some hallway when he was a little boy, Fortegan recalled a light like this of the west and east. There was a long, narrow pane of yellow-green glass over the front door. The light used to come through that in the afternoon and fill the hall and scare him. It was the same on deck now.

The voices of the oriental sailors had that same unearthly quality as the light—ineffectual, remote. Out of the hold of the *Truxton* came a ghostly sigh. Fortegan could n't explain, unless it was some new and mighty strain on the keel and ribs.

A moment more and the Destroyer was visible in the changing north. It was sharp-lined—a great wedge of absolute night—and from it the last vestiges of day dropped back affrighted. And Fortegan heard part of the voice of It; all that the human ear could respond to, of the awful dissonances of storm plied upon his tympanum—yet he knew that there were ranges of sound above and below human register that awed and preyed upon the soul. And he saw the hideous turmoil in the black fabric; just wind—an avalanche of wind that gouged the sea, that would have shaken mountains. . . . The poor little *Truxton* stared into the End—a puppy cowering on the track of a train.

And then it struck. Fortegan was sprawled upon the deck. The blood broke out from his nostrils and ears; from the little veins in his eyes and forehead. Parts of his body would turn black from the terrible pressure. Fortegan felt that he was being born again in another world.

The core of *that thing made of wind* smashed the *Truxton*—a smash of air. It was like a thick, sodden cushion big as a battle-ship—hurled out of the north. And men must take their breath from it—from a seething havoc that tried to twist the soul free. . . . Water came over the ship in huge tumbling walls. Fortegan was spewed over the deck like a bar of soap from an overturned pail—clutching, torn loose, clutching again.

Then the Thing eased to a common hurricane such as men know. Gray flicked back into the black—a corpse-gray sky—and the ocean seemed shaken in a bottle.

Fortegan saw the Lascars and Chinese getting a boat overside, and felt the *Truxton* wallowing underfoot, as one in the saddle after a race feels the tendons of his mount give way. The Captain was helping a

huge Chinese to hold the wheel. The sea was insane. There were no women aboard. . . . They got the boat over and tumbled in—a dozen men. A big sea broke them and the little boat like a basket of eggs against the side of the ship.

Another boat was put over and filled with men. The sea flattened them out and carried the stains away on the surge. Then there were only nine men left, and a little boat that would hold but seven. Fortegan helped to make a rigging to launch it over the stern. He saw that this might be done if the little craft was not broken in two against the rudder.

The Captain made no move to join. He was alone at the wheel which played with his strength. His face was calm, but a little dazed. He had no thought but to go down with the ship—the old tradition. The foolishness of this appealed to Fortegan. Carreras was the finest man aboard—and his friend. He ran to the wheel, tore the Captain from it, carried him in his arms toward the stern. A Chinese tried to knife him. Fortegan killed the man, and recaptured the Captain, who had dumbly turned back to the gear. It was all done in thirty seconds—and Carreras had been chucked into the stern-seat of the little boat. The body of a Lascar cushioned the craft from being broken against the rudder. The survivors were seven. The *Truxton* had been broken above and below the water-line. She strangled and was sucked down. Fortegan saw her stern flung high like an arm; saw the big "X" in the center of the name in the whitish light.

He remembered hearing that typhoons always double on their tracks, and that a ship is not through that lives through the first charge. But this one never came back. . . . They had five days of equatorial sun and thirst. Two men died; two went mad. Captain Carreras and Martin Fortegan made land.

These two went to London together. The Captain declared he was through with the sea, save as a passenger. He could say very little about the action of his cook; only, Fortegan was told that every year, at least, there would be a letter for him sent care the Marigold, New York. They parted in the old embarrassment which kept down the old man's heart and which had cursed him with loneliness all his life.

The letters invariably reached Fortegan. He spent years in India, riding range in Punjab, attached to the forestry service for the English. He followed certain wars, and several times met David Cairns, of New York, an American correspondent. . . . Always Fortegan worked with his hands—for the privilege of studying at the great university of the orient; and the course in India gave him a strange inner vitality. Always he moved among the enlisted rather than among the commissioned folk of this world.

Finally, when he had reached his thirtieth year, a letter from Car-

reras told him that he had better wait no longer, but come to Santo Domingo—if he would see his old friend. So he crossed the world—and they had a few rare months together. One morning Captain Carreras did n't get up, and when Fortegan went to him he saw a queer smile. . . . The fine little fat man nudged his shoulder bashfully—as if he wanted the young man's arm——

So Fortegan bent forward and gave the arm, and the Captain went out, talking to him about Asia and the Tai Fung—the great wind. . . .

Presently Fortegan discovered that Captain Carreras had left him everything—thousands of acres of rich and virgin land, the hacienda and all its buildings, the mining-rights in three rich rivers, thousands of cacao trees of different ages, the good-will of the natives who harvested the beans, and of the Dutch cocoa-makers who sent their ships to Santo Domingo for raw material twice a year. In short, Fortegan came into a vulgar amount of property and money. . . . This is but a glimpse at the early years of a man in many ways extraordinary. For the present purposes, his real narrative begins with his arrival in New York.

II.

DIRECTLY, in New York, Fortegan hunted up his old friend of the wars, David Cairns, who moved in many atmospheres of the big town. Cairns put him in a room furnished with much to read, and ordered him to wait exactly one hour and twenty-five minutes.

"You're one of the last of my real friends, Martin, to learn that I don't see any one before two in the afternoon."

"Go back, slave," said Fortegan. "Only, I thought your heart would be hanging out to see me."

"Absolutely so—but we New Yorkers have to work."

"Come down to my house. I've got a year to spend any time——"

"I don't own the ripest slice of New York, as you do in Santo Domingo," laughed Cairns. "There's a good short-story called 'Viger' in the new *Pan-American*; also some pretty pictures in *Pepper-sauce*——"

"Run along—I 'll find 'em."

As the clock struck, the New Yorker appeared again attired for the street. It was a sappy May day. Cairns had been housed for hours, and was appreciative, remarking that April had been served with wet and frosty fingers.

"Where are you staying, Martin?" he inquired finally.

"Marigold."

"Why do you persist in living 'way down-town? Nobody gets away from the heart of things up here—as far as that—after business hours."

"I'm sure of a welcome there," Fortegan told him. "My old

friend, Captain Carreras, had Room Fifty, from time to time, for so many years, that they sort of save it for his protégé. Besides, all the pirates and island kings and flush world-tramps call at the Marigold. Moreover, absolutely the best dinner——”

“You said that before,” Cairns broke in. “I realize that’s a tradition of the Forty-niners.”

“The fact is,” Fortegan went on with a gentle smile, “I’m not particular about living at the Marigold this trip. I’ll keep Room Fifty for the old Captain’s sake, but I’m not at all averse to breezing about somewhat uptown.”

“Ha!” came softly from Cairns. “A change has come over the face of the young man’s dream.”

“I’d like to know some folks,” Fortegan admitted.

“I think you’d better have a card at my clubs this time. You can use them forenoons, any way. There’s Teuton’s, Goat’s, and the Smilax down Gramercy way. . . . By the way, we’ll step over to Teuton’s for a bite to eat. . . . The idea is, you can try ’em all, and pick out the one that you fit into best.”

“Exactly,” breathed Fortegan.

“You won’t care for the Smilax, possibly. Stately old place with many paintings and a virgin silence. Then, the women artists are going there more and more——”

“I love paintings,” Fortegan remarked.

They walked across Times Square and deep into Forty-Second Street in silence. Finally Cairns asked abruptly:

“Fortegan, did you come up here this time to take a woman back?”

“I was watching the rain six or seven days ago from my front stoop, when I drew a sudden inspiration that *she* was up here. The fact is, I had n’t expected to sail until two weeks later on the *Hatteras*——”

“You mean *The Woman* you used to talk to me about in Asia?”

“Yes.”

Cairns felt at this instant a quick renewal of all the old attractions Fortegan had possessed for him years ago. A big man, a man’s man, strong as a platoon in a pinch, plain as a sailor in his ordinary talk, yet a brilliant ornament to any company that challenged his inner possessions; a fine humor, and a soul that rode with blithe buoyancy after a life of terrors that would have sunk most men’s anchorage fathoms deeper than the longest cable’s reach; and here, in bright daylight, in the heart of New York, Fortegan could talk about the woman-who-must-be-somewhere, in the same ideal, unhurt way of years ago, when the two lay together under strange stars—whispering boyish dreams and sick for home. Cairns remembered that the delicate fineness of boyhood had not been worn from his own nature then. It was gone now, he suddenly realized. All that was left was not fineness. He felt a

bit defiled; as if New York had gotten to him; as if he had lost the big vision he had set out with; as if he were one of the million men about him, feathering the nest of impermanence, and stifling the soul's hunger for the skies and the great, cleansing, migratory flights.

"Then you have n't found Her yet?" the New Yorker asked absently.

"No. . . . You used to have one, too, Cairns."

"I lost mine——"

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!"

Cairns felt Fortegan's big, quick hand slip under his arm with instant sympathy.

"I beg your pardon, Martin," he said hastily. "I did n't quite mean that any one died, but that the dream died out of me. I lost the inclination to look—and that 's bad. I think I 'm getting to be—just a biped. . . . I 'm glad you came a ship earlier. . . . You 're quite sure, I suppose, that She 's not in Santo Domingo?"

Fortegan chuckled. "Quite sure," he said. "I 've given the Island every chance to produce—even the Hayti part."

"Here we are at Teuton's," Cairns said.

III.

CAIRNS gave a party to Fortegan three nights later at the Smilax Club. There were ten people present, half of them women; and directly across from Fortegan sat Beth Truba—the most vivid thing in the way feminine that his deep gray eyes had ever developed. The sight of her was the perfect stimulus—an elixir not crude enough to be drunk, but to be breathed. Fortegan felt the door of his inner chambers swing open before fragrant winds; the heart of him became greatly alive, and his brain in grand tune. Indeed, she played upon his mind as the Hindus play upon the *vina*, that strange oriental harp with a dozen strings, of which the artist touches but one. The other strings furnish an undertone of purely aerial harmony. You must listen in a still place to catch the mystic accompaniment. It was so in Fortegan's mind. Beth Truba played upon the single string, and the others glorified her with their shadings. And a plaint from all humanity was in that undertone—as if to keep him sweet.

She was in white—a slim iceberg with the top afire. It was because he was so large that Beth seemed a little woman to Fortegan. Other lives of his must explain it, but her red hair went straight to his heart. And those wine-dark eyes, now cryptic black, now suffused with red glows like a stormy night-sky above a prairie, said to him, "Better come over and see if I 'm tamable."

"Just the place I wanted to be to-night," she had said, taking her

chair. . . . "I 'm glad I came. We 're going to have such a good time."

"In other words, David, Beth Truba says: 'Bring on your lion, for I 'm the original wild huntress!'"

This was from Kate Wilkes, a tall, tanned woman; indeed, rather variously weathered, and more draped than dressed. She did women's columns and departments for magazines and newspapers; and was noted in equal-suffrage circles for her papers on Whitman. . . . The party was taken care of in a wing of the club. The walls were lined with walnut cabinets, having heavy leaded-glass doors, which displayed historic plate of gold and silver and pewter. The table streamed with light, but the faces and the cabinets were in shadows that moved with an excellent and silent service. The three women, besides Beth Truba and Kate Wilkes, were Mrs. Wordling, an ascending actress; Vina Nettleton, who made gods out of clay and worshipped Rodin; and Marguerite Grey, tall, lovely in a tragic flower-like way, who painted, and played the cello divinely. The three men apart from Cairns and Fortegan are lay-figures.

"Boys and girls," said David, "I have asked-you here to-night to meet Martin Fortegan, my best friend."

"Bully!" said the three gentlemen.

"Moreover," Cairns added, "I propose to tell you a bit about him; of our wanderings together, and all that. He had already been sailing farther and longer on the great waters when we first met, mere boys in Luzon, than I have sailed since or expect to sail—though I love the sea. And that was twelve years ago. . . . Not that there 's anything in miles—but he has kept a boy's heart. And that I have n't done. . . . I 'm getting away badly, but what I 'm getting at may clear up. . . . Fortegan and I rode together with an American pack-train over Luzon when there was fighting there. He was a cook, and I a correspondent. I look back upon some of our boyish talks (with the smell of coffee and forage and cigarettes in the hot night air) as among the perfect things I have had the good fortune to mix in during this life. And last night and the night before we talked again. I learned things—which I hope you 'll learn. I 'm afraid we 're not keeping nice and white here in New York—that's the point. I know I have n't, because when Fortegan brought the talk close, as he used to—out under the tropic stars—I found last night and the night before that I was n't there to meet him half-way. Maybe it 's different with you. I speak to you men and women alike, for we all work, all in New York. I know I was n't the same; and I know that Fortegan came up from his Island—just as rare and sensitive as he used to be——"

"David, old fellow," Fortegan pleaded, "you 're swinging around in a circle. Do be easy with me!"

"Don't bother him," Kate Wilkes said briefly. "He 's speaking God's truth. You 'd have to be a city man—or woman—to understand."

"Thanks, Kate," said Cairns. "It was difficult to express, but I see that I got that over."

"Rather rough to have a truth like that rammed home," she added gloomily. "Go on, please."

Cairns mused absently before continuing:

"I wondered if it would hit any one else as hard as it hit me. . . . I 've been serving King Quantity here in New York so long, that I had come to think it was the right thing to do. This man has kept to the Open—the Bright Open—and kept his dreams. . . . I listened to him last night, ashamed of myself. His dreams came forth fresh and unde-filed as a boy's—only, they were big dreams, all lighted up and flexible—and his voice seemed to come from behind the intention of Fate. I would n't talk this way if we were n't all artists of some sort. . . . I 've met Fortegan for a day or a week half a dozen times in a dozen years. And he has always brought me something new, for he has learned to take life with a laugh; and what fortunes and favors are spilled into his lap, for his laughter and his easy waiting! You must hear how he came to own about all that 's worth while down in Santo Domingo—"

Cairns leaned back in his chair, with a glass of Moselle in his hand, his eyes smiling into the heavy rafters which ceiled the wing.

"I 'll never forget the night," he added presently, "when Fortegan gave me a picture of what a typhoon means. I think he 'll try to do it again—for it 's the material base of his story."

Between them the furious sea adventure was retold, and at a length not dared in the opening of this narration. It was hard for Fortegan until Beth Truba leaned forward and ignited his powers. After that he told it all to her, and when he described how the light, before the storm broke, was like the hallway of his boyhood time where the yellow-green glass had frightened him, she became paler if possible and more than ever intent, and back in her mind a sentence from David Cairns was repeated, "*His voice seemed to come from behind the intention of Fate.*" Finally when he related his reaching Santo Domingo, and of the morning when Captain Carreras nudged bashfully—as if he wanted his young friend's arm—Beth Truba exclaimed softly:

"Oh, this can't be true—it 's too good!" and her listening eyes stirred with ecstasy.

Moreover, she liked his picture of the hacienda on the hill. . . . The party talked away up into the top of the night and over; and always when Fortegan started across (in his heart) to tame the wine-dark eyes—lo, they were gone from him.

IV.

KATE WILKES lived at the Smilax Club, as did Vina Nettleton and Mrs. Wordling for the present. The actress was just in from the road. Her play had not run its course, merely abated for the summer. She had been a large satellite, if not the stellar attraction. Exactly at noon, the morning following Cairns's party for Martin Fortegan, Mrs. Wordling appeared in the breakfast-room, and sat down at a little table with Kate Wilkes, who was having coffee.

"What an extraordinary night we had!" the actress remarked. "David's party was a success."

"Rather," assented the magazinist, who felt nettled and old and hot-throated. She seemed of endless length, and one would suppose that her clothes were designed so that not a bone should be missed. Mrs. Wordling was not her favorite.

"They made it up beautifully between them, did n't they?" the actress said, as she squeezed orange-juice into a spoon.

"What?"

"That story."

"Who?"

"Why, that story—that friendship, storm-at-sea, Santo Domingo story—done jointly by Messrs. Cairns and Fortegan."

"You think they rehearsed it, then?" Kate Wilkes asked softly.

"Why, of course. It unfolded like a story—each piling on subtle enthusiasm for the other."

There was a slight pause.

"And so you think David Cairns simulated that fine touch—about discovering through his friend what damage New York was doing to his insides?" The Wilkes manner was lightly reflective.

"Of course. Was n't he raw and stammering at first, but a lot better afterward?"

"You think—as I understand it"—Miss Wilkes had become queerly penetrative, and spoke as one might stick a pin through the thorax of a beetle—"that David Cairns merely used his artistic intelligence for our entertainment; that Martin Fortegan is merely an interesting type of sailor and wanderer who has struck it rich?"

"Why, yes, Kate. Every one knows that David is selling everything he writes at a top-figure; that he is eminently successful, quite the thing in many periodicals; finely pleased with himself, as a successful man——"

"Wordling," Kate Wilkes said, leaning toward her, "what kind of people do you associate with in your work?"

"The best, dear, always the best; people who think and who love their work——"

Slowly and without passion the elder woman now delivered herself:

"People who *think* they think and who love themselves! . . . I have tried to make myself believe that you were different. Somebody said you had a brain, and I've tried sincerely to find it. You are not different, Wordling; you have n't a brain. You are just an actress—and not a great actress. David Cairns never rehearsed his part with Fortegan. Men as full of real things as these two men do not need rehearsals. Fortegan came up from the big water, and all unconsciously made his old companion realize he was not breathing the breath of life here in New York. Cairns wept over it, and made up his mind to try again; then, fine chap that he is, he called a few of his friends together—to make us see the thing as he saw it. I call it an honor that he invited me. I see you do not. This is a matter in which a difference of opinion is structural. Luck to you, Wordling!" she finished, rising. "I feel seedy, and have a busy afternoon ahead."

Mrs. Wordling laughed delightedly, though boiling lava ran within and pressed against the craters. Alone, she asked herself what Kate Wilkes had done to get away with eccentricities to which only those of stardom are entitled.

"Hag!" she muttered, after much conning.

V.

FORTEGAN was abroad early, having felt entirely above the need of sleep. He was not exactly happy, because there was a fear in his mind that New York was playing with him a bit; that Cairns had pressed a trifle hard on this queer, unhurt quality which he was alleged to possess. In a word, Fortegan sensed the scepticism localized in Mrs. Wordling and one or two of the nameless gentlemen, and could not yet know that it did not taint the entire company.

The Smilax Club pleased him, and he had taken an apartment there.

That flame of a woman, Beth Truba, was hot in his every thought. Her listening had drawn out the soul of him. Never had a woman startled him so with the sense of the world's fulness in that she was in the world. That he had found her was achievement, indeed,—a final sanction upon his deathless faith. That she would ever have any meaning beyond this to him, was an entirely different matter. In the first place, her having reached full womanhood uncaptured by man of any kind was incredible. He could not grasp—except in vague ways—that she was vowed to spinsterhood by some irrevocable iron of her will; or perhaps the man had come, and she had given her word. At all events, Fortegan could not understand how any man could look upon her and go about his work without finding out first if *he* had a chance. . . .

He felt the need of asking Cairns about this, but was conscious that

it was entirely too sacred a matter to broach outside of the finest possible moment. Any way, Cairns was impossible until two in the afternoon. So Fortegan was staring out from the club window upon that terribly guarded bit of beauty, Gramercy Park, thinking of the enchantress, and of his great, lavish, shower-whipped hills of home where she and all her furiously feminine emotions belonged—when his name was spoken softly by Marguerite Grey, one of the regal shadows of the night before.

"If I had never seen you or Mr. Cairns again," she said, "I should have come to think of last night as a dream."

"It was a good deal like a dream to me."

"I am just going up to Vina Nettleton's studio—tenth floor. Have you seen her 'Stations of the Cross'?"

"No."

"Her four years' task for a great Quebec cathedral. It's wonderful to watch her work. Vina's worth knowing—pure spirit. Would you like to come with me?"

Queer fascinations possessed Fortegan, as the elevator carried them upward. He felt that these were his real playmates—these people of pictures and statues; that he had come a long way *in the dark* to find them. He did not know their ways of play, but well knew he should like them when he learned, and that their play would be prettier than any he had ever known.

And this great, still woman beside him, almost as tall as he, calm-mouthed, soft-cheeked, of rarest texture and with a voice sensuously soft and slightly lisping, having that quality of softness which distinguishes a charcoal line from one made with graphite—this woman seemed identified with long-ago rainy days of which there had been none too many. . . . From its very softness, her voice seemed to lose direction in his fancy, loitering there, strangely enticing: "Would you like to come with me?"

A bell was touched in that high hall, and Vina Nettleton's plaintive tone trailed out:

"Won't you come right in, please—come into my muddy room?"

A large window opened upon steel fire-frame where there was room for two to sit, and a view of the city to the north. Startlingly near to the left rose the Metropolitan Tower. The studio had a strangely unfinished look with its scaffolding and step-ladders and plaster panels. In the midst of these ponderous matters stood a frail creature in a streaky blouse, exhibiting her clayey hands and smiling pensively. It was only when you looked at the figures in the panels and the models in clay that you saw she belonged among these affairs of a contractor. . . . Marguerite Grey was saying:

"When I get too weary, or heart-sick, or tired of my work, in the sense of being bored by its commonness——"

"Wicked woman," murmured Vina.

"When the thought comes that I *should* be cashier in a restaurant," the other went on in her imperfect, unsmiling way, speaking altogether to Fortegan, "I come to this place. Here is a little woman who is great—just so great, Mr. Fortegan, that the critics of sculpture now are inquiring each from the other, 'Will Vina Nettleton last?' It's a good age when the contemporaries of the great get that far in an artist's lifetime. Vina has been working at these things two years. She has two years to finish. These are her prayers, Mr. Fortegan—prayers that will live for decades in the transept of a cathedral."

"Don't mind the Grey One, Mr. Fortegan," Vina Nettleton said lightly. "We are dear friends."

That pleased him, and he found himself studying the veins which showed through the delicate white skin of Vina's temples. Each of these women, in a different way, had won consummate poise, so that he felt easy and at his best with them. And the excellent fineness of the other sex was an eternal wonder that roused him now, as he moved raptly among the panels. He wondered how she had made the light fall upon the dull clay—always where the Christ stood or walked or hung.

"And how did you know He had such beautiful hands?" he asked.

Vina Nettleton looked startled, and the Gray One came closer. "I'm glad you see that," the latter said. "To me, the Hands are a particular achievement. Do you notice the fine modelling at the outer edge of the palm, and the trailing length of fingers—as if one could not quite tell where the flesh ended and the healing magnetism began?"

"And yet," said Fortegan, "you cannot say they are overdone. They are the hands of an artist, but not assertively so. It is my limitation that I cannot tell just wherein lies their suggestion of psychic power."

"It comes from the little woman making a prayer of her work; of sitting out there on the fire-frame with New York and the stars; of going into the closet with her image of Him; of light ascetic sleep and putting away the dreams of women—and starving——"

Scarlet showed under the transparent skin of the Nettleton temples now—as if putting away the dreams of women was not an unqualified success. She waited for Miss Grey to stop, and then turned to the man.

"You know, Mr. Fortegan, it troubled me last night and this morning, too. Not troubled, exactly, but I have found it hard to adjust your point of view and your queer power of expressing it—with that life of outdoor men; that intimacy with the 'enlisted' rather than the 'commissioned' folk of this world—as you told us."

"You'll find me very streaky, I'm afraid," he answered. "I was not educated in the school sense, the conventional ways, but I've done a good deal of reading, and more thinking. I think my mind has a rather busy habit of looking for the inside of things. I have been much alone,

and I have lived. . . . A thing that has pressed home to me is that the great books of the world are the little books—that a pocket or a haversack will hold. One or two at a time—little fine prints in leather—are enough to last a year. You don't realize what they have given you until you sit down in a roomful of common books and find how tame the quantities are. The point is, when a man is travelling light, he's got to take along the packed *little* books. Then, when you get the habit, you have n't time for quantity."

"Oh, I understand," the woman of the clay gods said. "Nights alone—and the eternal little books of the world! And one's school-days—a weathering from all angles of outdoors and a seasoning from all the seas. Men have such chances—to learn the perils and the passions of the earth—but so few do. Why, to me it is n't wonderful that we find you interesting, Mr. Fortegan; nor wonderful that you have the poise and the power to interest us—for your life has been miraculous. It's that you should have *had the inclination naturally* for the great little books, and through them and the nights alone—have kept your balance. New York is crowded with voyagers and men of mileage to the moon, but what made you—a powerful, unlettered boy—*look* for the inner meanings of things? What made you different from other packers and cooks and sailors around the world—boys of the Open who never become men, only physically?"

The voice of the Grey One filled the room. "I think we'll find that *that* has to do with Mr. Fortegan's mother, dear."

"Why, I'm awful glad to hear you say that, Miss Grey," Fortegan said quickly. "I do a sentry-watch with that very idea every little while. Often in strange places—that would have put dull care in the mother's eyes—that idea has cleared up things for me—"

The smaller woman stepped nearer to question: "She is still living, Mr. Fortegan?"

"God love her—I don't know."

Out of the hush presently, Vina asked again: "Lost?"

"I never knew her," Fortegan said. "I don't remember how she looked, and there were no pictures, except the one I made from thinking about her. If I could paint, I would make you see how lovely that is! . . . No, my father was never known to me. The name I wear—I chose myself when I first went away to sea."

VI.

CAIRNS broke up one of the preserved forenoons to call at Beth Truba's studio. This was the upper floor of an old mansion, a step from Fifth Avenue in the Thirties. Beth looked like a pearl in the good north light; but across the pallor of her face ran a magnetic current of

color from the famous hair to the crimson jacket she wore, pinned at the throat by a soaring gull, with the tiniest ruby for an eye.

"I came to see you," said Cairns, and sat down, apparently forgetting to finish. Likely he was thinking ahead.

Beth went on with her work, but glanced up finally. "What's he been doing to cause you to bring such gravity here?"

Cairns explained: "He's living at the Smilax Club. Yesterday I did n't see him until evening; the day before not until four in the afternoon. Formerly he landed on the stroke of two, complaining that the best part of the day was gone before he could get to me."

"The Grey One is engaged to be married," Beth said absently. "Dear little Vina is consecrated to the Stations—for two years more. Are you thinking of the Wordling?"

"Absolutely not," said Cairns quickly. "You don't believe in him, if you can say that."

"Why, should I believe in him?" was asked mildly. "Any way, I only asked if you were thinking of Wordling."

"No. It occurred to me that she would be a ripe rounding influence the other night—or a contrast. The Wordlings of this world—or one of them—would have bagged Fortegan and taken him to camp long before this, if he were designed for that kind. Why, that's the type of woman he knows."

"Do you know what I think?" she inquired presently. "I think you should be punished for using Wordling or any one else for a foil. That's a Wordling—a woman's strategy."

"I know it, Beth," he said excitedly. "But I did n't think of it until afterward. . . . I would n't do it again."

"You're a dear boy——"

"But you, Beth. He's the best fellow I know. . . . Why, he saw no one but you—did all his talking to you——"

A woman does not fancy a man's attempts at match-making, but Beth knew Cairns's was simple kindness. "You know, I'm like the flaringest, flauntingest posy in the garden—I call the bees first," she said dryly, but there was a flitting of ghostly memories through her mind. "And then I'm an extraordinary listener——"

"Beth," he said solemnly, "no one knows better than I that it is you who send the bees away."

She laughed at him. "We found each other out in time, David," she said lightly. "Too much artist between us. We'd taint each other—don't you see?"

"I never could see that," he replied.

"That's being polite—and one must be polite. . . . We are really fine friends, and that's something for a pair of incomplete New Yorkers."

"Beth, tell me, really, why you keep away from the Smilax Club now?" Cairns asked eagerly. "Why do you avoid knowing Martin Fortegan better?"

He had called forth one of her characteristic, half-humorous outbursts:

"I can't afford to take the chance, David. He's too attractive. Falling in love is dissipation, and I have so many contracts to fill. It ruins a year each time—and leaves lesions. Your sailor man is impossible. He can't last—too interesting to last. Red-haired women take men seriously and forget themselves. . . . Any way, I'm a spinster now—not a bachelor-girl. That name—that word, spinster—hypnotizes me. . . . See, I'm all ice again!"

Cairns was laughing, but something within him hurt. His relation with Beth Truba had been long and varied, but always warm. His work dealt with wars, armies, politics; and his fictions were little twenty-year-old matters, so that Beth felt that her present depth of mood was fathoms beneath his story instinct.

"Honestly, David," she went on, "I'll run from him rather than be hurt. I've said for years there were no real lovers in the world; but something in his eyes frightened all that out of my consciousness. Why, that night he was full of touches such as you dream of—that colored pane in the hall when he was a boy—the light that frightened him! . . . 'One of the Chinese knifed me, but he died!' . . . That bix 'X' of the *Truxton*, flung stern-up, as she sank; and about the old Captain nudging bashfully—wanting his arm to die upon! . . . Oh, it was altogether too enticing a story. Really, you must take your friend away. Red-haired spinsters must not be bothered so. . . . It was n't nice of you to imprison me here this magic spring weather. When does he go back to his Island?"

"He has n't spoken of that, but I do know, Beth, that Fortegan will never sink back into the common—from your first fine impressions. I've known him for years, you see——"

She put down her brushes and said theatrically, "I feel him interesting me—those fatal, premonitive impulses! . . . 'Spinster, spinster—Beth Truba, spinster'—this is my salvation!"

Under her mirth, much was verity. She was carrying an unhealed wound which Cairns knew something of. Also, she had glimpsed in Martin Fortegan a few evenings ago a fine and deeply-endowed nature—glimpses—as if he were some great woman's gift to the world—her soul and all. . . . But she had been cruelly hurt such a little time ago, that she despised her own willingness again to put forth faith. Such women either perish in the midst of the common, or else learn in self-protection to keep possibilities of disillusionment from storming into their inner sanctuaries.

Cairns wondered if he had better tell Beth that the woman who

gave his balanced friend to the world had had only her own name to add. This matter had been so slow to adjust in his own mind that Cairns did not believe a woman would quickly understand and appreciate. Here he showed his limitation—and how little he knew of what women were thinking in this rousing modern hour. He arose.

"You're more wonderful than ever this morning, Beth," he said. "You are the finest woman I know; Fortegan is the finest man. I would n't hurt either of you for worlds. You know best, but I doubt if Fortegan will go back to Santo Domingo without seeing more of you."

"Did he speak of such a thing?"

"Of course not. That is n't his way."

"I am properly rebuked."

"By the way, did you say that the Grey One is engaged to be married?"

"Yes, it is pure tragedy. The man is fifty and financial. That is the whole story. . . . The Grey One has reached the end of her rope. In spite of her great start after returning from Paris, the demand for her work seems to have fallen off. She has Handel's beautiful studio at three thousand the year—and debt and unsought pictures are eating out her heart. . . . She will go to the house of a certain rich man—just a body—God pity her—for her soul will be dead before she accepts the kiss of slavery. What a blithe thing is life—and how little you predatory men know about it?"

They stared at each other, and the thought of each poised upon an *If*. Beth started to give it utterance:

"If your friend——"

"But Fortegan did n't look into the eyes of the Grey One, when he told his tale of the sea," Cairns said, leaving.

The writer, as did all of Beth Truba's little world, knew that the going away of Jim Framtree, a few weeks before, had held something of heart-break for her. It was supposed that they were to marry. . . . Framtree was a sort of find of Beth's; she had even made his place in the world for him through her friends, so that he had been doing decently well. He was young; at times, glorious to look at; and Beth had been very frank about loving him.

Even when happiest, Beth had felt deep within, however, that something would happen. . . . Framtree never fully realized what he had said to cause an utter break. This was the key to the very limitation that made him impossible further—the lack of delicacy of perception. . . . It had been something that was not to be adjusted to the man she had wanted for a mate. She did not love him less, exactly, but rather as a mother than a maid, since she had to forgive. A woman may love a man whom she could not bring herself to marry. There are man-

comets—splendid, flashing, insubstantial, who sweep into the zones of attraction of all the planet-sisterhood—but better (if one cannot have a Sun all to oneself) is a little cold moon for the companion intimate. . . . Something that Framtree said—a pure disturbance in any part of the mind that it fell, compatible with no system of growth or fineness. He stood before her after that rooted among the second-rate.

Only Beth knew the depth of the hurt. All the feminine of her had turned to aching iron, so that her soul (the Shadowy Sister ever near) seemed riveted to a hideous clanking thing; and all her visions perished.

Her friends said: "Who would have thought that after making such a man of Jim Framtree, Beth would refuse to marry him? . . . Beth loves her pictures better than she could love any man. She is destined to be true to her work. Only the great women are called upon to make this choice. Nature keeps them in solitude to reveal at the last—unshadowed beauty. . . . This refusal of Framtree is the signet of Beth's greatness."

Beth heard a murmur of this talk and laughed bitterly.

"No," she said to her studio-walls. "It's only because Beth is a bit choosy. She is n't a great artist, and if she were, she would n't hesitate to become Mrs. Right Man—though it made her wobble forever—eye and hand!"

In her own heart she would rather have had her vision of happiness come true, than to paint the most exquisite flowers and faces in the comprehension of Art. . . . For days, for weeks, she had remained in her studio, seeing no one. Sending Jim Framtree away had maimed her within. She had wanted to rush off to Asia somewhere, and bury herself alive, but her pride had kept her at home. As soon as she had been able to move and to think coherently, she had sought her friends again. Even her dearest friend, Vina Nettleton, had realized but a tithe of the tragedy.

VII.

FORTEGAN came into the Smilax Club after an early ride, the morning following his call with Miss Grey at the Nettleton studio. At the desk, he was told that Mrs. Wordling had asked for him to call at her apartment. Five minutes later he knocked at her door.

"Is that you, Mr. Fortegan?" was called. . . . "How good of you! Yes! Just wait one moment."

The actress's voice was low, and close to that sobbing tone which charms the multitude. Had Fortegan not remembered her very well, he would have imaged some enchanted Dolores within. The door was opened, and he caught the gleam of a bare arm, but the actress had disappeared again when he entered. The man found himself in a room where a torrential shower had congealed into photographs.

"I can't help it," she said at last, emerging unhooked. "I've been trying to get a maid up here for the last half-hour. . . . I think there's only three or four between the shoulder-blades—won't you do them for me?"

She backed up to him bewitchingly. Mrs. Wordling was thirty, and, if the thing can be imagined, gave the impression of being both voluptuous and athletic. There was a rose-dusk tone under her soft skin where the neck went singing down into the shoulder—singing of warm blood, and plenteous. She was but mid-height of woman—so that Fortegan was amusedly conscious of the bigness of his hands, as he stood off surveying the work to do.

"What's the trouble—can't you?" There was just a suspicion of a tremble in her low tone, that stirred the wanderer. Here was the eternal type of man's pursuit—as natural a man's woman as ever animated a roomful of photographs—the woman who could love much, and, as Heine added, many. Fortegan had known such playmates around the world; but it was different now—since he had come into his own gardens where strayed the playmates that had been mystic so long.

"I'll just throw a shawl around, if you can't," she said.

"It's too warm for shawls," he said, laughing. "I was only getting it straight in my eye before beginning. You know it's tricksome for one who has handled only horses and tillers. . . . There's one—the second—any time when you can't find a maid, Mrs. Wordling—I'm in the Club a good deal—there now," and his big hands fell with a pat on each of her shoulders.

Facing him, Mrs. Wordling discovered a perfectly unembarrassed young man, and a calm depth of eye that seemed to have come and gone from her world, and found nothing to remember that was particularly exciting. . . . At least three women of her acquaintance were raving about Fortegan—artists with a madness for sub-surface matters having to do with men. Mrs. Wordling granted that theirs was madness, because it was not in her understanding—the things they saw about Fortegan. She only knew that he was different from the man she took him to be—in that he had not kissed her. Moreover, he was unembarrassed. Many men of her experience might have been the latter; many would have kissed her—but none could have passed the moment with denial and calm at the same time.

Her time was none too long in New York. She wanted badly "a case" with Fortegan—first, because the other women were "raving" about him; second, to show "that hag, Kate Wilkes," what she could do; and now a third evolved, because Fortegan proved to her something of a sensation. He was altogether too calm to be inexperienced. Every instinct of her nature had unerringly informed her of his bounding ardor—yet he had refrained. That which she had seen first and last about

him—the excellence of masculine beauty—had suddenly become rousing to her, because it was no longer impersonal.

"You did that very well," she said, dropping her eyes before his steady gaze, "for one experienced only with clumsy affairs. And now I suppose you wish to know why I took the liberty of asking you here—oh, no, not to hook me up!"

They laughed together, and she drew from behind the screen the original of a life-sized Wordling poster. It was a remarkable thing in pose, having caught the subtle and characteristic appeal of the actress—the restlessness of her empty arms and eager breast. The face was finer; the figure perfected—the whole, in a sweeping way, rather masterful.

"Yes, I like it," he said.

"It's for the road. Is n't it quite a winner?"

There was a light, quick knock at the door.

"It just came in this morning, and strikes me as very effective," Mrs. Wordling went on, paying no heed to the knock. Her voice had fallen into a whisper—but more penetrating than her accustomed low tone. "I wanted a few of my friends to see it—before it went to the lithographer."

The knock was repeated—a brief, that-ends-it kind of a knock. Wordling, with a sudden streak of clumsiness, half overturned a chair, as she answered.

Fortegan sickened of it all. The call to her apartment; the penetrating whisper, the delay to answer the door, and the noise of the chair—had all been for the expected caller, Beth Truba, who now entered. Quite as he would have had her do, the artist just swiftly turned from one to the other an impenetrable glance, stamping them with their commonness, and then ignored the matter.

"So the poster came all right—and you like it?"

"Very much. I was just showing it to Mr. Fortegan, who said it appealed to him," Wordling answered. Her brown eyes swam with happiness.

Beth Truba had nodded to him merely. He watched her now—a brown creation—in profile, as she spoke technically of the poster which was her work. She mentioned some difficulties which would be encountered by the plate-maker, and said she must be on her way.

"I'm going into the country for the week-end," she said, rising. "We're getting the old house fixed up for winter. Mother writes that the repairs are going on full-blast, but that I'm needed. Last Friday when I got there the plumbers had just come. Very carefully they took out all the plumbing and laid it on the front lawn—then put it back. . . . Good-by."

"Good-by, Beth," the actress said cordially.

"Good-by, Mrs. Wordling," was answered with equal pleasantness.

Fortegan missed nothing, unless it was that the actress really was taken with him. He did not blame her for using him a bit. She was out of her natural element with such women as he had met at the Smilax Club; therefore, she was not at her best trying to be one with them. In her little strategies, she was quite true to herself. He could not be irritated, though he was very sorry. Of course, there could be no explanation. His own innocence was but a humorous aspect of the case. The trying part was that look in Beth Truba's eyes—which told him how bored she was by their commonness.

Then there was Saturday and Sunday with her away. In her brown dress and hat—ineffable and away.

Fortegan went away, too.

VIII.

BETH TRUBA reached her studio again Monday noon. There were four letters in her post-box, and one she felt instinctively was from Fortegan, though it was marked Albany. She was almost afraid to open the letter, lest he should have attempted to explain. This would affix him eternally to the ordinary in her mind—and what an evil thing was this! The great emotions of her heart had moved a little in their lethargy during the past few days. Somehow, Fortegan had made her think with stirring pain of the good of Jim Framtree. She preferred to believe there were men like Fortegan in the world—the Fortegan that Cairns saw and believed in—even if *she* dared not trifle or experiment. Her will was trained to the instant. She had put the Wordling-Fortegan episode out of mind entirely, and had opened the other three letters, when the telephone called her.

It was Cairns, who inquired if she had heard aught of his friend Fortegan. Beth Truba had not. The Albany letter might not be his; at all events, it would remain unopened, so far as her present answer was concerned. . . . "Why, I expected him as usual Friday afternoon," Cairns went on. "There has n't been a word. He's not at the Club. Mrs. Wordling called me to inquire. She volunteered the information that he was with her Friday forenoon. Neither Vina Nettleton nor the Grey One could offer a word. Excuse me for calling. It's nothing to bother about—only his old way when a gale is blowing in his brain. He likes solitude and sea-room."

Beth was unable to assist. She was privately glad to hear that Mrs. Wordling had inquired of Cairns. . . . The letter stared at her from the library table—big, full-formed, black writing. There were no two ways about a single letter. It was the writing of a man who had not covered continents of white paper. "Miss Beth Truba" had been put there to stay with a full pen; and as if it had been pleasing in his sight.

. . . Suddenly it came to her that she would be pleased always to have Wordling inquiring and never finding; and that she could n't bear it at all if he had undertaken to explain in this letter. All of which was manifestly ridiculous.

She crossed to the table, placed the paper-cutter under the flap, and slit it across; but just at that moment the door of the elevator shaft opened on her floor, and presently her own knocker fell once. She tossed the letter under the cover of the table and admitted Vina Nettleton.

The women embraced in that rare way which is neither formal nor an affectation. They had long loved and admired each other.

"Why, Vina dear, it has been weeks! How did you manage to leave——"

"I have done little for four or five days," the little woman of the clay gods said, ducking from under her huge hat, and tossing it with both hands on the piano-top. "He came up with the Grey One four or five days ago, and spoiled my work. Let's have some tea."

"Why, you dear little dreamer, what's the matter? Who's the demon *He*, and what do you mean?"

"The sailor-man Cairns called us together to see. . . . He's been in the shadows among the clay panels; what he said I keep hearing again and again."

"But, Vina, you've been living like a Hindu holy man, and no one can do that in New York—not even Hindus. The vibrations are too powerful and rapid. They devour tissue. I've begged you to eat meat and tire yourself physically——"

"I eat meat," she said hopelessly. "I do enough physical work to tire a stone-mason."

"But you are transparent. I can see through you to the bone. I think you only imagine you eat. . . . Oh, Vina, we know your life—blessed little girl—handling huge things and making them lovely with pure spirit! We must take care of you. Tell me—if it will help——"

"He just came the once—but my work is spoiled," the little woman said, very serious in her misery. "The Grey One has n't been the same either. . . . Oh, I wish I were fish-cold! I was making my Lukes and Matthews, my Peters and Romans, quite contentedly. And I saw the slopes of Calvary—the Passion, the Agony, the Crime, the Night. Months—day after day—until I lived in that old light—moved with the Marys and wept with them—walked with the soldiers, poor, unlit, slaver-ing brutes—peered into the heart of Judas and pitied him! Yes, and it came to me in the finer moments, Beth, the real suffering *not of flesh*—that the Christ wrestled with at the last—when he felt himself stretched out like a mother's heart between an angry Father and the world, a wilful child."

"Yes, yes," Beth said softly. "We all have seen it. And God's

poor will pass before this work of yours for years and years to come—and will live in the glow of that eternal tragedy——”

“But it is all gone, Beth. I am bereft—a pitiful modern again. I was a woman trying to be happy with clay dolls!”

“Dear Vina,” the other said, going to her, “you’ve only broken training for a day or two. Your strain is too long! You ’member, those Italian giants used to have periods of madness while they decorated the everlasting cathedrals. No man could come into your studio and break your dream—no poor little modern man, Vina. . . . ’Member we promised each other that none could?”

“We did n’t believe there were men, when we made that promise, Beth. We thought they were all hucksters—boys who have become men in flesh only. We tried to love them because we wanted to love—but they could n’t hold us, because they were not men. So we took to dolls of paint and clay—and hushed the souls within that whispered to be born. We knew how to love, but there were no lovers—and oh, we—I was getting along so well—and I had the dolls working from my finger-ends—and all the time we were wrong and wicked—for there *are* men in the world! . . . And oh, I want live dolls!”

A big and sorrowful moment to Beth Truba. No one more clearly than herself could see the tragedy of this little woman whom the right man had missed in the crush of the world’s women. A great artist, and a greater woman. . . . But the horror of it was that her own soul was speaking with Vina Nettleton’s tongue—as Beth Truba could never speak, save to herself.

The Grey One, too, had her tragedy; and Kate Wilkes had hers, a big woman whose cup of bitterness had overflowed in her veins, who had come *so* to despise men, that she could not bear to be near children. Indeed, that moment Beth Truba seemed to hear the whispered affirmations of tragedy from evolved women everywhere. . . . And where was tending this onward movement of the race, if only the Wordlings of this world were to be satisfied? And what was to become of the race if the few women who loved art, and through art learned really to love their kind, were forever to be denied? And the little woman before her—who could concentrate her dreams into an avatar (if into the midst of her solitary labors a great man’s love should suddenly come!). Did the Destiny Master fall asleep for a century at a time—that such a genius for motherhood should be denied—while the earth was being replenished with children branded with shame, and forever afraid?

Beth Truba shook herself free from this crippling rush of thoughts and started to her feet.

“Don’t say any more, Vina. I’m getting the madness, too!” . . . We are spinsters—born, bred, and decently-to-be-buried spinsters—do you hear?—*spinsters*—who must have their tea. . . . I’m shocked

and shamed—mad heretic that you are! . . . It's the devil's Spring in the air. We must rise and flee from Spring. It is n't the Sailor-man, but this season of rousing earth, when spinsters should be nicely catacombed. Spring has declared war, and spinsters must flee, or fight back to the death!"

"Don't misunderstand me, Beth. I have n't fallen tumultuously in love with Martin Fortegan. I don't even say whether that would be possible. Only this I do say: he made me see that there are real men in the world—not poor passionate boys like——"

Vina halted, as if with some inner vision she had seen the shiver of dread which passed through the other; for she had been thinking of Jim Framtree, and Beth knew it.

"I had forgotten that there were real men in the world—or, at least, had given up hope that I should find one," she went on.

Beth cleared her voice, and tried to assume her old manner. "Tell me, for mercy's sake, before we concentrate ourselves on tea—what did this terrible male say or do in your studio?"

IX.

VINA NETTLETON sat rather rigidly before the other, and talked in her trailing, pensive way, though she looked very wan and white-lipped, as if her emotions had been burned out.

"You know I am not always conscious of people about me. Acquaintances come in and out—and sometimes I forget it entirely. You know what I mean—I've contracted the habit of working deep. When the Grey One entered with the Sailor-man, I felt myself bobbing, whirling up into light surface water. I recalled the former night when he told the story into your eyes. I said, 'Poor Beth! She's in for it again!' He did n't appeal to me in the intimate personal way that first night—as happened when he came to my shop.

"I felt him in the room. The Grey One did most of the talking—exploiting me in her wonderful selfless fashion. She is a third in our great troubles, Beth Truba. Then he asked me how I knew the Christ had such wonderful hands; and all that we said eagerly about it, seemed to bring him back things he had seen alone! There was never that glitter in the consciousness that comes to one in the presence of acting. I could n't understand how a sailor, and all that, could know so genuinely about these—what we believe to be—the finer things. Then he told the Grey One and me—his steady eye roving from Station to Station—how he had got his understanding from the little books of the world—the little books that become companions of the great. He told how the Bhagavad Gita had made him know India and the Bible and his own boyhood better. . . . But still I wanted to understand *that thing*

in which he is different from other men—his urging from within to seek out these great little books of the world——”

“That’s it,” Beth said quickly. “Yes, that’s the point!”

“The Grey One put in the vital word—said it probably had to do with Mr. Fortegan’s mother. This startled him with pleasure. He said he did a sentry-watch with this idea every little while—often in strange places that would have put dull care in the mother’s eyes. It was too beautiful—the way he said it. Then I asked about her, and the answer so aroused me that I questioned deeper; and so it was I began to see the big soul of the man—a big soul, Beth, or else one so intensely *modern*, that we who think ourselves modern must laugh and clap our hands.”

Vaguely to Beth Truba’s mind came back her own words to David Cairn—about Martin Fortegan being some great woman’s gift to the world. She was fearfully excited and begged Vina to go on.

“Why, don’t you see, Beth dear?” the little woman cried, all animation now. “He never knew his mother—though his whole heart exclaims, ‘God love her!’ every hour. And I saw upon his face that moment, Beth, the poise and the glory—of one of the great love-children! And he let us know, when I was crude enough to ask—with all the ease and grace of one who knew in his heart a mother’s beauty of soul. . . . And it was only afterward that it occurred to me that they are still making tragic secrets of such things—that lives of littler men have been ruined with the fear of such discovery! . . . And oh, Beth—with him there—I seemed to see *her*—seemed to see her beside him! It was as if she looked into my heart—and the Grey One’s heart—and yours—and with her hand on her big boy’s head she said to us laughing and happily: ‘This is my art—and he *lives*. You have but to look in your own heart—to know he lives!’ . . . Don’t you see?—she dared and her work lives and blesses her! And don’t you see—how dead cold the clay felt to my fingers after that?”

There was silence.

“We are absolutely detached from the centres of sanity,” Beth said presently. “Only the kettle is sane and singing. We are going to imbibe, then walk Broadway—not the Avenue, but Broadway—just to get back to markets and men. . . . Then I’ll take you home. You’re not safe to break out of your studio. You’ve been drinking too deep of power—to be abroad! Tea, Broadway, and then to see the reeking giantess home!”

“You always talk and laugh, Beth—but you’re confronted and you know it—confronted—that’s the word. . . . Woman or artist—there’s no word so naked and empty to me as just ‘artist’——”

“Only ‘spinster,’” Beth suggested, pouring.

Vina stretched out her frail arms and shivered; then reached for a

steaming cup. "Please drop a veil over that little heather-plant yonder," she pleaded. "It's arrayed like a bride. No, no, not a *veil*—a shawl, a rug!"

Beth returned alone with the dusk, and sat down at her table, drawing forth the opened, but unread, letter from Albany.

"Woman or artist," she whispered bitterly. "As if one could not be both! . . . It is only because a woman who is an artist needs a man who can love artistically, and few are the men who can do that and—anything else besides. . . . Can you, Sailor-man? Not if you explain to me why I caught you at Wordling's. . . . You are sure to explain—then I shall tell poor little Vina how common you are, after all! . . . Because you have no other reason for writing to me—but if you don't—the God of pore lone artists must take care of us—pore little white-flamed Vina and red-flamed Beth. . . .!"

DEAR MISS TRUBA:

I want to get a portrait painted of myself to give away. I'm convinced you can paint it better than any one else. Will you undertake the work? I shall be back in New York shortly after this letter reaches you Monday, and will wait at the Club until I hear from you.

Yours,

MARTIN FORTEGAN.

There was a moment in which she saw something militant in the conquest of Fortegan; something of the quiet power of a man who does not come home empty-handed; and in his leaving the city when she did Friday, she perceived the man who wishes to avoid the appearance of evil, and is content to leave his movements unexplained, trusting in her perception.

"Vina is right," she murmured. "'Confronted' is the word."

And yet she was restlessly happy in that Fortegan had revealed no limitation. Always recurred the thought that for a man to whom she had never talked alone, and only seen twice, he was assuming big dimensions and quite ridiculously recalling the old romance to mind—yet her heart's spirited unreasoning would not be laughed down. . . . She was dining with David Cairns; and was not ready yet to talk by 'phone to Fortegan, but she sent a message to the Club that she would see him the following forenoon.

Cairns took her for dinner to a club far down-town—the dining-room twenty stories in air, and overlooking the rivers and the bay, spangled with lights on all sides. While a smaller room was being arranged for them, they waited by an open window in the banquet-hall. Forty or more business men were at one table in a glare of light and glass. It was a sort of commercial dinner, with speeches. The talk

had to do with earnings, per-cents, leaks, and markets. The heated faces in the light expressed avarice, cunning, bluff, and the lower lids of many an eye were drawn up in calculation.

"The night and the stars and the majestic rivers might just as well be plaster walls," she whispered. "What terrible occupation is this which makes men so dull, uninteresting, bald, and stodgy-looking?"

"Poor fellows!" said Cairns. "First, they make business their art; then they fall into the sweep of the world, and are driven and driven and whipped on—until it's all in their eyes like big seas that strangle a man before drowning."

They were taken to a little place of stillness, and the beauty of the night-view restored them.

"You're getting finer and finer, David," Beth said suddenly. "By the way, how well do you know Vina Nettleton?"

He smiled at the question, having known her for years.

"You realize, of course," Beth resumed, "that she's an intelligent companion and a great artist, but has it ever occurred to you that she's rather a thrilling woman?"

"Why, no," he confessed. "You see, she is n't the sort that a man thinks of that way——"

"You mean, she is n't the kind that the dollar-eating gentlemen over yonder think about that way! . . . If I were a man and heard a woman talk as Vina Nettleton talked to me to-day, I should have her and her love, if I had to become a hero and a prophet. . . . And I should flood fresh dawns of light into her tired eyes, and out of the pallor make roses bloom, and she would become a girl in my arms—a girl, then a woman, and then——"

"An artist," he finished eagerly.

"In a way you do not dream of," Beth added. "I say, David, drop in and see her every day or two—as she works. Come to know her if you can. If you do, you will write as you have only dreamed of writing. Talk to her about the things vital to men and women in this strangest, newest hour of the world."

"I'll do it, Beth," he said lightly, though she knew well it was not lightly said.

X.

MARTIN FORTEGAN had entered the company of lovers. There have been great lovers who were not great men; but never a great man who was not a great lover. On the first night with Beth Truba, across the table at Cairns's party, deep within him there had been a swift ignition of altar-flames that should never cease to burn again. She made him think of the great women he had visioned from books and paintings; the famous and lovely women, long dead, whose kisses still burn in music

and verse and story; women who called to them for a little space the big-souled men of their time, and sent them away illustrious. And these men forever afterward brought their art to witness that such Women are the way to the Way of Life.

He seemed to have known her before; always known her. Had the world-straying Boy whose eyes sometimes saw so deeply gazed upon her, in some moment too lofty for the reach of memory? And had he traversed the world to gaze again?

There was a painting of Bernhardt (in a white feathery collar and a white fur hat) hanging in the upper gallery at the Smilax Club; and something in the strangely effective feminine of the profile made him think with subtle emotion of Beth Truba. They told him that the painting had been done by a young Italian who worshipped the actress. . . . Fortegan wished he could paint the russet-gold hair, the lustrous pallor of ivory which shone from Beth's skin, and put upon the canvas, at the last, what was a revelation to him—the fine and enduring spirit in her changing eyes.

They met in the studio on a coldly business basis. It was a gray day, one of those soft, misty, growing mornings. She was a bit taller than he had thought. Something of the world-habit was about her, or world-wear—a professionalism that work had taught her, and a bit of humor now and then. The studio was filled with pictures—mostly studies of her own, bits of Paris and Florence, flowers and many heads. He hesitated to express an opinion because some of the canvases were wonderful to him, and he thought it might be because they were *her* work. She was in her blouse. The gray light subdued the richness of her hair, but made her pallor more luminous. She was very swift and still in her own house.

So the sittings became the feature of their days. Fortegan was not shown how she progressed. Sometimes Beth talked as she worked (sitting low beneath the skylight, so that he saw every shade of sunlight in her hair, while the spring matured outside). Deep realities were often uttered thus, sentences which bore the signet of strong understanding, for they passed through the stimulated faculties of the artist engrossed in expression. Thus the same intelligence which distinguished her work now colored her sayings. . . . Ever since she had dined with David Cairns—a line of her own had been in the front of all her thinking. Out of a silence now it came to her lips.

"This is the strangest, newest hour of the world——"

Fortegan inclined his head toward her.

"The most wonderful people I know are women," she added presently, "and the unhappiest people. The more wonderful they are, the less chance they have for happiness."

"I always think of man and woman as a team," Fortegan observed

"It is n't safe at all to drive one by curbing the other. Woman just now, though, seems to be ahead on the pole—doing the hardest work."

"And her harness does n't fit," Beth added with a laugh.

"That is true!" Fortegan answered. "'This strangest, newest hour,' as you say, is the hour in which the world is coming to see the natural greatness of women. It is the hour of woman's greatest suffering; but out of the travail will come the happiness of her daughters—the easier harness. This is the hour of transition—always a time of terrible agony for those who are big enough and fine enough to bear the tearing down which prepares for the Builder."

"You think, then, that those who are unhappiest are so because they are suffering the pangs of the race in a state of transition?" she asked.

"Of course. The more wonderful your women friends are, as you say, the less chance they have for happiness. This is because they refuse to accept the bowl of porridge which contented our grandmothers at the hands of man. And yet they are women, and need food."

"At the hands of man?"

"Yes, at the hands of man. . . . And this age of man is not an age of lovers. There will be an age of lovers, though," Fortegan said, with a queer pleasure. "Out of the restlessness and terrible heart-hunger of women *now* will come those lovers for her daughters! . . . The more advanced mothers of this generation are restless and terrified by spiritual loneliness. This *very loneliness* is the expansion of their children, the new race, for yearning is spiritual. Look at the better-born children of to-day. I mean the ones who do not have *every* chance against them. You must have heard the new tone in the murmur of this rousing generation! It is the restlessness of the mothers we know—that has given them an expanded consciousness!"

As she regarded Fortegan's face now, she saw that the work on his portrait she had already done, would not do at all. It came to her that this man had come into their life in New York strong from his silences apart—come with a fresh eye to see the needs of this chaotic hour. She wanted him to preserve that freshness of vision, for his quiet expressions of what he saw thrilled her very much.

"But what of the women who have not taken the bowl of porridge—who cannot—and therefore whose restlessness is not reflected in the consciousness of the new race?" Beth had spoken before she saw the confession in her question.

"They are the *spiritual* mothers—great centres of the new and radiant energy. Men come to them and go away restored. . . . And sometimes such women find their true lovers—for there *are* men who can love to-day—and then they are so happy that the temperature of the whole race warms through them."

"What an optimist!" she exclaimed.

"Is it optimism?" he asked ingenuously. "I never thought of it so. It seems very clear to me just now."

"Do you often talk like this?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"But do you think this way often?"

"No. It never came to me so clearly. Your listening and what you asked seemed to make it obvious."

"That's a very effective compliment, Mr. Fortegan," she said finally. "In fact, you have said several things which women generally would be grateful to hear. . . . Don't think I'm hard-hearted and a scoffer. It is n't that we want to be, God knows, but you are a dear idealist—and we women artists who make our living in New York have had to put ideals away, not only in our commercial dealings with men, but in our romantic ones." Her lips tightened to keep from trembling.

"Oh, it's harder for a woman to talk like this, and slower to learn, than for a man; and when a woman does talk so, she carries the scars of her learning. . . . You have been to Marguerite Grey's studio—that beautiful Handel place. . . . The Grey One came here from Paris three years ago. She had studied ten years and had done very well—better than most. She had sold some over there, and had been hung to advantage, and done all those things which the few accomplish; indeed, she started very well here, because the papers took her up in the beginning. They gave her an exhibition at the Smilax and she disposed of not a few things—and branched out bravely. . . .

"The Grey One loved once, and I'm afraid she is one of those who love only once. I know she only asks now—for what she earns in her work. . . . That is a heart-breaking story. The man loved her, too. Just at the beginning of one of those really golden romances in Italy, a woman came to her in the blithest, brassiest way, asking to be congratulated on her engagement, mentioning the man whose attentions the Grey One was learning to take as a heavenly dispensation. The woman left that day for London. The Grey One was just a girl. The word left her half-dead. The same day, when her lover came, she refused to see him. She did not think he deserved an explanation. He followed her from Rome to Venice—and so over Italy and up to Paris. She thought him the most extraordinary cad, and told her brother at last. . . . She heard no more for two years—then only that her lover had married. Oh, no, not to that other woman with the soul of a destroyer, but to a fine girl who made him happy. That Destroyer wanted him—and leaving the field had crippled the Grey One. It was not until the brother and the man talked together, after the latter's marriage, that the truth was understood. Just a lie of a worthless woman kept that pair apart. And the Grey One has remained apart. . . . You should hear her tell how she encountered the Destroyer

here in New York years afterward—how the woman hastened forward gushingly, and would have kissed her. . . .

"But I wanted to show you a different story. I was over there yesterday—to the Grey One's studio. I knew she had been working fearfully, and she is not made for furious sessions of work such as Vina Nettleton can stand. Are n't women strange?—that little, soft thing with her baby hands! Her physical labor alone some days would weary a strong man—and that is the thoughtless part! . . . The Grey One looked tall and gaunt, and her eyes had that burning look which dries tears before they are shed. I saw her turning into bitterness like poor Kate Wilkes. Don't think a woman sees such things in an impersonal way, Mr. Fortegan——"

He writhed inwardly, but did not interrupt.

"She whipped out a cigarette and match from her blouse, and sat down before me—seemingly not to hear the chatty nothings with which I tried to clear the atmosphere of suffering.

"'I came pretty near giving up to-day, Beth,' she said with a laugh, finally. 'The race is getting too keen for me.'

"'Giving up what? What race?' I asked.

"'Did n't you know I was running a race with dollars for liberty?'

"'Tell me more, Grey One,' I urged.

"Then she explained what I well knew—that her vogue had stopped a year or more ago; that she had n't sold anything important, not any real work; that in a fit of hopelessness she had half-promised to marry a New Yorker with money, but that in the mornings, in the long forenoons while her strength lasted, she fought against it with all her body and soul—and painted things to sell. Is n't it horrible?"

Beth put down her brush, gathered her skirts about her, and rocked to and fro on her hassock before the easel. Finally she went on:

"Then the Grey One tossed her cigarette away at last, and swept over to her desk, poking at a formidable pile of business-looking correspondence.

"'Do these look like an artist's communications, Beth?' she asked in that dry, quiet way that goes with burning eyes. . . . 'They are not, but letters to one who paints to suit lithographers' stones. See here!' She lifted a couch-cover and drew from beneath a big portfolio, opening it before me. It was filled with flaring magazine covers, calendars, and other painted products having to do with that expensive sort of advertising which packing-houses and steel-shops afford. Girls—girls mounted side and astride—girls in racing-shells and skiting motor-boats—girls in limousines and runabouts, in dirigibles and 'planes—seaside, mountain, and prairie girls—house-boat, hunting, and skating girls—even a vivid parlor variety—all conventional, colorful, and unsigned.

"'Ten years in Europe for these, Beth,' the Grey One said in a drag-

ging, morbid tone. 'And the letters on the table say I may do more—as the boss of a shirt-waist factory might say—when business is good. And they pay me piece-work prices—and they want girls—not real girls—but things of paint like this. They know what they want—and it must be common—girls of paint, they want—and so I learned why *women of just-flesh suit men so well!*' The Grey One held up her face to the light before me. 'Beth,' she went on in the same terrible way, 'do you see how New York has stretched out and printed its metal soul on me?'

"My eyes are exceptionally good," I told her, "but I see only a famous complexion and a most kissable mouth, though the eyes are tired and nervous."

"You are very good, Beth," she said wearily. "Forgive me for croaking so, but I am tired and nervous. I've been at this long and long. If I give up this studio, my luck will never come back. People will never buy my real pictures. I am racing with these cheap things to pay expenses—praying that something will happen—before—oh, you know—to save me from that! . . . If it does n't happen, it is calendars forever—or him!"

"You should have seen her face, Mr. Fortegan—and then you would have known why I seemed hard-hearted and a scoffer, when you said that beautiful thing about the spiritual mothers! . . . This is not an isolated case. Oh, I could tell you the tragedies of women who dream of real men and find only men who want 'girls of paint and women of just-flesh'!"

XI.

FORTEGAN perceived that the years had locked one door after another about the real heart of Beth Truba. His work was plain—to unlock them one by one. He became strangely fascinated in the task; made it his art and his whole thought.

"You change so," she complained laughingly, after there had been several sittings. "I'm afraid I shall paint you very badly, because I have tried so hard. You don't look at all the same to me as you did at first. Therefore, all the first must be destroyed."

Fortegan knew that if his work prospered, all that had been before would be redeemed.

Then one May morning it seemed as if there was heart-break in the room. Up on the skylight, the sparrows were debating if it were going to rain or not. There was tension in the air, which Fortegan tried to ease from every angle. Consummately he set about to restore and reassure, but she seemed to feel that her work was faring ill, that life was an evil thing; and all the optimism which had suffused her mind, from his

words again and again, had vanished apparently, leaving not the slightest glow behind.

"Don't bother to work on this, if it troubles you," he suggested. "Put it away for a few days. You are to do it very wonderfully—please understand that I know that, even though I have n't seen it. A week or a fortnight, however, can make no difference. Perhaps if I stay out of sight for a few days, the thing will come easier and the subconsciousness will catch up——"

She glanced up quickly. "Tell me right off what you mean by subconsciousness catching up."

"Why, it seems to me that real work comes from here"—he pointed indefinitely at his chest, and smiled at her sudden interest—"rather than from the brain. We struggle mentally upon a subject until we are nervous and fagged—like a boy working a hard example until he falls asleep with it undone. A good rest, and it clears for him as he gets into his clothes in the morning. The subconsciousness has caught up."

"Oh, that's very clear," she remarked, but kept on working.

"And it's a rich subconsciousness that makes the artist," he added.

But the tension had possessed her again. She looked very white in the north light.

"Did you ever doubt if you were really in the world?" she questioned after a moment, but did not expect him to answer. "I have," she added, "and concluded that I only thought I was here—a curious unreality that more than once has sent me flying to the telephone after a day's work alone—to hear my own voice, and be answered. But even if one proves that one is indeed here, one can never get answer to the eternal—What For?"

He tried again, but failed to break the gloom that had settled in her mind.

"If you only wrote stories," she said, "I could give you a character study to-day. David Cairns is n't old enough for this character—a vivid, responsive, impulsive creature—who came into the world with a greatness of vitality and enthusiasm—alive as few humans are, and believing in everything and everybody. Before she was grown, the need of depending for a living upon her own resources presented, but, nothing daunted, she set about it—and helped others beside. Then two or three times, let us say, the Dream came to her—oh, very close, it seemed, and dear and possible—and once it was lost because of unspeakable things found out in time; and once because some one else's father had more possessions! . . . This last gave her a grim determination to become her own heiress. If that counted so terribly, she felt she must shut her eyes to everything else. She finally had to think this—that nothing counted so much as money—though it made the world a nightmare.

"She must be made to see—I'm speaking of this character—that no

fineness of character or endeavor, no integrity or cultivation of the spirit, count at all against material things. This can be shown by smashing blows and long years and incredible suffering—but the result may be made complete—and the heroine and the story—both must be called—*What For?*”

Fortegan arose. “I want you to go with me for a sail on the bay,” he said.

“You are very good,” she answered. “I never had quite such a patron. Indeed, you are so little curious to see what I have done, that I sometimes wonder why you wanted the picture—and why you came to me for it. . . . I wonder if it is in the day or in my eyes—it’s so much easier to talk aimlessly than to work—”

“Then let us talk aimlessly until dusk. A little rain will only make the harbor smell saltier, and the air in here is steamy warm. Besides, it’s too dim to work, and the sparrows have decided on a shower.”

She regarded him whimsically.

“And you look so well in your rain-coat,” he added.

The telephone rang. It was the Grey One talking, and something she said made Beth Truba very glad and congratulatory. . . . She turned to Fortegan after putting up the receiver.

“You remember, several days ago, I told you about Miss Grey being unable to sell any pictures? . . . Her luck has turned. There have been three different buyers at her studio in as many days. Many things are disposed of at her vogue prices—is n’t it glorious?”

“I’m really glad,” said Fortegan.

XII.

ALL alone, in that still late time of afternoon some days later, Beth Truba reviewed the entire matter to date, and decided that the incorruptible optimism of Martin Fortegan was working in her heart; and there were moments when its action was volatile like girlhood in this very heart. There were times, too, when she could forget Jim Framtree most satisfactorily. Taken all in all, she was prospering emotionally. And she ran over a number of songs at her piano while the dusk thickened in the studio. One song was about an Indian maiden who yearned for sky-blue water; and another about an Irish Kathleen who gave her lover to strike a blow “For the Green”; and another song about Pale Hands some one loved beside the Shalimar (the Pale Hands being now the ecstasy of another). They were all very true and very sad; and Beth Truba’s face upturned to her skylight looked like a wraith in the dark, as she communed with the tuneful tragedies of these women—but there was gaiety in her heart just the same. Then the knocker, the scurrying of dreams away, and the voice of Marguerite Grey in the hall.

"I heard you singing romantically before I knocked," the Grey One said, while Beth lit the study lamp.

"Romantically! Are you sure?"

"Sounded so to one who is not romantic, but reeking with commerce. Oh, I *am* happy!"

"The turn of luck continues, Grey One?"

"Yes—every day. One of the dealers declares he has found a collector into whose appreciation my work fits exactly. I ventured to raise the prices of several pictures, and the dealer did n't turn a shade. It is really—perfect——"

The Grey One felt emancipated, and bloomed like a lily as she moved about the studio in the shadows above the shade of the lamp. Beth felt her happiness, and the intensity of it, as one on the eve of escape from degrading slavery. . . . And presently she was listening to a matter which became more and more vital to herself, until she had to turn her face from the light and hold very fast.

"Do you still find him extraordinary? . . . They do at the Club, though I'm glad Wordling has left there. I was afraid that Mr. Fortegan might lose caste a bit through her—she's so avid for power over men, you know."

"Do you think he was interested in her?" Beth asked idly.

"I don't know. It would seem to me that he could n't be vitally interested. She knows that we all liked him—and wants to show how women of her sort handle favorites. That's Kate Wilkes's explanation——"

"Then it had come to be a matter requiring explanation?"

"Why, yes, Beth. Night before last, they were locked in the park. They came in late by the different entrances, and presently stepped across into the park together. She must have known that the gates are locked at midnight. Any way, it was an hour after that when he called across—from behind the bars—to one of the call-boys in the club entrance. Of course, they have keys at the Club——"

"How clumsy and uninteresting!"

"And the Wordling confided to me the next morning that Mr. Fortegan was to join her up on the Maine coast late in June—after her work is over."

"Is this mysterious collector taking your pictures out of the country?" Beth asked in the same idle way.

"You never were strong on scandal, were you, Beth?" the Grey One asked adoringly.

"This is n't even clever, dear girl."

"He's so interesting to me, that anything about him compelled. I really think it was all Wordling's manoeuvre. It will be easy to tell next month—if he goes to the Maine coast or not. . . . As for my

life-saving collector—he's a mystery. Of course, the dealers who represent him would be the last to make his identity known. I don't know yet where the pictures go."

So difficult were these sordid matters to adjust to the Martin Fortegan she was learning to know, that Beth at first felt her rage and rebellion turn upon the Grey One for bringing the story. This could not last with her sense of justice. Marguerite Grey was rather less inclined than most women to spread and thicken the shadow of an uncertain tale. Moreover, life had brought to Beth so many testimonies of the common in men and women, that she had been forced to become flexible in her judgments of conduct. What was hard to bear and believe was that Martin Fortegan suffered himself to be linked with anything obvious and shallow. She would not have thought twice of such a story about most men. . . . It occurred to her to place David Cairns in a similar position (meeting Wordling at the Club, and the attraction of the still night-beauty of the park opposite). He would have yawned, and muttered that he had been at it all day "like a fire-horse on the Fourth," and that he really must get to bed while the bedding was good. But David Cairns was an intimidated New Yorker confessed.

So, mentally, the story brought by the Grey One could be jockeyed out of a fatal aspect, but nevertheless the last May night lost its lustre, and the thrilling essence of fresh summer became an austerity. . . . In the lamplight which she had always loved for its mellow softness, there was an unearthly glitter now, as from that colored pane in the hall of his boyhood—the light that frightened him.

XIII.

MEANWHILE David Cairns was discovering "pure spirit" in the shop of Vina Nettleton. Something in the way Beth Truba had advised him to drop in there afternoons had played right home to his inner needs; and he found it much as she had said about Vina Nettleton—that he had regarded her all along as a companion and a sculptor, rather than as a woman, and a thrilling woman.

Cairns's experience with women had been large, but, taken altogether, it was not an intensely personal experience. He was late to mature, and his early years of manhood had been spent largely afield. Then as one who has been brought up by a placid mother, with a large family of sisters, women in general to his eyes were without the tang of novelty. Moreover, he had been a great worker, and New York had put upon him the fatal stimulus for quantity. Beth Truba and one or two others had challenged him to a certain serious study of first principles, but nothing had come from it. With Beth and these (the others were married) he comported himself with a sort of rueful, might-have-been

manner that was both pretty and pleasant. So he had much to learn from Vina Nettleton.

And she thought he was still impersonal, and so she was free with him as only an old comrade can be.

And it developed that Cairns had needed only that bit of driving from Beth Truba, gallantly to take the road. He discovered, moreover, that where Beth Truba had startled him with her universality—she having a big force of feminine energy and aspiration, which he could never localize upon himself—Vina Nettleton, all unconsciously and in spite of her art, laid bare the character of a woman who hungered to be a fine man's wife. Beth Truba demanded more in a man than virtue, demanded the answer to her restless dreams. In the little figure of the clay gods, Cairns, with all his maturity and hard-won decency, perceived a woman whom love such as his could glorify—one of the human blooms whom Nature has brought forth in a sumptuous shadow, discernible only to a man of deep-seeing eye. He almost forgot that she had been pointed out to him.

Almost every afternoon now he tapped at her door, and she would answer, "Is that you, David?" though she knew very well. He would enter, and take his seat by the fire-frame, stare a bit at the city and the Tower, or move about behind her, regarding the freshly-done work; and presently they would find themselves talking. Neither knew the secret of her great and growing charm to him. It was because as a lover David Cairns was out of the question from her point of view; therefore, she could be a companion, such as he had never known.

June had come in, and there was an afternoon in which the conception of summer was in the very air. It was not the heat alone, but the year's tremendous energies stirring even under pavements; the warmth of creation kindly in old bones and old walls, and an imperious kindling in the elastic veins of youth. Vina (half-way up a step-ladder) turned about and sat down on one of the steps. Cairns had asked her what plans she had for the summer.

"Oh, I shall not be a great deal away from New York—maybe a trip or two over to my beloved Nantucket."

This set her to thinking, and presently to expatiating upon the dearest place on earth in her mind. She told him how the Nantucket villagers refused to have a mail-service, as it threatened to destroy one of the big social features of the day—that of going to the post-office for mail; how automobiles were forbidden on the island; and about the train that started daily across, a nine-mile journey, and sometimes arrived, and about the engineer and conductor, both old seamen, who were far more interested in a change in weather, a school of fish, or a passing ship, than in the immediate schedule or right of way. . . . And Cairns was given another glimpse of the enchantress that had been

hidden so long in the workaday vesture of the little artist, as she unfolded the following:

"There's real peace and silence to me away out there in the sea. Every thought is a picture there! . . . You know, the little gray shingle houses are built very close together, and almost all flush with the sidewalk. It's a custom not to draw shades at night, but just to have the thin muslin curtains, which every one uses, and which conceal nothing. One of my favorite things to do is to walk along Pleasant Street to Lily Lane, or through Vestal Street, just about dusk, and to see the darling interiors of these spotless cottages. Not really to stop or stare—just to go softly and slowly by. . . . One house has little heads around the tea-table with father and mother; another has company to supper; and the next—just the old folks left; but all so radiant as they shine out through the old-fashioned window-panes! . . . To have one of those places for one's own! It has seemed one of the happiest of destinies to me—but only for the very fortunate and elect. . . . I wonder if they ever know of the night-birds that flutter at the window-panes to see the happiness within?"

Cairns might have taken this very lightly; even taken it with a reservation that she knew realities did not fit to her ideal, and that such realities were not for the elect always; but he chose to regard it, instead, as an expression of Vina's inner yearning, which she felt safe in disclosing because he was the only listener, and because her picture was so ingenuous. . . . He looked about the strange studio in the heart of New York, where a really great task was being wrought to endure. Sometimes it had seemed to him as if the spirits of the saints had come to rest in this place where the woman worshipped them at her work. Yet he knew that she had meant just what she said; that to her the work here was not the real breath of life. . . . She had not completed the picture; rather, life had not completed it for her.

Cairns determined to tell Fortegan about this. The two had been advising together somewhat in the late days; and had risen to the real in several moments of talk, even as in the old nights afield. . . . He inquired of Vina what took her to Nantucket in summer, curious as to the material arrangement.

"My own people used to go there summers when I was a little thing," she told him, "and of late—there are many friends who ask me over."

"Tell me, David," Vina said as he was leaving, "do you think your friend Fortegan will succeed in making Beth Truba forget Jim Fram-tree?"

"I can't tell that yet. Beth is the most fastidious woman in the world. . . . Say, Vina, when you get over to Nantucket, would you be terribly disconcerted to discover me some morning, down among the

wharves there, with a copy of *Moby Dick* under my arm, and distressed in mind deciding whether I wanted clam or cod chowder for breakfast?"

"I should be glad of all things, David," she said, with quiet eagerness. "There are so many ways to beguile the hours——"

"Besides walking in Lily Lane in the dusk?"

"Yes. . . . There's the ride over the open moors. It's like Scotland in places, with no division or fences, and the sea away off in all directions. Then we must go to Sankaty Light—one of the most important on the coast, and the first to welcome the steamers coming in from Europe. And, oh, the Haunted House on the Moor's End, and the wonderful old water-front (where I am to discover you)—once so rich and important in the world, now forgotten and sunken and deserted, except for an old seasoned sea-captain here and there, looking wistfully out toward the last port, dreaming of the China Trade and the lordly days of the old sperm fishery. Venice or Nantucket—I can hardly say which is more dream-like, or alluring, or sad with the goneness of its glory. . . . I'd love to show you, because I know every stick and stone on the Island and many of the quaint people."

XIV.

THE three weeks that followed the call of the Grey One in Beth Truba's studio became a sort of probation time—though Martin Fortegan was given no chance to realize it. He knew only that the wonder of the woman rose and rose in his mind—until his only joy apart from her was to give joy to others; and he moved about New York, reflecting in countless ways his marvellous inner ignition. Yet so sensitive was he to the delicate beauty of romance, that he knew the time had not come to speak. Sometimes he thought that there was a little garden of his planting in the heart of the lustrous lady; sometimes he thought it was extending broader and broader upon that arable surface; but there were reactions, when the world's bitterness and scepticism beat down upon the sacred young growths, and the exquisite fragrance was blown afar.

Once when she returned from the country after a week-end, she had been more than ever an inspiration to him. It was as if she had been keeping holy vigils. There was animation in her hands, a note of singing in her laughter, June in her eyes. He did not gratify himself with the thought that gladness in seeing him again after forty-eight hours had anything to do with this fresh loveliness. Still, he went about his work with renewed spirit—a silent siege. There was not only the force of youth in his attentions, but the fineness of maturity. Indeed, he cultured her heart as only a great lover could; but, being the lover, he was slow to see the blooms that answered.

And of actual words, he was still afraid. Deeply he sensed that she

had been terribly hurt somewhere in the Big Back Time; that something like the story she had told of the Grey One's long-ago lover was a story of her own. He knew that words often break the delicate new-forming tissues over old wounds of the heart. His was a life-work to heal and expand her heart to hold the great happiness.

Often he was allowed to stay while she worked at other things. His own portrait prospered very slowly, a fact that the world would have found humor in. And often they talked together long after the slanting light had made work impossible, and their own faces were altered strangely in the dim place, and their voices became very low. There were times when the heart of the woman stirred to break its silence; when the man before her seemed bravely a man, and the confines of his nature held magnificent distances for her inner eyes, and the thought that if she could creep within those confines, she would truly live. But the years swept through her mind—grim, gray, implacable chariots, and in their dusty train, the memories—fleshly limitations and untruth. To survive she had been forced to lock her heart; to hold every hope in the cold white fingers of fear; cruelly to curb the fine sweep of feminine outpouring lest its object soften into chaos, and roused womanhood, returning empty, overwhelm her. This is the sorriest instinct of self-preservation. . . .

"Loneliness?" she once repeated. "That's the common lot. One scarcely dares stop to think how lonely one is. . . . How many people do you know who are happily companioned? I've known six in my life, and two of those were brother and sister. It seems the constantly thrilling need of the human heart, and is almost never satisfied. What is the reason, do you suppose? . . . It's absolutely necessary to have resources within oneself. I think I should train children subtly but surely for the stern trials of loneliness. They're sure to encounter them. . . . How wonderful when real companions catch a glimpse of each other across some room of the world! Sublimely sad, too, because real companions never build their house upon the ruins of another, if there is another. . . . Tell me the reason for this everywhere, this forever, loneliness?"

Fortegan found himself answering presently:

"I think it belongs to the big plan of making Man finer in the world. Every human heart cries out to the myriads for *his One*. Once in a great while, the Right One answers; then two people are made happy. They find out what love means—that it is Giving. Even though each is completed by the other, the rounded love of these two becomes radiant. It goes on and on into a bigger thing than the love of man and woman—love for the Race—the biggest thing of all. Avatars have that. The children of true mates should have such spirits——"

Sparrows scurried across the glass of the skylight, their clawed feet

moving swiftly about Mother Nature's business. Beth was regarding him with intensity, seeming to review in her mind every sentence he had uttered. And in this intense face of her Fortegan perceived that moment her awakening within the flesh—a mystic light under suffering's refinement.

"I wish I could get just that look upon your portrait," she said after a moment,—“when you spoke about people who have illumined each other, so that they turn their great anguish of loving upon the Race. Why, that's very clear to me—*how Prophets are born!*”

Fortegan thrilled at the way she completed his concept.

At length came the day when Beth Truba was upon the point of saying, “To-morrow you may see the painting I have made of you,” when Fortegan said:

“To-morrow I am going away for a few days—possibly a week.”

The words fell upon her with the heaviness of chains, for she had come to believe that he had no thought of Wordling. (The matron of the Smilax Club had been most satisfactory in explaining that the actress had done all the arranging in her little *coup* that had resulted in her being locked with Fortegan in the park.) . . . Beth was bending over the papers of her desk, and answered in an absent tone:

“Yes?”

“And may I call—as soon as I get back?”

“Why, I think so. . . . The picture will not suffer at all. It is practically done. The long—ridiculously long—preliminary work gave me the modelling as well as I could have it. . . . It is getting hot enough to make one think of the ocean or the mountains—”

“There's a little thing that needs doing—by the ocean—that's why I go,” he said with a smile.

They were standing together; the words they uttered left scarcely a trace of memory in Beth's mind. She knew that it was a parting—not for “a few days.” She was filled with the great misery of one who has faith to bestow, and cannot find one fit to garland with it. Her faith came back to her again and again—and was aching within her now, and a burden. She had come into the world with her great faith, and was destined to bear it alone always—some fearful punishment. . . . From her studio-window, she saw him mingle with men below. . . . She heard the sound of breakers on the Maine coast.

Yes, Fortegan had brought back her dreams with all their ecstasy and dread. The studio seemed now an ancient treasure-house, mystic with his comings and goings, his words and gifts. He had learned to give—which may be made the most exquisite of arts. Not only did he give in a way that forbade refusal, but somehow each object was invested with a cumulative value. Thus had he brought to the studio the rare

little books of the world. In them she had encountered marginal milestones of his, and had girdled them with her own pencillings; and so their inner silences had been broken; so they had entered together the concourse of the elect.

Beth felt (as those who have suffered know so well) the premonitive heaviness and darkening of a storm settling upon her spirit. She felt that he had not found her sufficient to restrain him from taking this little Wordling flier. Her pride uprose at this—a vindictive burning that scorched within. He was very brave and evolved, but the man within him would not be denied—and the man was off to the Maine Coast—quite as if he had been Jim Framtree. . . . And yet something made her uncover the easel; something brought her to her knees before the man she had painted.

"Poor boy!" she whispered. "It was my fault. I have become too weathered and inflexible. I made you afraid. You found in me the sutures closed——"

But at this there was stern denial in the face before her—reproach in his eyes which she had made of paint. She realized now that she had not made him common. That was why it had taken her so long. Fixed upon the canvas before her was the revelation of his higher moments, a glimpse which charmed back for a moment into her mind—the far fragrance of a Dream.

"But you forgot those higher moments," she whispered. "That is the way of men and boys—to forget—to run away for the little things by the ocean!"

She watched long through the wan light the face she had painted; and as steadily he regarded her in return—a fixture of poise, happiness assured. . . . And the woman knelt before him in the veil of dusk, her fact ghastly with waiting. And not until her pride had intervened and prevailed upon her to see him no more, but to flee away on her farthest journey, did she find some old friendly tears, almost as remote from the times she now lived as Florentine springtimes of student memories.

XV.

AND so it came about that when Beth felt herself falling again into the old abyss of tragedy where breaking with Jim Framtree had cast her, the old thought to rush away to Asia somewhere recurred stronger than ever. Pride had kept her at home before; but that was an affair all her associates were acquainted with, and the *younger* Beth had felt the need of showing her friends that she was not mortally hurt. Not even Martin Fortegan knew what his going away had meant to her now. The pride was the same, but there was no need to stay—no need of torture in the studio where he had come so often.

She was not hurt in the keen physical fashion as she had been before. This was an inner uprooting; it assailed her faith and numbed her whole life. The Shadowy Sister had not deserted her before; but now she felt just a woman—and a woman who was growing older and hard. . . . Within ten days she was on the Pacific, trying to forget all that Man and America meant. One night on deck, after Honolulu was several days behind, she overheard an English traveller speaking of Nikataki, away up in the Hankone mountains of Japan. The name, the picture he made of the little town and its remoteness from travel-lines, formed into a deep appeal to Beth, whose heart ached for beauty and solitude. . . . Nikataki was all that the traveller had said, and much more in Japan's queer, complete little way. The Empire is lovely in places as a miniature, and miraculously finished in detail. Beth's pictures have something of the same charm—little canvases that unfold and unfold, until you love them from the thought that no one, save you and the artist, realizes how deep her art carries. So often does the secret of a great painter lie in rousing these fine vanities.

And so Beth sat down to work with the smell of Asia in her nostrils. In her brain grew the savage, implacable thought that here, or some place like it, she was destined to remain alone, until her really remarkable eyes dimmed, no longer catching the *spirit* of color—that vision which is more than sight, since it divines. The Japanese came to like her, because they too work with little things—often with such infinitesimal concentration as to forget whether their subject is a cat or a monkey, so intent are they upon painting the hairs.

She did not exactly comprehend why Framtree was so stoutly involved in her thoughts in these days and during the days of the voyage. Possibly it was because her mind shrank from grappling with the newer desolation; possibly, too, because Fortegan in so many ways was a vague figure in life itself—somehow inseparable from silences and remote from workaday habiliments. The Shadowy Sister had gone out to meet him majestically and unashamed. . . .

It is quite true that she never worked so wonderfully as in the first weeks of the Japanese life. Certain early mornings found her abroad even before tea, when the purity of dawn and altitudes was yet in the air; then into the sunlit street would steal the smell of the charcoal braziers—an innocent smoke-fragrance that became to her a divine stimulus, a perfect vein-dilation in the sharp morning light, so that it seemed almost as if she could feel the pulse of iris-stems and paint the nervous systems of the bees. . . . And into her studio she would rush while the spell was on, crushing from her heart the dream of simple motherhood as supernal happiness.

As days passed, more and more could she bear the presence of Martin Fortegan in her thoughts. To her he had paid only the most exquisite

homage. It is true there was something she could never forgive in their relation—that a woman like Wordling could be strong enough to call him from her; and yet, apart from that, her hours with him had been wonderful. The memory of Jim Framtree with his handsome face (straight nose, sound chin, and the irresistible folding about the eyes when he smiled, which is Irish as sin, and quite as attractive,) had its intervals of boyishness and ineffectuality, compared with this later figure of such noble promise and pitiful defect—a defect quite as intrinsic as Framtree's. She could have forgiven either a boyish carelessness; but she could not forgive in any man that unfinished humanity which has a love-token to give to that which is obviously common and sensual.

There were momentary falterings, of course, under the pressure of nostalgia, when Beth felt that the wrong was hers, that her fastidiousness belonged not to the Twentieth Century, that she should at least have given Martin Fortegan one more chance. In reaction—for the pride of the woman was substance of royalty—she was thankful to be safe and deep in Japan, far from tourist-tracks, where such frailties of spirit were altogether inoperative. Then there were nights when the Island Empire closed in about her, a great foreign elemental, until she was near to screaming and perceived her own madness—a broken-nerved creature stifling among aliens, undone in the torment of strange stars. Again the passion for New York swept over her—to be houseless, friendless, penniless, if necessary, but in New York! Moreover, she was not stranger to the King Terror of woman—the sense of her own fruitlessness, of living without solution, realizing that all her fluent emotions, lovely ideals, all her sympathies, dreams, and labors, should end with her own tired hands; the emptiness of every aspiration; and all this in the midst of the half-finished women of Japan, the lowliest of whom was girdled with children. And finally, she was not above instants of fierce envy for those among whom the two men she had known, now moved. . . . Such are glimpses of the black ranges which reared their peaks about bright Nikataki for her inner vision.

But there were long communions before the last picture she had painted in New York; and sometimes the poise and promise of happiness prevailed for a little while.

And one day, with a quantity of letters from America, up the winding trail to the town, came the reality. She had barely time to put the picture away.

XVI.

BETH had jerked up her drawbridges instantly, but Fortegan offered no explanations. He had felt like getting away to sea, he said, and had heard she was here. No, there was no hurry for the picture. As for that, he could just as well have waited until she returned. He was

deeply glad, he confessed, to see her again; and Nikataki was beautiful indeed. . . .

And there he was sitting before her, with enough leisure seriously to injure any but a strong soul; sitting there with all the old poise and patience, and his mind crowded with pictures like the memory of a world voyage. . . . And sitting before him there, Beth Truba became suddenly conscious of a queer inner uplift, as one rising upon a wave; and she knew the Shadowy Sister had come back.

And again she found in his utterances that old fidelity to truth, for the personal satisfaction of truth, that had so charmed her in her other visits. She had found him invariable before, even when he said astonishing things—so much so that she had ceased to probe. And when a woman who has made her own career learns to believe in a man's words absolutely, he has earned much. For career-making forces upon a woman a most disconcerting scepticism.

In the afternoons when the light had flattened out, they walked up the mountain-trail above the town, returning as the dusk climbed to meet them. If anything is perfect in this world, it is the air of the Hankone mountains, a living zest in the lungs and clean and tonic from the cedar and camphor trees. Often, before the light thickened, they would stare in silence down over the terraced fields toward Kobe and the sea, fifty miles away. In the summit of her womanhood, so filled with mysteries and so radiant with health, there were moments of these hours when Beth dared not speak, lest her voice betray the pent emotions in her breast. It was not that these emotions had to do directly with Fortegan, but that they were there, and so deeply feminine that they could be revealed only to a man—as trophies of his conquest. . . .

There was this drawback in that Fortegan ignored all explanation. Beth could not regard his presence in Nikataki as having a direct meaning upon her own future. When she thought of Wordling, he was very far away, indeed, from the man she dreamed. She was glad for his company; the days were redolent of little joys; but there was a wall between them—a wall that kept him in the temperate, tentative zones of friendliness. She could not have acknowledged to herself that she chafed at this, but it is not likely that she would have mentioned Jim Framtree had it not been so. One evening, seated at the door of her house, as they watched a rickshaw coolie plodding up the road (zig-zagging from one side to the other to lessen the grade and get the grip of the wheels), Beth found herself talking about the other:

"Why, he was nothing but a serving-boy when he first came to our house," she was saying. "I remember with what a shock of surprise I noted the perfection of his face. The angle was absolutely correct as the old Hellenic marbles, and to every curve was that final warmth which stone can only suggest. Then he was tall, but so light and lithe——"

She felt that he would not fail to see the flaw here—the artistic taint—the worship of empty line which latter-day Nature, at least, almost invariably travesties.

"And then," she went on, "he was my work. All that he learned that made him desirable I taught him—even his refinements of English and dress and manner. Why, I even made his way among men for him! And I put such love into it—the most glorious work I ever did."

Fortegan stared at the sky reflectively. It was a particularly important moment. Beth, suddenly silent, was considering her confidence and regretting it, of course.

"You tell me wonderfully about yourself with those few sentences," he said. "The loveliest thing within my comprehension is this mother-spirit in the maid which makes her love the boy or man whom she constantly lifts and inspires; and makes her give from her own heart and soul all that is brave and beautiful for him to keep. I believe that every achievement which lifts a man above his fellows is energized by some woman's outpouring heart. She works in the dark—until the hour of his test—weaving his inner fabric, as those beautiful straws of the tropics are woven under water——"

"And one of the most terrible things," she interrupted in anguish of memory, "is to find after you have woven and woven, that your fabric finally brought to the light—is streaky and imperfect!"

Fortegan could not help realizing that she would have been happy to put back at any cost a finely-human soul in the flashing Framtree exterior which had won the girlish heart. He felt that the young man still lived in her heart. To her, loving meant giving, was inseparable from giving. There was a melancholy thrill in his own thoughts of how she might unfold if there could be a mutual giving; if she could be brought to accept a man's mature strength and finished gentleness. It would be hard for her to understand at first, that such a great thing had come to her. She had been so much alone and was so accustomed to giving.

Still, Fortegan was an inveterate idealist.

Before all, Beth was the woman whose love he desired. . . . Sometimes he had played with a man's dream that he was alone on the perfect island with the perfect woman. Japan and her puzzle-box civilization meant nothing to them but sounds—wind and sea sounds; and the things which they bought were but the plucked fruits of their adorable island. . . .

XVII.

It was difficult for Beth not to become accustomed, even dependent upon, his delightful facility in matters little and large. Even as he loved to watch her at the easel, she came to like having him in and

out. Fortegan had made a fine art of just living, and Beth realized that these of Nikataki were never-to-be-forgotten days. Memories of this Japanese summer-time; the elixir of charcoal fragrance; nights that sparkled with a divinity of stars; mornings of strange achievement under his eyes, in which she caught errant glimpses of life's inner beauty (and once was enabled to depict that surpassingly delicate and fleeting shimmer in the sunlight about a humming-bird's wing); the pervasive calm of the Shadowy Sister that seemed to balance the hurt of Framtree memories; walks at the end of the day, while the dusk climbed the heights, and the little lower towns pricked forth their places with brave candles—all these, she well knew, would be lights for flagging vision—treasures of the old Beth whose pictures all were painted. . . .

A very wise woman has said that it is n't woman's mysteries which dismay and mislead a man, but her contradictions. More and more as the golden weeks passed, Beth realized that Fortegan was there to take her back; that without haste, words, or any pressure but the self he showed, this man who seemed to love so marvellously and could wait so well, meant that she should surrender. . . . The answer to this realization was rebellion. Such a woman will not be taken for granted; and the irritation over all—was that little thing that had needed to be done by the ocean. . . . It was in a moment of heat from the grinding of such thoughts, that Beth betrayed the Shadowy Sister, by telling Fortegan her parable of the horses:

"At home in New York, until the last year or so, I used to saddle a great deal," she said. "When I first began to be successful in my work, the desire came over me to possess a horse of my own. So I went down to Kentucky and bought a colt—beautiful young animal, pure saddle-bred. Rare to look at, but something always was in trouble about him. He galled somewhere; fell lame or sick, or new shoes spoiled his gaits—something all the time. I worried as if he were my child. Then, he was very fast and steady when turned back to the stable, but really dangerous in his frights and tempers when urged away—brand-new every morning. I was n't the handler for him; he spoiled in my care; yet I loved that colt! And I think he would have killed me, had I kept him. . . . Long afterward, I bought another horse—big, courageous, swifter than the first, absolutely reliant in temper and splendid in strength. Day after day, in all roads and weathers, he never failed or fell. Always, he seemed to be aiming at improvement with eager, unabated energy—and filled my veins with joy and health. It was hard for me to realize that a horse could be so noble; and yet I had given to the first more than I had for the second. *Something* that belonged to the second was gone from me."

After seconds had passed and Fortegan did not speak, Beth turned from her work and found him smiling, though his face was white.

"I understand clearly," he said. "Only, I should say, don't ever do the first one an injustice. It was those very uncertainties of his—the menaces of his frights and tempers—that made you so perfect a mistress of the second, invariably bringing forth the best from the—second."

That moment Martin Fortegan appeared to her—a great man. Also it occurred with a start that in depicting *the second*, she had overlooked the great defect upon which the present wall between them had been founded. . . . And yet, for a moment as he spoke those last words, she had *not* been conscious of that Wordling wall. The full-lit face and figure before her had been magnificent to her sight. Had she seen him with the eyes of the Shadowy Sister?

Wise as he was, Fortegan missed this sudden miracle. The perfect thing which came to his mind to do had passed its timeliness. It was a hard, a conquering thing; and it did not consider the effect upon Beth Truba of his reply to her parable of the horses. . . .

It was the next day at noon, that he asked her how long she expected to remain in Nikataki. High-noon, and they were having tea in the shade of a great camphor tree. There was a mellowness in the sunlight that made vague the surrounding mountains—too golden for far vision. Beth was in white, and her eyes and hair were richly darkened by the double shadow of the branches and the droopy hat.

"You know I like it here," she said with effort. "The work is piling in. I am in no hurry to go on, either east or west—and this is really a very good place——"

"In the natural course, would you be here for four months?"

"I shall be here—at least, I know nothing to prevent me from being here—four months longer." She tried to say it steadily.

"If I come back this way," he said thoughtfully, "it will be within four months. There's a rather pressing need for me in America——"

Beth arose, with the word that she must hurry back to her house. Her first real stab of consciousness was that he was watching her, and that she could not sit facing him across a table. He was far too fine to watch her—only, he seemed to have no thought that she was horribly hurt. . . . There was a terror in her brain like the discovery of a dreadful malady, with its threat of her life in every vein. By habit, she sat down before the easel in her studio. The colors of her canvas flicked out, leaving a sort of welted gray of flesh from which life had been beaten. Sounds of Nikataki came to her with horror—as if she were a captive on cannibal shores. And he must not know——

"This is a rather significant journey to me," he went on—"a sort of pilgrimage for illumination. . . ."

Beth refrained from crying out that the harmony of her solitude in Nikataki was already broken; that four months alone would murder

her mind if not her spirit; that her life already had known too much sorrow and waiting, and even the fibre of artists could not stand more. The madness of all this came over her in time. He had asked nothing for himself, nor sought to divert a single plan for her future. . . . He had turned and was staring out of the window to the street, but standing a little back, not to obstruct the light. . . . Did he perceive her suffering and shrink from it? . . . Suddenly, she felt through the silence his great strength pouring over her.

"I think you will be glad for staying," he added presently. "Those who wait at home are often more blest—than the pilgrims."

And that night Fortegan went away. . . . Throughout the day, Beth was a different woman than he had known before. Except for being in the midst of his own romance, he would have understood. He thought hers but the added sweetness of parting hours, the summing of her regard for their long and fine companionship. Beth could only make him see by direct confession. This was not in her. . . .

There was a dazzling light in his eyes at the moment of parting. Some big thing was in his mind; an unknown thing to her, yet admiration for it and for him rose. All that he had said and done had builded the splendid man-spirit she discovered now—the Man to whom all things of the world are possible, and whose ideals the most formidable of worldly conditions are powerless to destroy. . . . She did not shut the door of her house after he had said good-by. (That sound must not be the last so dear a traveller should hear.) . . . Fortegan turned and saw the light streaming out. She was not visible, but her shadow stood forth upon the turf of the highway—arms strangely uplifted. The mortal within him was outraged because he did not turn back—for a moment—into that open door.

XVIII.

BETH found that she had half-expected him to come back. . . . And in the days that followed, she realized that Fortegan had fitted so finely and fully to her inner conception, that she had not been startled at the phenomenon as she would have been by a usurper or a counterfeit. While she had believed herself comparatively unresponsive, he had filled her with a deep, silent inrushing. This was her heart's high tide—her fulfilment. One by one had been swept away the ramparts which the world had builded before her heart—the world and the years—so that now she faced him, familiar and fearless. And all the while, the Shadowy Sister had known him for her prince of playmates. Beth wondered how she would have been so wilful and so *blind* with her painter's strong eyes.

Nikataki drowed that summer. The mid-days were slow to come

to as far hills; and endless to pass as hills that turn to ranges. The sloping afternoons were æon-long; and centuries of toil were told in the hum of the bees about her window, toil to be done over and over again; and sometimes from out the murmur of the bees, like a swiftly-flung scroll, would appear to Beth glimpses of her other lives, filled like this with endless waiting, for she was always a woman. At night, she began great journeys: down the mountains to Kobe where her white ship lay in the harbor; across the great sea to the thrill of the Farallones and the home-continent stretching out; always pressing eastward, placing her cities with drowsy memory; over the mountains and prairies, into the Smoky East, across the Tooting River; and somewhere between the Battery and the Bronx—in some old studio perhaps—she would fall asleep. . . . Four months, one hundred and twenty days of waiting,—and only, “ . . . those who wait . . . are often more blest than the pilgrims.”

Often she thought in her loneliness of what Fortegan had said about the women who refuse to take the bowl of porridge, and who therefore do not leave their children to brighten the race. He had called them centres of new and radiant energy, to whom men come and go away restored—the spiritual mothers of the race. . . . And one night she cried aloud (when all Nikataki was still, save the blind masseur who moved about the streets, thumping his cane upon the stones and calling his aid to the sleepless), Would she be less of a spiritual help because she had a little of her own heart's desire? Because she held the highest personal office of woman—would her outer radiance be dimmed? . . . Must she be always—just a passing influence or inspiration—a cheer for those who stop a moment to refresh themselves from her little cup, and hurry on about their own near and dear affairs in which she has no share? . . . How many have paused—taken with joy the little she has—and presently are away. . . .

At last, one early morning, when all but the last week or so of the four months had been conquered into the past, Beth heard down the trail—a white man's voice. Her hands which had lain idle began leaping strangely from her wild inner turmoil.

The voice came up fresh and angry on the morning; it was like the voice of a young middle-class Englishman, who is paying for service and demanding every ounce that the coin implies. At first she thought it all a dream—one of many dreams. She was wasted and fevered with many dreams. . . . She opened the door just enough to look down the road. The sand was still summer deep, and the straw-shod coolie wove his rickshaw from side to side in difficult ascent. The man riding grumbled at the littleness of Nikataki; at the slow approach, at Japan and Asia. He seemed quite unashamed to allow one of his own species to drag him up the hard places of the mountain. Beth closed her door

softly as the rickshaw passed, drew the screens and sat down to regard the visitation as steadily as she could.

The deadly thing was that this was the blessedness that was to come to her from the pilgrimage of Fortegan; this the fine thing that had lit his eyes like stars at the parting. The blood stuck in her heart, turned thick as in death. Her hands sprawled before her in stricken fashion.

"This is what he meant," she murmured heavily. "And, oh, I thought *he* would come! . . . And yet how could he—after I told him the parable of the horses?"

Her consciousness struggled up again and again through depths of illness. She realized it now more than ever—how he had taken away all her fortifications that the world and the years had builded against such a shock of suffering as this. Her heart was naked as a girl's to suffer, and the furious humanities of a fully-evolved woman starving for a man's love were lashed and flung and desecrated.

"He did not know," she said at last. "He did not know, or he could not have hurt me this way. . . . He thought I could not change—that I should always worship the beauty of exteriors. He went away—and sent me what he thought I wanted."

Beth laughed. It was a laugh such as comes from those frigid altitudes far beyond the sources of tears.

At last (it was past noon, and she had scarcely moved) the voice of the white man again reached her through the paper windows. Some native was showing him the way. Framtree's tone was loud, and his accent strongly English. She knew from this, he had crossed the Pacific by the Northern route on one of the British ships. One voyage was enough for his plastic intelligence successfully to affect the English tone and tongue. It was so characteristic, this one little imitation. She was quite cold to him. Fortegan had put him away upon the far effacing surfaces of her mind—Fortegan, who could love so well that his loved one must have her heart's desire. . . .

There was a knock at the door. It had occurred to her that she had not been able to hold her thoughts entirely to Framtree, even during the little interval between his voice in the street and the knock. Rising, she learned her weakness. And as she crossed the studio, a mirror showed her a woman who has met many deaths.

She knew every movement, every thought of him, as a mother without illusions knows her grown son who has failed to become a man. He greeted her with excited enthusiasm, but imperfectly concealed by his words and manner was the tension which her appearance caused. There was no lasting impression from the early moments, until she said:

"Sit down, Jim, and tell me how you happen 'way up here in Nikatiki. I saw you going by in your cart, but you were tired, wanted change and rest before meeting any one——"

"You saw me—and did n't call?"

"Oh, yes. I knew you would hear of me presently, and come over when you were ready."

"Beth, what have they been doing with you? You look——"

"Yes, I know, but 'way up here it does n't matter. You know, I'm not a child. . . . But you have n't told me what brought you here."

"Well, I'm waiting for orders. 'Wait for orders in Nikataki'—that was my word in Yokohoma. . . . Why, I'm on rather a peculiar mission—not to be told any one—though I suppose I could tell you anything. I always did——"

"Don't any more," she said quickly. "When did you accept this mission?"

"A month ago in New York. An American, rich as Father Abraham, was around the clubs there—a connoisseur, named Fortegan—took a great fancy to me——"

Beth presently learned all that she cared. To Framtree, finding her was purely accidental. Fortegan had not considered it too high payment to send a man half around the world on some invented business—for this meeting in Nikataki. . . . Framtree was very dutiful for three days. Beth wished his recall would come.

XIX.

It was October. Four days of the four months remained. It would take that time for her to make preparations for departure, and another mail was due. Beth had not decided which way to go. One moment she thought better to return to New York; again, that she must journey deeper into Asia.

Even her pride had betrayed her. Fortegan's defect lost its aspect of fatal finality during this period. The limitation had been hers, and she had persisted in holding fast to it while in his presence. This was the steady drip of poison in her cup. The Shadowy Sister had long known him for her master, but she, the painter, had stubbornly refused to see. She did not expect ever to recover the love of life. Skies, valleys, her work—all had become identified with Martin Fortegan. It was stirring pain to have known the joy of communion with his warm heart and deeply-seeing mind, and now to accept the solitude again.

The centres of her life had been shocked by these four months, and what had come from them. She believed this, and that growth could never be hers again. From now it would be the steady down-grade, body and mind. . . . Some time she would meet him again. It would be too late. She would be "Beth-who-used-to-paint-so-well"—a mass of loosened petals, faded in color. They would talk together

long; perhaps the moment would come when it would be impossible not to tell him of what they had missed—her fault. They would weep together. . . . No, they would not weep. She would burst into laughing, and would *never be able to stop!* . . . It would be too late, for, to please any man of flesh, a woman must not be drained by the years. She could not keep her youth after this shock. She seemed to feel the years now. *Framtree saw it.* The man in him did not exist for the woman of her—as it had before! He treated her as a relative; the challenge of sex was not between them.

So her brain kept up its hideous grinding. Framtree was called away. She parted from him without any emotion—save the hundredth repetition in his presence of her own recoiling misery, because it was through such a paltry incomplete boy-of-a-man that she had betrayed herself. . . . A merciful blur fell upon the last three days, but one. The woman remembered only the ghosts of their light and darkness. She recalled the curious staring of the Japanese friends who came to see her.

A large mail came from America, and a thick packed letter from Vina Nettleton was first opened. Beth now perceived what had come from her suggestion to David Cairns—to drop in upon the little woman of the clay gods, to study her soul's incidents. . . . This letter, before it was done, became one of the most intense and absorbing she had ever read:

And so he came and came—I learning more and more to look for him! And when I told him about Nantucket his interest was surprising—asked me to tell him more and more. Finally, David inquired pointblank when I intended going there. . . .

Beth examined the letter at this point. It was marked "Nantucket" and dated early in September. Notwithstanding, the story went on as follows:

I told him not before mid-July, and explained that I did n't plan to stay very long this year—as there was no place there for my work, and it would not do to take more than a brief rest. This was late in June, dear Beth, and no sooner had I told him this, than David announced that he must go away for a week or two. Remember, it was just a little later that you left the country in wild mysterious flight, and Mr. Fortegan was also missing from New York. . . .

The exalted soul of Beth Truba now devoured a page with a glance, until all was made clear. Only then could she continue reading word for word:

I missed David's calls. I did n't know how much I could miss any one. And you were gone, too. There was nobody to talk to. I learned what it would be—not to have him come at all. . . . Well, he came back, and seemed very happy about something. . . . I should have preferred then not to leave New York, but I had talked so much

about it to him that I really had to go. David persisted that I needed restoration. He told me, too, how he missed you and Fortegan from New York—hinted at some great sorrow once—as if the same great sorrow covered you both.

I had n't been a day in Nantucket when he joined me, . . . and we walked in Lily Lane in the dusk! Oh, I felt so strange and wonderful. I pointed out to him the Prince House and gardens. It was too dark to see the gardens, but they 've always been the finest in Lily Lane. The Princes, you know, were a fine old family in Nantucket years ago, which has gradually dwindled until, last summer, there were only two old maiden-aunts left—lovely, low-voiced old gentlewomen, to whom it seemed hard and unnatural to offer money for flowers. Yet they lived from their gardens. . . . And now even they were gone. The great house was dark. I told David that I must ask at once what had become of them. The gardens had been kept up. The fragrance was lovelier than ever in the dusk. We listened to the trees whispering back to the sea. It was romantic, Beth.

So we came again in the morning. . . . Do you know the virginal pallor of the sunlight away out there at sea? So different from the ruddy summer of the mainland—as April honey is paler and sweeter than the heartier essence of July flowerings. . . . Oh, that morning, dear girl! The wind breathed of a hundred years ago, and I seemed to know something of the sublime patience of the women who hurried down Lily Lane long ago (faded but mystic eyes from staring overseas through thousand-day voyages) to welcome their knights-errant who bore home the marrow of leviathans.

There was no one about but the gardener. I wanted to go into the old house—that the last of the Princes had left. It happened that I "wondered" out aloud, if the gardener would allow us to enter. And David left me suddenly as if to inquire. He encountered no difficulty.

Everything at first seemed just as the two old maiden-aunts had left it. There was that sweet seasoning in the house which comes from decades of flowers and winds, spare living, gentle voices, and infallible cleanliness—that perfumed texture which decades of fineness alone can bring to a life or a house. Then there were the Nantucketer's treasures—trophies from the deep, pottery from China, weavings from the Indies, and lacuers from Japan; over all the spicy reminders of far archipelagoes, and the clean fragrance of cedar.

Our voices hushed, and, stepping lightly, we passed through the sunny rooms, and up the stairway to the great front chamber filled with northern brightness from the skylight.

"Why, David," I whispered, "it 's like a studio! . . . Why, it is a studio!" But then I saw the scaffoldings which do not belong to a painter. . . . That was the moment. . . . I turned to him.

Something came to me that moment in that room—an ineffable adoration. The light was enchanted. . . . So it can never be like the other rooms of earth's houses. The branches of the trees softly harped the sound of the sea, and I wanted to fall upon my knees and worship God. I should have fallen, but David put out his hand. . . . and I knew I loved him, and that he loved me. . . . It 's all so lovely still, dear Beth, that I could not put it into words—save to you.

Presently he told me that it was Martin Fortegan's first thought.

David had told his friend how I loved Nantucket; how he dreaded my going there for the long summer, even about the houses in Lily Lane and the little heads around the table, that I used to watch in the evening as I walked by, hungrily—like a night-bird at the simple happiness of families. . . . So it was Martin Fortegan who said, "Dave, go over and buy one of those houses, and let her find out slowly some summer morning that it is hers, and watch her face. . . . I'll go over with you if you like."

David could n't be content until he told me that the lovely idea was not his own. . . . And we don't hear from Mr. Fortegan. David misses him—but, oh, we are happy! . . . Once I dreamed that David's friend and my friend would come back to us together! . . . And so it all came about, and we are living in the Prince house. . . . David said that Martin Fortegan was terribly hurt when he returned to New York from here and found you had gone to Japan.

XX.

It was wonderful; it was glorious—Beth granted all this—that her faith in Martin Fortegan had been restored; that the little thing which had needed to be done by the ocean was a beautiful thing worthy of a poet whose art expresses itself in his life, and not a common adventure in passion. But it made more than ever poignant the suffering of her now being alone. Indeed, one could fall into abject realism to depict the final period in which the Shadowy Sister journeyed to that utmost pavilion of tragedy, known only to the souls of the world's great women.

But the last night in the Japanese village, she put out her lamps early; and presently all the lights of the town were gone; and Nikataki sat darkly upon her mountain in the pallor of stars. . . . She was alone, but in her heart crept a strange, enduring peace—as if from the beauty of the night. . . . She had lived her art-life bravely; loved her work with valor, and had served it with the best of her eye and hand. The life of *just-woman* she had wanted more, and idealized as only an artist can—to be a man's maiden, a man's mate, and the mother of his babes—but that was not for her. . . . The man had been shown to her, and she had not stayed his going away. *Just-woman* would have held him fast. Yes, it was the artist that had faltered at the right moment—the resolute creative force within her, weathered in suffering, not to be intimidated, slow, tragically slow, to bow down. . . .

Beth suddenly knew what she would do. It became clear to her, as if born from the long grinding of her forces and the fervent heat—just how it should come about. In New York there would be another's child for her to take—some dying woman's love-child. She would give to it the rest of her years, make it brave and beautiful. This would be her gift to the world, her greatest painting; and the little child should name it, *Mother*.

"Why, I never could have planned this way before," she murmured

raptly, hours afterward. "I think it has been struggling to get into my mind for years—the child of some woman who has kissed and is dying for it. I think—I had to come to this—had to be chastened to reach the end of this fiery waiting. . . . The real mother shall never tell me of the dream she had, but I shall see it in her eyes, and she shall see mine; and the little one shall heal both our broken dreams. Yes, we shall read—both of us—in the eyes of a child the great world-secret which aches so heavily in the breasts of women——"

The dawn filled Beth's weary eyes. Faint islands of rose and lily turned softly to blooming in the lakes of eastern light; and over the islands strode the mighty morn, his kingly garments fresh from ocean. The nostrils of the woman quickened, as she bathed, with her fine familiar charcoal fragrance. . . . At length, she thrust back the paper windows. The last morning of Nikataki was the loveliest. Heaven was building in the East, its spires to rise to the blinding heights of Noon. Beth stretched out her arms in consecration; and Fortegan, who had come up from Kobe in the night (having drawn mysterious joy from the face of his agent, without the mention of a woman's name)—the weathered and travelled Fortegan, who had waited for hours in the house opposite, beheld the woman there—facing the East.

And again she made him say it:

"Why, you see, it is the only art I have—to make you happy. . . . And you spoke so beautifully about him, and seemed to love him so,—that it did n't look right for him not to have another chance."

They went around by Aden and Europe; and then sailed deep down into the South Atlantic, for New York was wintry; and at last crept in through the coral passage to Santo Domingo, where the fruity old *Henlopen* lay. As they started up toward the hacienda (their ponies close together, and the glad natives resting each other with the luggage behind), Fortegan told her how he had hurried down this very trail to make that very ship nine months before, because he had suddenly dreamed of the Lustrous Lady in New York. . . . And as they stood upon the broad veranda of the hacienda, a tropical torrent swept over their hills from crest to crest. They heard it pounding nearer and nearer, and watched it pass, and marvelled afterward at the subdued glow which it brought out from the wild verdure. . . . There was one room which Beth was not allowed to enter for days and days, and finally she begged her Bluebeard, until he could withstand no longer. Together they entered a large gallery, wonderful with north light, and all about them were paintings—all the salable canvases of the Grey One.

And gaspingly Beth shut the door, but the singing of the natives from the cabins below could not be shut out.

Months afterward, gaunt Kate Wilkes and the Grey One sat long

over a little supper in the Smilax Club. It was on the day that they heard of the greater literary fame of David Cairns.

"I expected him to do it when he married Vina Nettleton," the Grey One said. "She's pure spirit to draw from. . . ."

"Did it ever occur to you what a suffering sorority we were—that night that Martin Fortegan was introduced here?" Kate Wilkes asked whimsically. "And now Vina has her David, and he has a bit of real name for work. And your vogue came back, and you sell everything you do——"

"Oh, yes," the Grey One said wearily; "I sell everything I do—and never see them again—they go across the water somewhere——"

"And Beth Truba—the most fastidious woman in New York—took him for her portion—and now she's doing a masterpiece down Santo Domingo way."

"And will bring it back in her arms," said the Grey One.

"Sort of like a messiah—was n't he?"

"Well, you see," remarked the Grey One, "his mother was an artist. Her work lives—lives to mock all artists who are afraid. She was a very great woman, and she haunts me! . . . Come on over to the studio. I want to smoke."



THE HARBOR FOG

BY THOMAS WALSH

FOG in the harbor,—sky and waterway
Lost in a phantom otherworld, where boom
Of funnels and the sharp "Give room, give room!"
Of bells and paddles speak the night's dismay.
With sheer sky-shouldering cities lost in gray,
The crowded ferries creep through paths of gloom
Along the wharves of home, so near to doom,
Like glowworms in a cobweb globe astray.

Hope in the homeward toiling hearts, and fear
But half-confessed. Their pulses urge,—but no,
Some warning bell of reason tolls, "Not here
Is trust in self enough. A higher guide
Of mutual trust must rule you as you go.
None is self-pilot on the harbor tide."

"THE GREAT GAME" BACK OF THE WAR BETWEEN ITALY AND TURKEY

By William T. Ellis

THERE are conversational compensations for life in the Orient. Talk does not grow stale when there are always the latest phases of "the great game" of international politics to gossip about. Men do not discuss baseball performances in the cafés of Constantinople; but the latest story of how Von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador, bulldozed Haaki Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and sent the latter whining among his friends for sympathy, is far more piquant. The older residents among the ladies of the diplomatic corps, whose visiting list extends "beyond the curtain," have their own well-spiced tales to tell of "the great game" as it is played behind the latticed windows of the harem. It is not only in London and Berlin and Washington and Paris that wives and daughters of diplomats boost the business of their men-folk. In this mysterious, women's world of Turkey there are curious complications; as when a Young Turk, with a Paris veneer, has taken as second or third wife a European woman. One wonders which of these heavily-veiled figures on the Galata Bridge, clad in hideous *ezars*, is an English woman or a French woman or a Jewess.

Night and day, year in and year out, with all kinds of chess-men, and with an infinite variety of by-plays, "the great game" is played in Constantinople. The fortunes of the players vary, and there are occasional—very occasional—open rumpuses; but the players and the stakes remain the same. Nobody can read the newspaper telegrams from Tripoli and Constantinople intelligently, who has not some understanding of the real game that is being carried on; and in which an occasional war is only a move.

The bespectacled professor of ancient history is best qualified to trace the beginning of this game; for there is no other frontier on the face of the globe over which there has been so much fighting as over that strip of water which divides Europe from Asia, called, in its four separate parts, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Ægean Sea. Centuries before men began to date their calendars

"A. D.," the city on the Bosphorus was a prize for which nations struggled. All the old-world dominions—Greek, Macedonian, Persian, Roman—fought here; and for hundreds of years Byzantium was the capital of the Roman and Christian world. The Crusaders and the Saracens did a choice lot of fighting over this battle-ground; and it was here that the doughty warrior, Paul of Tarsus, broke into Europe, as first invader in the greatest of conquests. Along this narrow line of beautiful blue water the East menacingly confronts the West. Turkey's capital, as a sort of Mr.-Facing-Both-Ways, bestrides the water; for Scutari, in Asia, is essentially a part of Greater Constantinople. That simple geographical fact really pictures Turkey's present condition: it is rent by the struggle of the East with the West, Asia with Europe, in its own body.

"The great game" of to-day, rather than of any hoary and romantic yesterday, holds the interest of the modern man. Player Number One, even though he sits patiently in the background in seeming stolidity, is big-boned, brawny, hairy, thirsty Russia. Russia wants water, both here and in the Far East. His whole being cries from parched depths for the taste of the salt waters of the Mediterranean and the China Sea. At present his ships may not pass through the Dardanelles: the jealous powers have said so. But Russia is the most patient nation on earth; his "manifest destiny" is to sit in the ancient seat of dominion on the Bosphorus. Calmly, amid all the turbulence of international politics, he awaits the prize that is assuredly his; but while he waits he plots and mines and prepares for ultimate success. A past-master of secret spying, wholesale bribery, and oriental intrigue, is the nation which calls its ruler the "Little Father" on earth, second only to the Great Father in heaven. If one is curious and careful, one may learn which of the Turkish statesmen are in Russian pay.

Looming larger—apparently—than Russia amid the minarets upon the lovely Constantinople horizon is Germany, the Marooned Nation. Restless William shrewdly saw that Turkey offered him the likeliest open door for German expansion and for territorial emancipation. So he played courtier to his "good friend, Abdul Hamid," and to the Prophet Mohammed (they still preserve at Damascus the faded remains of the wreath he laid upon Saladin's tomb, the day he made the speech which betrayed Europe and Christendom), and in return had his vanity enormously ministered to. His visit to Jerusalem is probably the most notable incident in the history of the Holy City since the Crusades. Moreover, he carried away the Bagdad Railway concession in his carpet-bag. By this he expects to acquire the cotton and grain fields of Mesopotamia, which he so sorely needs in his business, and also to land at the front door of India, in case he should ever have occasion to pay a call, social or otherwise, upon his dear English cousins.

True, the advent of the Turkish constitution saw Germany thrown crop and heels out of his snug place at Turkey's capital, while that comfortable old suitor, Great Britain, which had been biting his fingernails on the doorstep, was welcomed smiling once more into the parlor. Great was the rejoicing in London when Abdul Hamid's "down and out" performance carried his trusted friend William along. The glee changed to grief when, within a year—so quickly does the appearance of the chessboard change in "the great game"—Great Britain was once more on the doorstep, and fickle Germany was snuggling close to Young Turkey on the divan in the dimly-lighted parlor. Virtuous old Britain professed to be shocked and horrified; he occupied himself with talking scandal about young Germany, when he should have been busy trying to supplant him. Few chapters in modern diplomatic history are more surprising than the sudden downfall and restoration of Germany in Turkish favor. With reason does the Kaiser give Ambassador von Bieberstein, "the ablest diplomat in Europe," constant access to the imperial ear, regardless of foreign-office red tape. During the heyday of the Young Turk party's power, this astute old player of the game has been the dominant personality in Turkey.

The disgruntled and disappointed Britons have comforted themselves with prophecy—how often have I heard them at it in the cosmopolitan cafés of Constantinople!—the burden of their melancholy lay being that some day Turkey would learn who is her real friend. That is the British way. They believe in their divine right to the earth and the high places thereof. They are annoyed and rather bewildered when they see Germany cutting in ahead of them, especially in the commerce of the Orient; any Englishman "east of Suez" can give a dozen good reasons why Germany is an incompetent upstart; but however satisfactory and soothing to the English soul this line of philosophy may be, it drives no German merchantmen from the sea, and no German drummers from the land. The supineness of the British in the face of the German inroads into their ancient preserves is amazing to an American, who, as one of their own poets has said,

Turns a keen, untroubled face
Home to the instant need of things.

In this case, however, the proverbial luck of the British has been with them. The steady decline of their historic prestige in the Near East was suddenly arrested by Italy's declaration of war. For more than a generation Turkey has been the pampered *enfant terrible* of international politics, violating the conventions and proprieties with impunity; feeling safe amid the jealousies of the players of "the great game." Every important nation has a bill of grievances to settle with

Turkey. America's claim, for instance, includes the death of two native-born American citizens, Rogers and Maurer, slain in the Adana massacre, under the constitution. Nobody has been punished for this crime, because, forsooth, it happened in Turkey. Italy made a pretext of a cluster of these grievances, and startled the world by her claims upon Tripoli, accompanied by an ultimatum. Turkey tried to temporize. Pressed, she turned to Germany with a "Now earn your wages. Get me out of this scrape, and call off your ally."

And Germany could not! With the taste of Morocco dirt still on his tongue, the Kaiser had to take another unpalatable mouthful in Constantinople. His boasted power, upon which the Turks had banked so heavily, and for the sake of which they had borne so much humiliation, proved unequal to the demand. He could not help his friend the Sultan. Italy would have none of his mediation; for reasons that will hereinafter appear.

Then came Britain's vindication. The Turks turned to this historic and preëminent friend for succor. The Turkish cabinet cabled frantically to Great Britain to intercede for them; the people in mass meeting in ancient St. Sophia's echoed the same appeal. For grim humor, the spectacle has scarcely an equal in modern history. Besought and entreated, the British, who no doubt approved of Italy's move from the first, declined to pull Turco-German chestnuts out of the fire. "Ask Cousin William to help you," was the ironical implication of their attitude. Well did Britain know that if the situation were saved, the Germans would somehow manage to get the credit of it. And if the worst should come, Great Britain could probably meet it with Christian fortitude! For in that eventuality the Bagdad Railway concession would be nullified, and Britain would undoubtedly take over all of the Arabian Peninsula, which is logically hers, in the light of her Persian Gulf and Red Sea claims. The break-up of Turkey would settle the Egyptian question, make easy the British acquisition of southern Persia, and put all the holy places of Islam under the strong hand of the British power, where they would be no longer powder-magazines to worry the dreams of Christendom. Far-sighted moves are necessary in "the great game."

Small wonder that Germany became furious; and that the Berlin newspapers burst out in denunciations of Italy's wicked and piratical land-grabbing—a morsel of rhetoric following so hard upon the heels of the Morocco episode that it gave joy to all who delight in hearing the pot rail at the kettle. "The great game" is not without its humors. But the sardonic joke of the business lies deeper than all this. The Kaiser had openly coquetted with the Sultan upon the policy of substituting Turkey for Italy in the Triple Alliance. Turkey has a potentially great army: the one thing the Turk can do well is to fight. With

a suspicious eye upon Neighbor Russia; the Kaiser figured it out that Turkey would be more useful to him than Italy, especially since the Abyssinian episode had so seriously discredited the latter. Then, of a sudden, with a poetic justice that is delicious, Italy turns around and humiliates the nation that was to take its place! The whole comic situation resembles nothing more nearly than a supposedly defunct spouse rising from his death-bed to thrash the expectant second husband of his wife.

Here "the great game" digresses in another direction, that takes no account of Turkey. Of course, it was more than a self-respecting desire to avenge affronts that led Italy to declare war against Turkey; and also more than a hunger for the territory of Tripoli. Italy needed to solidify her national sentiment at home, in the face of growing socialism and clever clericalism. Even more did she need to show the world that she is still a first-class power. There has been a disposition of late years to leave her out of the international reckoning. Now, at one skilful jump, she is back in the game—and on better terms than ever with the Vatican, for she will look well to all the numerous Latin missions in the Turkish Empire, and especially in Palestine. These once were France's special care; and are yet, to a degree; but France is out of favor with the Church, and steadily declining from her former place in the Levant, although French continues to be the "*lingua franca*" of merchandising, of polite society, and of diplomacy, in the Near East.

Let nobody think that this is lugging religion by the ears into "the great game." Religion, even more than national or racial consciousness, is one of the principal players. In America politicians try to steer clear of religion; although even here a cherry cocktail mixed with Methodism has been known to cost a man the possible nomination for the Presidency. In the Levant, however, religion is politics. The ambitions and policies of Germany, Russia, and Britain are less potent factors in the ultimate and inevitable dissolution of Turkey than the deep-seated resolution of some tens of millions of people to see the cross once more planted upon St. Sophia. Ask anybody in Greece or the Balkans or European Russia what "the great idea" is, and you will get for an answer, "The return of the cross to St. Sophia." Backward and even benighted Christians these Eastern churchmen may be, but they hold a few fundamental ideas pretty fast; and are readier to fight for them than their occidental brethren.

Following the gleam of the cross that is to shine again upon the church of Constantinople, which is now a mosque, we find the noisy, gesticulating, instable Greeks. Study it in some quarters, and "the great game" appears to be merely a Turco-Greek affair. War between the two countries has been imminent for two or three years. Only the good offices of the Powers have prevented it. Greece knows that

Turkey can eat her alive, yet she has not had the self-restraint to refrain from irritating her militant neighbor, especially over the island of Crete, which Turkey owns, but Greece claims. The population of this famous bit of land in the Mediterranean (for personal and searching criticism of Crete, consult the writings of Paul of Tarsus) is chiefly Greek; and it periodically flares out in irritating anti-Turkish incidents. It has caused the badly scared but still vociferous Greeks to be boycotted by all good Turks and Moslems; and this immense boycott has continued now for two years. Withal, Greece has furnished an excellent example of the "smart" and irresponsible bad boy, who deserves and fears a thrashing, but counts on the "big fellows" standing around to keep him from getting his deserts.

Reënforcing Greece, but by no means loving her, are the turbulent Balkan States, including doughty Bulgaria. All of these, with Greece, give aid and comfort to the Albanian and Macedonian subjects of Turkey, who are in a chronic condition of revolt. In the dim background stands Russia, with her gospel of Pan-Slavism, which is growing to be as definite and as formidable a force as Pan-Islamism. This is her warrant for arming, officering, and even paying the troops of poor but brave little Montenegro; and for arming and officering the forces of Servia. Russia's "Little Father" is the special guardian of the Greek Church. He subsidizes the huge Russian pilgrimages to the Holy Land (these also figure in "the great game"), and he supports churches and schools by the hundreds throughout the Turkish domain. As it is the religious idea that keeps the Russian peasantry loyal to the "Little Father," so it is religious solidarity that binds Turkey's smaller neighbors to Russia.

The world may as well accept, as the principal issue of "the great game" that centres about Constantinople, the fact that the war begun twelve hundred years ago by the dusky Arabian camel-driver is still on. This Turco-Italian scrape is only one little skirmish in it. Mohammed failed to make any progress with his creed until he put the sword into the hands of his followers, and bade them smite. Swift and certain paradise was to be the reward of all who should fall in fighting the unbelievers. The surest way to win the caresses of the houris of his sensually-conceived heaven was to slay all who did not accept the Prophet. In that faith Islam made its first and greatest conquests. That faith the faithful still hold. They keep their hand in by occasional massacres of Christians, and meantime dream of the possibilities of a "holy war" which shall once more make Islam master of the whole earth. The Pan-Islamic movement, which is a notable fact in the world to-day, is as truly a political manoeuvre as it is a religious propaganda.

All over the world the followers of the Prophet hail the Sultan of Turkey as Caliph, as Commander of the Faithful, as the shadow of

God upon earth, and as the successor of Mohammed himself. This one fact alone accounts for the continuance of the Turkish Empire. The beholder is utterly blind to the meaning of "the great game" in the hither East unless he perceives this first factor. The wild and warlike and ultra-orthodox Wahabis of the Nejd are kept in alliance with the religiously lax and enervated Turks only by the Islamic tie; the fierce Kurds of the mountains of Asia Minor are brothers to the "Marsh Arabs" of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley only for the same reason; the Bedouins of the Hejaz make common cause with the mysterious Senussi, who have been accumulating great stores of arms in the hinterland of Tripoli, and latterly in the Sudan, simply by reason of their one creed. Egyptian, Persian, Indian, Sudanese, all follow the green flag of the Prophet—which is in the Sultan's keeping; and that not by virtue of his sultanate, but of his caliphate.

Not long since I was calling upon the handsome Turkish Minister of War, Shevket Pasha. Suddenly an imaum, who was also a hadji, sounded in the lobby of the war office the muezzin, or call to prayer. At once there was a scurrying of uniformed figures toward the room set apart for this purpose. The army is responsible to the imaum, or Moslem priest! The episode is illustrative of a great grim fact. A few days later I photographed a Turkish warship between the minarets of a mosque; I keep the picture as a symbol. "The great game" is more than a contending of nations for the control of the Bosphorus; it is a titanic struggle of the two most vital religious creeds of earth for the possession of the city that was once ancient Byzantium; and subsequently for the dominion of the world.

The end seems clearly written. The crescent may not disappear from the horizon; but at least it will not always remain, on sword and flag, as the emblem of an imperial government, holding sway over the most historic and most sacred portions of the globe. Turkey will some day pass into the possession of the other nations, and law, commerce, agriculture, and safe communication will follow the flags of modern civilization where an archaic, chaotic, grotesque religio-political empire has for centuries wielded a deadening sway. Humanity stands to win in the end of "the great game."



A WINGED CORONET

By Anne Warner

THE young man *looked* enough like a Frenchman to be one, but he really was American through and through. Middle height, better built than the ordinary, better looking than the ordinary, and with eyes peculiarly bright, he was walking straight down Broadway on this September day, striving with all his mental might to assimilate the results of the evening before, which had broken his engagement and left him bitter and rebellious, not to say angry and outraged in every fibre of feeling. A man may have quarrelled with his fiancée ever so often and still be prone to feel the present as final and forever ending things. That was the way that Whalley felt now.

Whalley, I should remark at once, was *not* a gentleman. He was not even well-born. But owing to the fact that he was so good-looking, and also was one of those fortunate young men who fit well into ready-made clothes, he came naturally by most of those outward advantages which coin gentlemen offhand and put the result into circulation immediately. If he made money, he might become a gentleman at almost any minute—the metamorphosis would be one of the easiest which our country has yet perpetrated. Personally, he considered the deed already done—had, indeed, no doubt about it. There is nothing like a firm and well-ordered consciousness of one's own value to help one through the earlier years of life, and even the fiasco of the night before had served only to reinforce him in his usual line of thought. Really, I think that it was undoubtedly a bit the firmer in texture for the trouble, for clearly, instead of casting him off, the girl should have worshipped him. But she had laughed in his face, told him some truths as to which an older woman would have been silent—and now they were parted forever. It was maddening, and he was desperate. He gave his mustache a double twist at the thought.

Broadway was crowded. After the break-up of the traffic block before him, Whalley stepped down from the curb, slipped behind a car, before a motor, around a policeman, under a horse's nose, and up upon the opposite curb. They call that "crossing a street" in New York, and he was one of those who had survived it again and again. One becomes hardened to the risk and learns to be calm in the midst of cataclysms of

danger. It was so with our hero. But nevertheless—although he knew that he was safe—a tiny shock ran through him at a sudden pressure against his shoulder. The bravest know what I mean, and the bravest *do* shrink within themselves, even though the start is but the length of the infinitesimal. In Whalley's case it was but a tenth of an instant before he guessed it to be a hand, and two-tenths of a second after that he was confirmed in his view by hearing a voice at his ear—a voice which said *suavely* and yet with a note of appeal, too, "I beg your pardon, sir!"

He turned sharply, the turn bringing him face to face with an elderly gentleman—a man about sixty, apparently—very well dressed and distinctly foreign in appearance. A thin face, gray hair, mustache and beard *à la Louis Napoleon*. And evidently in distress. "I beg your pardon, sir"—the voice might have been Spanish, Italian, or French, but the next words settled all—"are *you* a Frenchman?"

"No," said Whalley, stopping short; "no, I'm not."

The elderly gentleman stopped also, laying his hand afresh upon the other's arm and drawing him quickly a step or two aside from the stream of people. "Monsieur," he said then, hurriedly, but with great feeling in every syllable—a feeling that seemed oddly out of place in that angle of Broadway—"I adjure you, tell me truthfully, are you married or betrothed, or are you free? I ask no idle question. Tell me how it is? Tell me how it is?"

Whalley stared in astonishment, his mouth opening slightly.

"Tell me, tell me!" implored the other, his hand pressing the young man's arm more and more importunately. "It is no idle question. Believe me, I beg—I pray——"

"I'm free," declared Whalley, with emphasis. And then he quickly shook his arm free, too. The hand clutched at him again, this time with a strength that pinched through coat-sleeve and shirt.

"Thank Heaven!"—the foreign accent deepening. "Walk down this side street a few steps with me. Perhaps you will do it. Thank Heaven that you are free to do it if you will!"

"Do what?" asked Whalley.

The other put his hand to his throat, as if choking. "In a minute," he gasped. "I'll tell you at once. First you must know who I am." He drew out a card-case and took from it a card which he held eagerly before his companion's eyes. "You see! I am the Marquis de Rosignol. I will tell you my story in three words. It is so short. I spent thirty years of my life in Dakota, ranching. I was one of the many who did *not* make a fortune. Then my cousin died, and I inherited a title and a little something and went back to France. I don't like it there—too old and too slow. Are you interested?" He stopped abruptly to put the question, as if it were highly important.

"Yes, I am," said Whalley.

"Good! Then I'll go on. I've lived in France for five years. Now, I have a son—an odd chap. We both need money badly. It's a real title, and there's a good château—that's a sort of castle, you know."

Whalley nodded.

"The boy could marry some rich girl and help us all out. I'd been putting it up to him pretty strongly for two or three years, and finally he consented. The whole thing was arranged. We arrived in New York this morning, one of those ladies who manage such affairs gives a dinner to-night, the girl is already selected"—he stopped, pulled out his watch, and looked at it eagerly. "I must hurry," he said. "Every minute counts. Oh, what a day!"

"Go on," said Whalley.

"I will finish in two words. We are only just arrived, as I said before. We are at the Waldorf. And now—just as all is so favorably under way—my son has chosen to leave. Do you understand?—my son has *gone*." He repeated the words with a quick, anxious side-look at Whalley's profile. "He left an hour since—left a note telling me that I shall never see him again. I came out of my bath to receive it. I am still almost stunned. It is unbelievable. It is two or three millions lost outright. That silly boy! I rushed about our little suite like mad! Then I had an idea. I came out upon the street. I looked about. I saw you. You understand, do you not?" He caught Whalley's arm afresh. "Oh, if you would only take his place!" he cried. "The young lady is so very charming! It is Miss"—and he pronounced a name that almost turned his companion dizzy.

Whalley opened his mouth and his eyes at once. "You're crazy," he said briefly, having no doubt about it.

The other drew a sharp breath. "*Au contraire!*" he exclaimed, breaking out into French for the first time. "At least, I am not crazy in the sense that you mean. I am crazy, for I am very desperate. Such an opportunity, such a life, so much money! And no risk. Only think!" Then in the rapid, persuasive accents of a trained intellect the cleverer man presented and re-presented the case.

Whalley raised his eyebrows slightly, but he listened too. And perhaps he was not disinclined to believe from the beginning. It could not be denied that the picture presented was an attractive one. And yet, "I might be prosecuted and put in the penitentiary," he reflected wisely. Then he repeated the reflection aloud.

"Do not fear," the Marquis declared quickly. "I have full power over my title and property. Such is the French law." (It is n't; but Whalley did n't know it.) "After you are married—the marriage will take place almost at once, provided you like each other—I shall disinherit my recreant son and adopt you as my heir. You can rest secure

as to my doing this, because otherwise you and your wife need not allow me an income. You can see that we shall all be bound to a close consideration for one another."

"It's a risky game," said Whalley, still very wary.

The Marquis struck his hands fiercely together. "What shall I do?" he said beneath his breath. "I am indeed crazy. I have staked all on you, and now, if I leave you, you'll turn me over to the police."

"No, I won't do that," said Whalley. "I'm not saying that I won't go in for it with you. But I'm just thinking—I want to see the girl. Why don't you telephone and say your son is a bit eccentric and wants to be called Mr. Brooke, and then ask if I can't go and see her this afternoon. I've got to go to the office, now—I'll be awful late." He turned sharply about as he spoke.

"Good! Good!" cried the foreigner. "Your idea is clever. I will arrange all. But you must come and lunch with me."

"Where?"

"Delmonico's."

The younger man had a sudden light-headed sensation of being elevated to the level of reigning sovereigns. The prospect of Delmonico's softened all the rough points in the game. "All right," he said briefly (for he did not intend to betray that he had not been frequenting Delmonico's from the hour of his birth).

They walked in the direction of Broadway.

"You must announce a journey, a visit, some reason for leaving your work," the Marquis said. "After to-day you must live with me. And—wait a bit—you must have money—two or three hundred dollars. Here!"—he pulled out a roll of bills as he spoke.

"I don't need it yet," said Whalley, his head swimming a little at this evidence of the reality of that on which he had embarked.

"You must get clothes, fancy vests, silk socks. Better have five hundred dollars." The Marquis held out the bills as he spoke.

Whalley wondered suddenly if he were being caught in some manner of trap. "No," he said, refusing the money; "I don't know much about such things, so you'd better go with me and buy them."

Again the quick, anxious look passed over the older man's face.

"You distrust me," he said. "You don't believe me?"

"I think it's all queer," Whalley admitted. "You can't be surprised at that."

"Truth is ever stranger than fiction," said his new friend.

They were back in the crowd now, and had again to cross the terrible thoroughfare that divides New York and occasionally divides one of its inhabitants as well. Whalley laid a firm grasp about the old man's arm and steered him through. They were just by his hotel now, and, looking up, he gave a low cry.

"What is it?" said Whalley, his mouth dropping open again.

"The lady!"

"What lady? The young lady?"

"No—yes, she too—they are both there. Just driving in that carriage. The lady who arranged it all, and the beautiful heiress, too. See!"

He pointed, and Whalley saw.

The heiress was beautiful, beyond a shadow of a doubt.

"We will follow them in, and I can present you!" exclaimed the Marquis, urging him rapidly forward.

"Have you met them?"

"I have met the lady. We arranged all in Paris. Come, come!"

Whalley felt himself to be dreaming. He went on, however.

The ladies were just passing in, the two men followed. Inside, in that most remarkable of lounges, they overtook their quarry.

Whalley had never been close to two such women before. They greeted him with the sweetness and cordiality which the son of a Marquis de Rossignol might naturally expect.

"How delightful!" exclaimed the chaperon. "But, Marquis, I have barely ten minutes for you. I am here for a Board meeting. We have great things to canvass this morning. You read last evening's paper, of course."

"Alas, no, madame. I arrived only this morning."

"Then I must wait and tell you to-night. Or you can read for yourself. The best account was in the *Times*. But let us sit down, if only for ten minutes." She waved them all easily into seats, and Whalley found himself close to the lovely girl—the loveliest he had ever seen.

Now, indeed, was the crux of the temptation.

"I have never met a viscount before," she said, staring a little, but smiling so sweetly that it did not matter. "You are my first nobleman."

Whalley knew not what to say.

"Do you like America?" she asked then.

He winked and gasped. "I was born and raised in Dakota," he protested, not at all sure what was expected of him.

"And yet you don't look a bit American. And your clothes are so different, too. They cut everything so differently in Paris."

Whalley looked vaguely down over his costume. "I suppose so," he replied. (What *could* he say?)

The girl smiled again, a little vaguely this time. Then she glanced toward her chaperon and the Marquis. Whalley followed her example and saw that both were staring at them. He felt very uncomfortable.

They continued to stare. No one spoke.

There was a curious, helpless "feel" to the atmosphere. What under the sun did it all mean?

It was the pretty girl who broke the spell. Addressing her chaperon in a low, decisive tone, "It won't do," she said. "We must try again."

The chaperon nodded slowly. The Marquis shook his head.

"It would have been better for me to do the choosing," the young girl continued. "I know men much better than you do"—addressing the Marquis.

"But he looked so like a Frenchman," said the Marquis gloomily.

"You see," said the girl, turning to Whalley, "the explanation is simple. We—all of us—wanted to know exactly how a young man would behave and what he would say under certain circumstances. We are all much interested in a play which Mr. Bottelley is writing"—she nodded pleasantly at the Marquis, who, it appeared, was Mr. Bottelley—"and in which I am to be starred. You understand?"

Whalley opened his mouth. He did not altogether understand, but gathered that he had been on the road to being duped had he been less astute. "Then, he really has n't any son?" he stammered, not in the least knowing what he said.

"Oh, yes, he has," said the young lady. "I am married to his son."

They all rose immediately, and Mr. Bottelley gave Whalley a sealed envelope, which he later discovered to contain twenty-five dollars. Then they shook hands with him and politely but firmly sent him about his business in the most literal acceptance of the term.

After which the three went in and had cocktails. Over them they discussed the matter freely. "I should rip it right up the back and use this fellow, body and soul," said the lovely girl, between sips. "I really should, Bottelley. He's quite an original, and we can work up his open mouth into a real feature, and have 'I was born and raised in Dakota' for a gag. It's one of those phrases that you can alter every time you go over the border into another State, and it will fetch the gallery straight through. We can get a laugh every time on that."

The pseudo-marquis agreed in the rare wisdom of her statement.

The pseudo-chaperon fished up her cherry, swallowed it, and yawned. "Wonder what he thinks?" she murmured.

As a matter of fact, Whalley took all day before he could think at all; but when night came he was prepared to go and call upon his fiancée as usual. And *what* a tale he had to tell her! "You ought to have seen their faces when I refused point-blank to even consider the idea," he wound up.

"Was she pretty?" asked Mary Ellen Burns (her head upon his shoulder).

"Oh, I don't know," said Whalley. "I suppose so. Maybe. I really did n't pay much attention to her. You see, the Waldorf is so dark. They don't light up there like they do at Delmonico's."

THE COUNSEL OF FRIENDS

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

M R. WOOLLEY LAMBE, a most amiable and kindly little man, was pursuing his inoffensive way along one of the main thoroughfares of the city when he chanced to meet in rather quick succession a number of his friends.

The First Friend greeted him cordially, and then said with considerable concern: "What's the matter, Lambe? You're not looking very well."

Lambe glanced up, surprised and alarmed. "Why, I'm in pretty good shape," he replied. "At least, I thought I was. I guess I'm a little tired."

The First Friend fixed his eye upon him impressively. "Now, see here, Woolley," he said, "I don't want to frighten you, but what you want to do is to get to my doctor just as fast as you can. He's a wonder—pulled me through when I was about gone. Tell you what I'll do: as soon as I get back to the office, I'll telephone and make an appointment for you."

A Second Friend, who had joined the two, now hastened to say: "No doctors, Woolley; what you need is Osteopathy. Now, I——"

But here he was interrupted by a Third Friend, who had also paused. "Christian Science, Lambe, is the only——"

In the hot dispute which followed, Woolley made his escape, only to fall into the hands of a Fourth Friend. "Hello, Woolley," he said cordially. "You're looking fine. Where are you living now?"

"I've just taken a place in the country," said Mr. Lambe.

The Fourth Friend seized him firmly by the coat. "Don't make that mistake," he said earnestly. "I've a flat in Harlem. It is positively the only place to live. Wait one moment until we get to a telephone, and I'll get my agent to meet us——"

With an inarticulate murmur, Lambe tore himself away, leaving his buttonhole in the hand of the other man; but he was presently halted in his mad flight by a Fifth Friend.

"I've been looking for you," said the Fifth Friend gladly. "What are you going to do this summer?"

"I—I'm sailing for Europe next week," replied Woolley unwillingly.

"Bosh!" cried the Fifth Friend. "It'll bore you to death—I know from sad experience. You want to join me and go out to the Rockies. Come on, we'll go down to the steamship company and cancel your passage now."

Woolley wrenched himself away, leaving two buttons from his coat in the Fifth Friend's hand, but he had gone only a short distance when a Sixth Friend greeted him, and immediately referred to some rumors he had heard of Mr. Lambe's approaching marriage.

Woolley blushingly acknowledged it. "She's a—a—widow," he said.

"A widow!" cried the Sixth Friend blankly. "That'll never do. Marry some sweet, attractive young girl, and let widows alone. You've been taken in."

Lambe left the sleeve of his coat behind him and plunged on. "Why, Lambe," cried a Seventh Friend, stopping him short, "I hear that you're going to be married!"

"I—I—think so," murmured poor Woolley.

"Well, I hope at your time of life that you've chosen some staid, settled woman—a widow preferably. You come home with me and meet my wife. She's got a sister——"

Woolley Lambe made a desperate effort and escaped, but such was his mental confusion that, without seeing where he was going, he dashed into a street full of predatory, devil-may-care motor-cars.

Just as a groan went up from the onlookers, an Eighth Friend rushed in and saved him.

Presently Woolley Lambe looked up from the curb where he had been deposited, to see in his rescuer the most ominous of all his friends: a large man, with eyes beaming with the missionary spirit, an altruistic mouth, the nose of a fanatic, and an ecclesiastical chin. "Woolley," he said in a deep, earnest voice, "let me tell you how you may devote your life to the service of humanity."

It was then that the worm turned. He stood upright and faced his adviser. "I have but little judgment and a poor wit," he said, dusting off his clothes, "and, inadequate as these gifts may seem to others, they are my only guide for conduct. I shall, however, consecrate my life to humanity and in my own way."

It was thus that Woolley Lambe happened to found his great and flourishing league, The Anti-Brother's-Keeper Society, with its inspiring motto:

Friends Rush in where Measles Fear to Spread

AT THE TOP OF SOURWOOD

By Emma Bell Miles

THE log house that was the Chadwick homestead as well as the general store sat perched like a cliff-eagle's nest on a jutting shelf of rock just where the old corduroy road went down a break in the mountain wall. By those who dwelt above its level, no less than by the five or six inhabitants of the sweep of mountainside that fell away sheer from its back windows, it was called the Top; and few were the articles required by their daily living that it did not carry in stock. The summer population whose residences gleamed white along the "brow" heights bought provisions for the season here; girls native to the coves and ridges came hither in search of print and ribbons for weddings and frolics, and young bucks in quest of the girls, as also of knives and ammunition, gathered on its cluttered stoop to exchange tales of prowess; grandmothers from remote cabins here bartered eggs and hominy for quilting thread and knitting needles; the housewife obtained here her salt and spoons, her spider and hearth-oven, and an occasional "chaney" dish to be cherished all the way home like a captive bird; men bought leather for half-soles in autumn, axe-helves in winter, and hoes in spring. The steadiest of staples was tobacco, which sold the year round to both sexes and all ages. Next in importance came powder and lead; coffee followed a close third; after them the salt pork and corn meal that were the mainstay of existences too thriftless to support a shoat or a patch of corn.

As the business thrived and old Noah Chadwick found his hands overfull, he insured himself good service by taking on, instead of a single clerk, two youngsters of the same surname, Cairo and Cephas Plank. These boys were supposed to be cousins, although, in fact, no native of that intermarried district could say exactly what kin he was to any of the others.

"Sort o' half-Brindle to Buck, as your mam used to say about my yoke o' steers," old Noah remarked to his daughter Rosabel. "And so nigh the same age that whenever Cephas dies of old age Cairo can burn his hat. But they ain't no more alike 'n a sourwood and a black-jack. Cephas don't kill the timber a-bein' pretty, though he's some peart and

soople when he's dressed up; but that there long-legged Cairo—he's ugly as home-made sin." He wanted Rosabel to say so, too; but she merely arranged the budding comeliness of her features to an expression of preternatural composure. "And works around here with his head up like a steer in a cornfield, as if he owned the store!"

From the first day of employment the boys had thrown their weight into the collar like a gallant team; but Chadwick's satisfaction in his advantage was moderated by some uncertainty as to his daughter's possible interest in either of the helpers. As a precautionary measure, he took to ridiculing both lads in her hearing. It ought to be easy, he thought, to show her that there were better and more prosperous men awaiting her notice. His hope was that she might incite them to continue the rivalry by favoring neither beyond his fellow, maintaining an even balance of smiles and friendly words from day to day.

On a morning when the sweet keen breath of the first frost was in the air, and the gold and azure of September was inclining toward the rich October purple and scarlet, Cairo was sent to the valley for a load of freight from the way-station. As the wagon came rumbling and clanging forth from the lot, Rosabel threw on her sunbonnet and ran out on the porch, calling to the driver for a ride as far as her uncle's house at the foot of the mountain.

He bent down and drew her to the high seat beside him; and Cephas, sorting late potatoes by the window, watched them ride away through the dreaming shadows that lay across the corduroy road.

When in the afternoon they returned, Rosabel's hat wreathed in flame-colored vines and her lap full of tart wild grapes and sugary persimmons, he became sullenly furious.

"Ol' man 'll be apt to fire you, Cairo, 'f he ketches you takin' Rosie with ye round the country," he warned his yokemate.

"That's all right!" Cairo's voice was half friendly, half derisive. His steel-gray eyes held a genial light, but his chin was like the point of a flat-iron, and there was something square and grim, possibly from a far-away Cherokee ancestor, about his wide mouth. "You can stay and court the old man whilst we're out, and maybe beat my time a'ter all."

Cephas glowered across the crates they were unloading and found nothing to say. As for the girl, she had run into the house the moment she alighted, and sought her own room. She had something to tell her father—something that required all her resolution.

The next day Cairo was not surprised at being summoned to the back room, where the kerosene and sorghum barrels, the tubs of lard and sides of pork, the bags of feed and salt, lay in dim rows along a windowless wall. He entered with quickened pulses; but the old fellow only adjusted his spectacles and motioned his clerk, salesman, driver, and factotum to a seat on a bag of cotton-seed meal.

"Cairo," he began, "you've worked around this store a right smart while, off and on."

"Yes, sir; goin' on two year."

"And I've been a-payin' you regular, over 'n' above your board."

"I ain't never complained about that," said the young man, wondering whither this oblique approach might be tending.

"Now, then," challenged Chadwick, "I want the truth out o' you—how much have you got saved up in that time?"

Cairo's eyes narrowed, and he thrust his hands deeper in his pockets. "How much do you expect a man to save out o' three dollars a week?"

"I ain't sayin'. Though I made out to save on less, when I was a youngster. I'm wantin' to know how much you got, and where hit's at."

"Why, hit ain't a great deal, but hit's in a good safe place," Cairo countered, grinning.

"You've e'en-about butted your horns off, if ye did but know it!" Noah admonished him sharply. "I'm axin' because Rosie told me last night—something I'd as leave not a-heard for a good while yet. Anyhow, I aim to know something about the fellow that gits her."

"Don't ye know enough about me yit?"

"Not till I'm satisfied whether you're able to take keer o' my gal. I do know there's ne'er a foot of ground your'n, nor a stick o' timber. There's room in my house for the man that's good enough for my Rosebud; but you, Cairo, you're a-makin' too pore a start." He was silent a moment, and then repeated a mountain proverb: "There's more marries than keeps cold meat."

"Well, Mr. Chadwick," replied Cairo, sobered, "I don't aim to give ye a short answer, but looks to me that's my business. I never inquired round what you was worth nor what you was liable to give her."

Noah drew himself up. "You did n't hafto ax what everybody knows."

To this Cairo seemed to have nothing to say. He opened his knife and began whittling—a tacit admission that the argument might reasonably be prolonged. The dim and dusty room, lighted only by two thin rays of afternoon sunshine through the chink of the heavy oaken door-hinges, was still—so still that they could hear the high squeak and chatter of a bat incensed at the wasps that circled over the drip of the vinegar barrel.

Noah's eyebrows began to work up and down on his forehead. "You dad-limbed cymblin'-head!" he burst out at length. "Got the impudence to marry my gal and set round waitin' for the old man to leave ye well off, have ye? You'll see in a minute where ye drapped your candy! Not a cent have you got only what you was lookin' to git from me; now, ain't that so?"

"I've got a right to say I won't answer! You've knowed me, Mr. Chadwick, ever sence I was as big as your fist. That ought to be enough."

"Well, hit is enough!" retorted Noah, now completely antagonized. "And you can leave my store if I ketch ye talkin' to Rosebud a'ter this."

"All right. I aim to wed her, though—and then if you give me and her ary thing, I'll be jist as good as you air, and give hit back to ye." Cairo shut his knife, and, getting to his feet, turned away.

"She'll never have my consent to wed ye!"

"She may do without it," was Cairo's parting shot, as he quietly left the room.

A few days later Rosabel's mother, a meek, hard-working woman who did as her husband bade her on all occasions, approached the assistant thus cast into disfavor while he was preparing to take his place in the store after breakfast, and began hesitatingly: "Cairo, I hate to tell ye, but pap, he 'lows I cain't feed ye no more." She wrapped her worn hands in her gingham apron and stood regarding him almost sadly.

"Cain't? What for? I know I hide white beans and biscuit as if my laigs was holler, but Cephas eats me a match every meal—or did until right lately," responded the young man, laughing.

"I—I reckon pap's afeared you and Rosebud's a-makin' it up to run away," she explained, trying to smile in response to his jovial bearing.

"He better watch closer than what he's been a-doin'," chuckled Cairo. "Well, that's all right, Mis' Chadwick. I'll go and talk to him a'ter a while. Maybe he'll decide to keep me around."

In the slack of the afternoon he came out on the high back porch overlooking the valley, where in the shadow of the house two buckets of spring water sat on a puncheon shelf, and a pair of gourds swung gently in the breeze, since neither Noah nor his wife liked to drink from a dipper. The old man was standing before a second shelf that upheld a tin basin, a towel, and an eight-inch square of "bubbly" mirror, laboriously removing from his countenance a week's growth of gray stubble. He prided himself on shaving regularly once a week, "whether his face needed hit or not." He was contorting his features into more extraordinary grimaces than a school-boy behind his teacher's back, and took no notice of Cairo's advent except by grumbling to the mirror, "Dad-limb this old razor! If I cain't hone it into better shape again' next time, I'll hafta give up and grow a beard."

"You aim for me to leave, Mr. Chadwick?" asked Cairo, closing the door softly behind him.

"Hafto board somers else!" was the gruff reply.

Cairo, being disposed to grant the naturalness of his employer's re-

sentment, would not make too much of this. "You mean you don't want me to work here no more?" he pursued.

"I ain't anxious either way." In truth, Noah could ill afford to lose his most wideawake assistant, but was in no humor to say so.

"Then," the young man continued, under his voice, "I've got a thing to tell you afore I leave."

"More out o' your sass-box!"

"No, no; hit's somethin' you ought to hear, and nobody else."

"Dad-limb this here razor! Hit's dull as a frow! No, I've heared enough about ye and out of ye, you high-headed Two-by-Four!"

"This here's different; hit's about——"

"I've done told ye I don't want no words with ye."

"About the store——"

"You've made me cut myself three-four times a'ready. If you stand there a-jowerin', you'll have me scored, ready to be hewed. May do for Planks, but I'll be limb-juggled if I——"

"Well, I'm a-leavin'; but there's a word to say. Hit's about the store; and I miss my guess if hit don't find ye where you're at home," Cairo maintained with significant firmness.

"I'll run my store without any ad-vice. There! *Cut again!*" Chadwick turned, brandishing the offending razor. "Now, you git!"

Cairo flushed darkly as he turned away. "Well—if you was to happen to want me for anything next week, I'll be down at sis' Marthy's," he remarked as he went forth.

No sooner was the storekeeper alone than he began to regret his "tetchiness." This was not what he had intended. He wondered, and wondered again, what the boy could have meant to tell him. Some impertinence about his daughter, perhaps. Let him go!

"Shoo! Thinks he's a whole dime's worth o' nickels. With the town folks gone down for the winter, and trade gittin' below profit mark, me and Cephas can certainly mind the store without him. He'll be ready enough to come back again' the summer trade commences," Noah declared to his chin-lathered reflection.

Yet he could hardly eat his supper. He preserved a dignified and stubborn silence, as befitted the proprietor of the only store in that quarter of the country; but night fell with the clouds riding swift and low, across the sky, and found Noah in an unapproachable temper, Rosabel in tears, Cephas unaccountably absent, and the mother going heavily and silently about the evening tasks of the household.

An hour after dark Cairo stood on the platform of the little valley way-station, just out of reach of a cold drizzle that was beginning to fall. He examined, without appearing to do so, each member of the group that here awaited the coming of the south-bound train. Two loafers and a drummer, besides an old lady whose daughter kept reas-

suring her as to the safety of travelling by rail, he let go by with hardly a glance; a country preacher carrying a hand-bag, and after him a mountaineer with a jug, he regarded most closely as they passed under the dim and smoky wall-lamp; and at last his attention became fixed on a kerchief-muffled individual who stepped unostentatiously on to the extreme end of the platform a few moments before train-time. There was nothing remarkable about this newcomer, although the home-woven basket of oak splints, bulging with clothing and tightly roped, might in other regions have occasioned some amusement.

Cairo sauntered to and fro, softly whistling "Texas Rangers" between his teeth, and finally came to a stop directly behind the other and looked him over from head to foot, staring longest at the fringe of hair that remained visible above the coat-collar turned up to meet a low hat-brim.

The traveller, feeling the scrutiny, glanced furtively around, started at sight of Chadwick's employee, and moved nervously away from the dim light that struggled through the door and the window.

Cairo greeted him without receiving a reply, and added: "You're uncommon skeered of the toothache. Look like you had a bad cold and was afeared to ketch another on top of hit." As the other still made no answer, "You did n't 'low you could fool me, did you?" he continued, following a step. "Why, Cephas, I'd know your hide in the tan-yard."

The discovered Cephas, finding retreat no longer possible, faced the situation with a stuttered "W-what you—what you want, then?"

"Jist whatever you got in that basket."

"My—my clo'es?" Cephas glared, and involuntarily tightened his grasp on the stout receptacle.

Cairo laughed a little. "The money's in there, sure 'nough, then! I won't be hard on ye," he persisted. "I'll let ye have thirty dollars o' my own—enough to land ye safe in Florida, or Texas, or wherever ye was aimin' to go."

"You—you jist better let me alone, now——"

"Make up your mind quick," urged Cairo in the old half-bantering tone. "I seed the sheriff in the saloon as I come on by there. 'F he was to ketch ye with all that on ye, hit'd be all-night-Isom."

The train, after a long preliminary rumble rising to a roar, dashed out of the tunnel. The whistle screamed aloud; the two notes of its cry, falling one into the other, were caught up by the crags of Sourwood, echoed and reëchoed till the night was filled with its floating, flying tremolo, blown with the rain through the dark—a sound unwonted and disquieting to a country boy with senses already guiltily perturbed. Cephas stood confused and reeling.

Cairo advanced, holding forward three ten-dollar bills. And half mechanically, even while turning his head from side to side, as though

still seeking a possible alternative, Cephas accepted them and gave up the basket. Then, realizing his mistake too late, he broke into wild and incoherent cursing.

"All abo-oard!" sang the conductor. As the fugitive obeyed the suggestion, he saw Cairo diving rapidly through the contents of the basket, making sure of his capture. Cephas sank into a seat and did not look up when the train began to roll slowly forward, until some one knocked on the open window, and there was his late comrade running alongside.

"Here! take your clo'es," cried the same half-friendly, half-mocking voice. "You'll need them shirts afore you git another job." And the runaway snatched the basket-handle just before the gathering momentum of the train swept home and friends out of his ken forever.

Next morning on the store at the Top consternation fell like a blasting wind. It was found that Cephas, their dependence, had not slept in his room, and, further, that the key of the strong-box which held the store's and Chadwick's available capital was missing. The same little boy whose untimely purchase of snuff and boss-ball thread for his mother's quilting precipitated the discovery was despatched in haste to Cephas's aunt, who recalled that the missing man had borrowed a basket of her the previous noon. She quitted her house immediately with a square of homespun thrown over her head, and in an incredibly short space of time, considering the distance between neighbors, rumor was abroad and active.

It was clearing colder after the night's rain; the broken clouds, as they sailed over, gleamed against a brilliant sky; the air was like wine. Leaves from the painted forest went swirling out across the valley, borne on the wind almost to the flying clouds. On such a morning every one must needs be astir on one pretext or another, and a crowd soon gathered at the Top, each man babbling of a theory and a plan of procedure that conflicted with all the others. The road was blocked with ox and mule teams and "tar-grinder" wagons, some laden with "spun-truck," fruit, and logs on the way to the valley, others coming up with lumber, "roughness" from lowland fields, and manufactured articles from Macklimore's shops; for not a soul was able to drive past the scene of so notable a robbery.

Hours were spent in discussion and argument before the blacksmith broke the lock of the box and the worst was known. Noah Chadwick was one of those old-fashioned people who distrust banks. He had long contemplated hiding his hoard as had his father before him, under some boulder in the breaks of the creek; but he had put the day off too long. Now, stunned by the knowledge that he was robbed, the old man simply cowered, shrunk into a heap on a cracker-box, his face drawn, his arms shaking, and allowed his neighbors as they assembled to offer

consolation or encouragement unheeded. He would not be roused even by suggestions for borrowing the county bloodhounds or sending for the neighborhood wizard, who divined secret waters and treasures by means of a wand or a cup and ring.

"I'm a' old man and a little man," he shrieked once in a high, febrile voice of impotent rage, "but I can kill the sneakin' hound that stole my money!" and he felt the emptiness of the threat even as it was uttered.

His wife walked to and fro, whimpering, "Oh, I wisht Rosabel was at home. She'd know what to say to her pap if anybody could." She was not thinking of his loss or her own, although she had toiled as heavily as her husband for the slow accumulation of the lost two thousands. "Oh, Rose might understand how to ease his mind! I do wisht she was here!"

"Where's she at?" inquired a sympathizing woman whose hands were still pink from washing breakfast dishes.

"She went to stay all day with her uncle's folks. Oh, I wisht——"

"Some of you'ns ketch out my ol' Soapstick and go a'ter her," proposed the other. And a lad was ready with a neighbor's buckboard to go in search of Chadwick's daughter, when a shout went up from the small-boy contingent watching by the roadside, and she and Cairo came in sight, driving up the corduroy road in a cart hired from Macklimore.

Questions were called excitedly down the steep approach as the pair ascended; but Cairo merely laughed, and waved his hand. On reaching the store, he leaped to the ground, passed the file of waiting teams, and hurried in without a word.

"Cairo," the blacksmith hailed him as he entered, "do you know—know anything about this here calamity?"

"What time did you leave the store yesterday?" asked another.

He replied to the latter: "Right after I was fired."

"Fired, was ye? How much money did you take out?"

"Five dollars that was comin' to me," answered Cairo.

"Yes, I let him have that," corroborated Mrs. Chadwick, "and he went right off, too. Oh, Cairo, he'p me and pap to find out——" Her face crinkled distressfully.

"I will; don't worry," he bade her, a reassuring seriousness and warmth coming into his tones.

"You did n't have no more here your own self?" pursued the smith.

"Naw; I had thirty dollars in a safer place." He lounged against the elbow-polished counter. "I jist 'lowed this store might wake up some morning and find its cash gone."

"What fur?"

"Well, I been with Cephas Plank long enough to know in reason what he'd be apt to do whenever Rosebud turned him down."

At these sensational words, the circle swayed and jostled, while a tremendous chattering and whispering went up from the outer group of shawled and aproned women.

"Shoo!" The smith was first to recover himself. "You ain't got nothing to go on—that's jist your guess."

"That was all at first; but I noticed him git some things together yestidy that he would n't 'a' needed without he was goin' away; and I judged, too, that he'd whirl in and do some devilment whenever I was n't here to sort o' keep a eye on him."

"Why in time could n't ye 'a' said something about it, seein' ye knowed so much?"

"I did try to," explained Cairo equably, "and Mr. Chadwick would n't listen to me. He got so mad, I looked for him to throw me over the bluff."

He had missed the psychological moment for this laughing disclosure. The circle narrowed perceptibly; the men growled in their bearded throats, not half liking his light-heartedness.

"Maybe you know more 'n you've told."

"Maybe I do."

"Was it Cephas, then, sure 'nough?"

"Sure 'nough, hit was."

"Know where he's gone, do ye?"

"He's half-way to the Indi'n Nation by now."

Chadwick groaned, and got to his feet. "You helped him git away!" he groaned. "You ought to be hung in his place! You knowed all the time, and you let him git away with every cent I got! I'll see what the law——"

"Oh, no; he did n't git away with a cent o' your'n," pronounced Cairo deliberately. "Hit's all right out yender in the buggy with my wife."

"In the buggy—with your wife!"

"You did n't think we was goin' to stand around waitin' for your say, after you'd done told us we would n't git hit? We was married at her uncle's house this morning."

The little bride was already tiptoeing on the threshold, and now ran forward as the folk made way. "Don't feel so bad, pappy," she pleaded, reaching toward him a carefully tied packet. "Take 'n' count the money—look, hit's all here. Don't be mad at us; don't, pappy, will ye?"

Chadwick looked into her sweet, flushed face for a moment before he took the packet from her outstretched hand. "No, I won't be mad, honey," he said at last, slowly. "And—and don't you and him be mad at me. A man ort not to hold to all the contentious things he says, and—Cairo, ef the money's here—and hit is—why, you and her 'll have enough

out of hit to start ye to housekeepin'. You will, won't ye?—something for Rose? I always aimed, whenever she got married——"

"I'm proud to," said his son-in-law heartily.

On each dour and stolid mountaineer face approval struggled forth like the sun through clouds. Every watcher drew breath as the package was opened and found to contain the money and every least security that Cephas had deemed negotiable. Rosabel and her mother were crying and laughing in each other's arms.

"Well, hit's my treat, boys." Noah came to himself as he closed his strong-box on its wonted contents. "And I ain't got a thing but cider, so I cain't ax y'uns what you'll have." He turned to the counter. "Some of you boys make on a fire. Cairo, you he'p me about these here glasses and cups; and say, Cairo, wait a' hour or so and I'll ride back down to Macklimore with ye, and he'p ye git your things. I cain't do no business to-day. Let's all turn in and give this here couple a ch'ivari."



POVERTY

By Thomas L. Masson

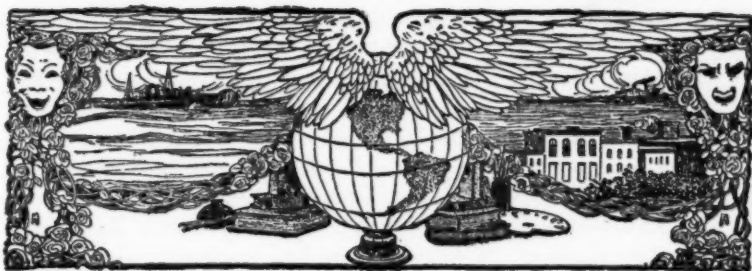
POVERTY has been designed by an All-Seeing Providence in order to make the rich humble. Without poverty, the rich would not know how well off they were, and if they did not know this, they would have no opportunity to sympathize with the poor; thus, no condition of humility would be possible.

Poverty is also useful in many other ways: it enables sociologists to write books, and, by constant practice, gives them remarkable facility; it affords a splendid field for the theologian, and helps him very much in his illustrations.

Poverty helps government; for without government there would be no political parties, and political parties could not exist without poverty, as there would be no votes to buy.

Poverty is necessary to produce sentiment. If there were no poverty, sentiment would go begging. It would then have to be expended exclusively on members of the opposite sex, and, as a rule, they don't need it, except when they also need money.

Poverty is considered unnecessary by some, but that is only because they do not understand. Without poverty there would be nothing to live for, nobody to be sorry about, and no one to witness our comfort.



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

AN IMPORTANT PRECEDENT ESTABLISHED FOR MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

UNQUESTIONABLY the signal triumph of Orville Harrold, the American tenor in the new London opera house that was erected and is directed by an American impresario, will establish a precedent for the native singer as regards his tuition, for all time.

Orville Harrold is now twenty-seven years of age—much younger than Caruso was when he was discovered in Milan—and with a voice quite as melodious as that which to-day enthral the audiences that pay homage to the Italian. But the evolution of young Harrold is far more extraordinary in that seven years ago he was driving a delivery wagon in his native town of Muncie, Indiana. It happened that one day while waiting in her dressing-room in the local opera house Mme. Schumann-Heink heard young Harrold singing.

"Bring to me the man who possesses that pure and voluminous voice," demanded the great contralto.

This was the first information that Harrold had that he possessed the requisites for an artistic career. He at once placed himself in charge of an Indianapolis vocal instructor, who advised the lad to gain his experience by singing anywhere he could, so long as he could face the public. This resulted in Harrold's appearance in vaudeville. In a few weeks the sketch in which he was prominent was booked at the Victoria Theatre in New York, which is conducted by the Hammerstein family, and it was here that Oscar Hammerstein first heard him.

Oscar decided to send the youth to Paris to study under Jean

de Reszke, but circumstances caused him to alter this plan. With that daring that has characterized his unexampled career, Oscar presented the young singer at his opera house in New York, at a Sunday concert. He triumphed instantly. Then the impresario sought out Oscar Saenger, an American maestro.

"What do you think of him?" asked one Oscar of the other.

"Give him to me for a year, and I'll hand you back one of the world's greatest singers," was Saenger's response.

The European trip was abandoned, and Harold was placed with the American teacher. In two weeks he had mastered two important grand opera rôles: *Canio*, in "Pagliacci"; and the *Duke*, in "Rigoletto." It is not an exaggerated statement to observe here that Harrold held his own with the world's greatest singers, with whom he was cast, and it was this fact that caused Hammerstein to contract with his protégé for ten years.

In order that Harrold should have an income while pursuing his studies, he was given the tenor rôle in "Naughty Marietta," which ran in New York all last winter.

Oscar Hammerstein has kept himself informed as to the progress made by his protégé, and to his intimates he has been wont to say:

"When Orville Harrold sings in 'William Tell' at my new opera house in London, Caruso will have a rival—the first to come on the horizon."

It is yet too early to discuss this prophecy, but that Harrold's sensational success has provided a great incentive for American singers and will have the effect of creating a prolific field in this country for native vocal instruction, no one can doubt.

ROBERT GRAU

A TRAGEDY AND ITS OUTCOME

IN the very heart of South America, where Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia rub shoulders, lies one of the greatest of the world's natural store-houses of wealth. It covers an extent of five hundred thousand square miles, and embraces the fertile plains of landlocked Bolivia, the rich forests of the Acre territory, and a productive section of the State of Matto Grosso.

Its vast quantities of mineral, rubber, and cacao are cut off from the nearest coast by a mountain barrier, and must cross the continent in order to find an outlet to the markets of the world.

The region is ribboned with navigable streams aggregating twenty-five hundred miles in length, whose waters ultimately mingle with those of the Atlantic Coast. But for one obstacle, vessels laden with costly cargoes might traverse this tempting territory and journey from the

slopes of the Andes to the port of Para. Nature, with usual chariness, has placed a difficulty in the way of securing her gifts. Above the confluence of the Amazon and the Madeira Rivers is a stretch of more than two hundred miles of rapids and cataracts, breaking what might otherwise have been fully two thousand miles of continuous navigation.

This obstruction could not entirely prevent the exploitation of the hinterland. For years past rubber has been brought out in the Indian *batelaos*, under conditions of extraordinary danger and hardship. The trip involves twenty-five portages in one direction. Many lives and about twenty per cent of the shipment are lost each year. The annual transportation charges "over the falls" are not short of two and a half millions of dollars, the rate being about three hundred dollars a ton.

In this almost uninhabited country, an American company is constructing an isolated railroad to loop the rapids and form a connecting link between the navigation of the Amazon and that of its main tributary, the Madeira. One hundred and fifty miles of track have been carried through the dense forest, in the face of tremendous difficulties, and the completion of the task in a few months is assured—but the first tree was felled in the attempt to build this line forty years ago.

Sublime courage and boundless enthusiasm spurred the pioneers in this enterprise to the attack of impregnable obstacles. The pitiless climate and the inhospitable wilderness wrought their defeat and exacted a heavy toll in life and health. To-day we know that the tropical wild can be subdued only when the sanitary corps and the supply train precede the engineer and his cohort of laborers.

While the Madeira-Mamore Railroad has excited wide-spread interest on account of its economic importance and the extraordinary engineering problems involved in its construction, comparatively few persons know anything about the tragic history of the enterprise in its earlier stages. The stirring history is told in a volume written by one of the actors, and entitled "Recollections of an Ill-fated Expedition." A document more replete with human interest than this simple record of a splendid failure, it has never been the fortune of the writer to come across. More absorbing than any romance is the narrative of the wreck of the *Metropolis*, of the three-thousand-mile sea voyage of two little river tugs from Philadelphia to Para, and of the two hundred and twenty lives lost in the vain endeavor to bring the heart of South America into commercial relations with the world.

Ill-fortune attended the project from its very inception. At the outset, Colonel George Earl Church, the promoter of the enterprise, encountered and overcame obstacles that might have daunted the stoutest soul. Revolution, repudiation, failure of contractors, the death of the principal backer, litigation, bad faith on the part of the Bolivian

Government, adverse reports, and general opposition were not the sum of the retarding conditions which Colonel Church encountered in ten years of determined and incessant effort.

The expedition which left Philadelphia on the second day of January, 1878, attracted national attention because it marked the first occasion in the history of this country that American money, material, and brains had been devoted to the execution of a great public work in a foreign country.

Other vessels followed, and, all told, nearly one thousand Americans set out upon this enterprise. Of these, eighty met their deaths by shipwreck, seventy-five perished in an attempt to reach Bolivia overland, about one hundred died of disease, and perhaps a score were killed by savages.

Every page of the narrative compels the attention of the reader as it recounts the adventures, hardships, and strange experiences of the ill-fated band of pioneers who made the first survey of the line of the Madeira-Mamore Railroad.

FORBES LINDSAY

IMPRISONMENT FOR SMUGGLERS

SINCE the more rigid examination of ocean travellers by the customs officers at New York was enforced by Collector Loeb, a great increase in goods unpaid as to duty has been discovered. Apparently, the returning tourist thinks as little of trying to smuggle in articles as of taking a match from the cigar-stand. Men and women do not think of smuggling as a crime—a violation of the law. If they give it a thought, they care little or nothing for the violation. As a result, men and women passengers from nearly every incoming ship that enters the port of New York are found with smuggled goods, and arrested. It is a criminal offense, and the judge who tries the offender may inflict a fine or imprisonment or both, according to the extent of the offense.

There are several classes of smugglers, including wealthy men and women, clerks, teachers, and others of the middle million on a globe-trotting trip, and the poor in the steerage. Here is where justice is not impartial—not justice. Daily groups of the steerage passengers, many ignorant of the crime of smuggling, are convicted to be dragged away to jail—their first “home” in the new country, where they may have hoped for freedom. On the other hand, the rich criminals, knowing they have violated the law, walk out of the court-house, smiling at their easy escape from justice because of their fat pocketbooks.

Among those who condemn this mode of justice is the Collector of Customs of New York, also the government district attorney. They argue that even if a person pays a fine, if it is proved he has knowingly

committed the crime, he should receive in addition at least a short sentence in jail. The arrests and examinations are made to stop this illegal custom, but it is claimed that more than payment of money is needed to accomplish this end of justice.

DAY ALLEN WILLEY

THE LOST ART OF SPELLING

THE rising and even the risen generations cannot spell. Our school-children cannot spell, our college graduates cannot spell. The dean of a post-graduate department of one of our universities complained a few years ago that the men who came before him to qualify to study a profession could not spell. The trustees of one of our large institutions, which by its charter requires all its officers to possess the degree of Bachelor of Arts (even that of B.S. not being accepted) find that the aforesaid B.A.'s, when confronted by the severe mental effort of writing necessary reports, cannot spell. So insurmountable is the difficulty, that the advocates of simplified spelling join forces with the advertisers in search of a trade-mark, and both of them affront our eyes and insult our intelligence with their horrid makeshifts.

The fault cannot be entirely that of the English language. Fifty years ago the case was different, as is proved by the survivors from that primitive period. Your grandmother—if you are lucky enough to have one—may not know the difference between the subjective and the objective, but she can spell. Let us see if we can find the reason.

Grandmother, when she was a girl, may have lived in the country. If so, she went to spelling-bees. If she was educated in city schools, she took part in monthly spelling contests, in which team contended against team, class against class, the teachers joining in the game. In those benighted days, even the boarders in summer hotels played spelling games, and are said to have enjoyed them. There was systematic drill in what was recognized as a difficult and valuable art.

In the memory of some of us who are not grandmothers, spelling was taught by a graduated system beginning with the phonetic value of the letters. The spelling-books—we recognize it now—were designed to make learning easy. Long lists of words of similar sound but with different initial letters were given, and possibly with one or two exceptions or variations sandwiched in. The ear and the mind, from frequent repetition, grew accustomed to a certain combination, and, once learned, it was never forgotten.

To-day I take up the spelling-book of a child just out of the Kindergarten and attempt to hear him his lesson. What do I see? A list of "Things to Use on the Table." He spells "bread," "salt," and "plates" correctly, and sticks at "knives." He goes back, studies it

again, and again sticks at "knives." Why should knives be spelled as it is? He cannot understand. The fact that it is something to use on the table does not help him. I turn to the preface of the book to see if I can find what Rossetti would call "the fundamental brainwork" underlying the system, and learn that spelling, forsooth, should be taught "by an association of ideas"! Now, spelling is not an association of ideas. It is an association of sounds. If you teach it by the association of the idea of sound, well and good. *Why should the child be robbed of the help which association of sounds would give him?* Why should each word be made an exception and have to be learned by a distinct mental process? Why are the theories of Pestolozzi and Froebel thus clumsily misapplied?

The framers of the old-fashioned memory-systems depended on the association of ideas, and justly so, for they taught lists of unrelated words. They would have been the last to depend on it for the teaching of English spelling. They would have been the first to claim the help of the linked chain of similar sound.

Let us thank our lucky stars that we were educated before there was an effort to make learning picturesque. Those of us who wept over "Reading without Tears" have reaped one advantage: we can at least write a letter without looking in the dictionary.

MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS



ARROWS AND TARGETS

THE Killing Pace, according to many, is the Snail's Pace.

OPPORTUNITY has made heroes of common clay.

To know when *not* to know, indicates unusual perspicacity.

"NOTHING that ever happened to another might not happen to me, similarly placed," is the Wise Woman's thought.

TIME is the only specialist that cures Credulity.

BEGRUDGE not, lest ye be begrudged.

THE release of power is less appalling than weakness unleashed.

GOSSIP is never so delightful as in Book Land.

No concoction ever cured souls as quickly as the sunshine brew.

It is better to Cater a little than to be "lonely much."

HYPERSENSITIVE plants belong to the Wall-flower family.

Minna Thomas Antrim

THE DOPE-FIEND

By Dorothy Canfield

I.

LEWIS, touched and pleased by his friend's unusual toleration of business schemes, began to expand into detail. "Of course it's not, strictly speaking, a job for a civil engineer, but it's a fat chance to make money—a cinch! The only trouble the gang saw in it was that they could n't figure out a way for me to get into the region around the upper part of the river; but I've got a friend, a Norwegian, captain of a ramshackle old tramp steamer, who's promised to take me on his next trip to Rio. I'll get outfitted and pick up my porters there while he unloads and loads, and then he'll carry me and my men down the coast to a little harbor that's practicable for a peanut like the *Sigurd*, and drop us to start up the——"

Dain broke in. "Take me with you!" he said.

The engineer stared, his honest face quite blank. "You don't understand," he explained. "There would n't be any copy in it for you. It's just a plain business proposition. We've got to locate the mahogany, of course, before we get a concession. That's the only reason I'm going, though it would n't surprise me much if I had an adventure or two before I strike the mouth of the river. It's all virgin country."

The other made with his powerful, long-fingered hand a gesture of impatience. "Take me with you!" he said again, frowning.

Lewis laughed. "Why, Pete, you'd be bored to death! The *Sigurd* 'll break down two or three times, as like as not, on the way, and you need n't think you'll get anything interesting out of old Nilssen and his crew! You complain of people because they read detective stories, instead of—of your kind of authors; but these men don't read anything. They'd be inconceivable to you."

Dain threw down his cigarette and broke into angry speech: "My own life's inconceivable to me! It's sickening! Making black marks on little pieces of paper—a fine life that, for a grown man!"

"You've had a story returned," Lewis stated, with a matter-of-fact conviction, untinged by either irony or malice.

The author looked at him sourly. "Yes, that's one of the lesser shames of it—to hang helplessly on the verdict of a man whose breakfast

may not have agreed with him, to make one's living *pleasing* people! It's indecent. There's not a respectable woman who would n't blush at such a life!"

"It was good enough for a man like Shakespeare," opposed the other, his unimaginative eyes wide in astonishment.

"No, it was n't! The minute he laid by enough, he retired to the country and lived like any other self-respecting man. I can't do that, because I have n't the money, and I don't know any other trade to earn it. I've thought of taking to ditch-digging. Why not? I'm strong enough! Think of a man with my muscles niggling around with a pen! I don't wonder that the men who were my classmates at college look at me pityingly. They're doing something! All you civil engineers lead men's lives."

Lewis flushed with generous loyalty. "Don't you fool yourself, Pete, that Ninety-Seven is looking down on you. Not much! We're proud of you. We know enough to see that the public accepts you as one of the most important of the coming authors."

The author caught him up with naïve inconsistency: "I'm that now—but how long will it last? I've written my blood into my novels and stories. What'll happen when the supply gives out? You know. I'll be kicked aside like an old hat!"

There was now in his voice a quality which made his friend look at him hard. "Looky-here, Pete, is there really something wrong?"

Dain's mouth twitched. He walked away to the window and looked down on the dingy, hurrying crowd below. When he turned back, "I have n't written a line in two months," he said, with tragic succinctness.

The other stared, his imagination at a loss. "You're not doing your work? Why not? You're not sick, are you?"

Dain stood by the table, opening and shutting his long, nervous fingers. He spoke with a painful effort, forcing the words out: "You can't write unless you have something to say, can you? I'm empty! Written out! There's nothing more there. What every author agonizes with fear over has happened. My well has gone dry!" He made a violent gesture and sat down. "God! It's a beastly life! Every instant blackened with that terror! I'm glad it's over—that I know the worst. Nothing would induce me to go back to that Tophet of spinning unrealities out of my own vitals. I'm not too old to begin something else—some real man's life."

His friend's kind eyes softened. "Why, Pete, I never dreamed you were serious! Sure, come on in. I'll let you in on even shares. There's money in it—dead sure!"

Dain caught at him with hot fingers and wrung his hand. "You're a *friend*! If it's honest work I can earn my food and clothing at, I don't care about——"

"Why, in three years we'll make enough for you to write for your own amusement."

The author's expressive face twisted into nausea. "I never want to see pen and paper again!" he cried furiously. "Come on, help me buy my outfit. I dare say I have n't sense enough even to do that by myself."

II.

ON the first morning out, as the little steamer tripped briskly over a white-capped sea, the two friends encountered each other with smiling faces.

"Something like, ain't it?" said Lewis, catching at the railing as the deck dropped from his feet. Dain lost his balance and fell headlong against the other, sending him up against the wheel-house. They laughed like school-boys.

"Lord! Don't it feel good to get away from the stink of cities?" cried the engineer, filling his lungs visibly with the sparkling salty air.

"I've left a worse stink than that behind me, thank you and God!" said Dain. "For the first time in years, I wake up a free man. That's a worn phrase, but it's true."

"Oh, a worn phrase's as good as another in your present company," said Lewis genially, lighting a pipe.

"Ah, yes, so it is, so it is!" agreed the other quickly. His accent of surprise was tinged with wonder. "Well, I've burned my bridges behind me!" he went on, with a sweeping, dramatic gesture.

"How so?" asked the engineer, looking up interested.

Dain tapped him solemnly on the shoulder to underline each of his statements. "I did n't bring a book with me! Nor a scrap of paper! Nor a pen! Nor a pencil!"

Lewis failed to conceive this news as profoundly stirring. "Oh, yes, of course. Neither did I. We can stock up in Rio for the expedition. I always go as light as I can till the time comes to need things. You can buy anything you want on the Calle Mayor in Rio."

"You're a citizen of the universe!" cried Dain admiringly. "You make me feel like a village sewing society."

"Come on in to breakfast," said the engineer, uneasy at having his personality the centre of the conversation. His old affection for Dain had revived with ardor, but he reflected that he was even more highly colored and exaggerated in his manners than in college days.

He could not have told when his observation of Dain first led his loyal mind to suspect a habit of secret indulgence in a stimulant, at the bottom of what seemed to him the other's unnatural excitability, but it probably occurred during the first days of the voyage. In his rough-and-ready engineer's life, he had had a great deal of experience with men of

all varieties of habits, and even before Dain's actions began to be inexplicable, he diagnosed a certain glitter in his eyes as due either to the presence or the enforced absence of a flask. Lewis himself was a strict abstainer, and he knew Nilssen to be, so he was sure that unless Dain had brought a supply with him, he was getting none on the ship. He began to watch him, and several times found him going through all his pockets in succession. Once he sang out, "What you looking for, Pete? Anything I can loan you?"

Dain flushed, buttoned his coat, and said, "No, oh, no; nothing of importance."

The next day, coming into the cabin where Lewis was poring over a map of Brazil, Dain began to talk ramblingly about the ship's outfit. "You can't think how interesting every detail is to me—so unexpected—what they have and don't have. For instance, it seems so odd there's no paper on board."

"Paper!" said Lewis, astonished. "Why, it's only the biggest of the transatlantics that do that. They have to get the news by wireless."

"Good Lord, I did n't mean newspaper! I never read one on land."

"What kind of paper did you mean?" asked Lewis, at a loss. "Wall-paper?"

"No, no; paper to write on—letter-paper."

"Oh!" said Lewis. After a moment he asked, "Why should there be?"

"No reason, no reason," said Dain hurriedly. "It just seems odd, that's all."

"If you want a little, the captain usually has a few sheets—or the sailors."

"No, they have n't," contradicted Dain, with prompt certainty.

Lewis stared. "You've asked?"

"I happened to mention it," said Dain. He fidgeted about the cabin for a time, and then broke out: "For the Lord's sake, Lewis, don't get to imagining that I want to be writing again!"

His friend started at the vehemence of the tone, and looked up blankly. "What's that?"

Dain repeated his exhortation with emphasis.

"Oh, I never get to imagining anything," Lewis assured him truthfully. "I was wondering whether this confounded map is accurate on altitudes."

"You see, it's this way," Dain explained: "the captain was telling me about his history last night, his youth in Norway and Minnesota—he's a Norse-American—and, though he did n't guess it, there is the finest sort of a plot for a novel in it—his mother's relations to his father, and the way it influenced his own marriage. It's really wonderful—a

new situation. I thought it would be only decent to make a note of it and send it back to Adams, since I'm out of the accursed business myself. Adams will miss all the finer points, of course, but it'll be manna for him to have such a plot ready-made."

Lewis marked his place on the map with a finger, and looked up. "Oh, all right, if you want to," he agreed. "I don't know your friend, but——"

"Warren Elliott Adams," said Dain, with an accent of significance.

"Is it?" grunted Lewis, following down a line with a pencil.

"He wrote 'The Spent Ball'!"

"Never heard of it," said Lewis contentedly.

Dain opened his mouth to speak, but shut it again and went away. Lewis, glancing after him, was startled to see his face contorted by some violent and inexplicable emotion, and, watching his retreat along the passageway, saw the first of the strange performances which gave certainty to his suspicions of his unfortunate friend's habits.

As Dain passed across the dark little dining-room cabin, something fell from his pocket, some small object, invisible in the dusk. Dain stopped short, clapped his hand to his coat, and glared wildly down. The steamer was tossing, and whatever it was had rolled away from his feet. He fell to his knees, the tall, long-legged man brushing his hands about with feverish haste, and, not finding it at once, began to light innumerable matches, to creep about on all-fours, to go flat on his face to reach under the bench at one side. He finally retrieved the object of his search with a gasp of relief that was audible to the other man, watching in a painful and apprehensive curiosity.

Lewis watched his friend place the small object in the pocket of his coat with a shake of his head. "Dope-fiend as well as drink," he thought. "Hypo-needle case. Poor old Pete! It's lucky he's got me to look out for him."

Later in the day, as he stood in Dain's cabin while that individual washed his face, he slipped his hand into the pocket of the coat which lay across the berth. But he was too late. Dain had evidently transferred his treasure to a safer place. There was nothing in the pocket but the worn-down stub of a pencil.

The next day the accident which Lewis had jokingly predicted actually happened, and during the next three days, while the *Sigurd* swung lazily in the trough of a peaceful sea, he had the hardest experience protecting his friend from his own evil habits. The captain and nearly all of the ingenious Norse-Yankee men of his crew were below, tinkering desperately with the broken cylinder. Lewis and Dain had the upper regions to themselves, a liberty which Lewis was immeasurably shocked to find his friend abusing in the most flagrant manner by ransacking the captain's own room in a search for the liquor-chest. That

was the accusation yelled out against him by the outraged Nilssen, who had, so he said, caught him in the very act. "If it was n't a friendt of yours, Mr. Loos," he shouted angrily, "I vood yoost put him in irons and turn him over to the poleese ven ve strike New York."

It was his diplomatic way of announcing that they had not been successful in their repairs; and he opposed to Lewis's disappointment at the delay his own righteous indignation at the conduct of one of his passengers, his speech ranging from the offensive to the defensive with effective rapidity: "Yoost pawin' over t'ings in my room like a common bum lookin' for a viskey-bottle, I find him! I know 't, Mr. Loos, it means a week's delay, but vot's a week? It's a good t'ing I locks the liquor-box mit my own hands—knocking at it mit a hammer like I find him doin'. Now, Mr. Loos, only von part of dot cussed cylinder I can't fix it, and I gets dot from my cousin in New York in machine business—any hour, nights or days, I gets him—yoost long enough to get to Canal Street. Ve sneak in quick widout no pilot—in and out again—quick!"

Left alone with the offender, Lewis turned with heart-sick pity to attempt an expostulation. Dain broke in quickly, "Of course you don't believe a word that son of a sea-cook said! I never dreamed that fool little box was where they kept the rum. I thought maybe they kept the ship's log in it."

The truth-telling engineer looked at him, grieved by this childish attempt at evasion. "How in the world do you suppose I can believe it was the ship's log you wanted to get at?"

Dain hung his head. He was evidently ashamed himself of the thinness of his story. "I thought maybe there'd be some blank sheets at the end," he said, and, chafing under the reproachful eyes of his friend, he added in half-angry defense: "I told you about that plot I wanted to send Adams, did n't I? It's great! The more I think about it, the better it gets. I wanted to tell Adams how to lay out the chapters in the first book. I've got them all planned. It would be a great help to him. He's a friend of mine. *You* believe in helping your friends!"

"I believe in telling the truth to my friends. I always give you straight talk, Pete. I think you might hand it back. You know you can buy paper in Rio."

"Good God, that's three weeks away!" cried Dain, with a poignant accent.

"If it had really been only some notes you were wanting to make, I guess that would n't seem so long," said Lewis, sadly turning away. He was thinking that he had never seen the madness of craving look out more ragingly from a man's eyes. "I can't let him out of my sight till we're safe in the woods, poor Pete!"

During the four days' trip back to New York, his close observation of his new partner forced upon his faithful heart the necessity for

prompt action if Dain were to be restored to healthful habits, so evidently had his way of life undermined his physical stamina. His craving grew upon him with the slow passage of the hours. His pallor was painful to see, and his eyes, hollow and black-ringed, proclaimed what indeed Dain himself confessed, that he was unable to sleep. He was up at all hours, prowling restlessly about, renewing the well-founded suspicions of the captain, who openly ostracised him as a proved malefactor.

It was a harassing trip for the engineer, torn between the captain's aspersions and his own sympathy with his friend's sufferings. "I guess he tried to break off too sudden," he thought, sitting beside Dain hour after hour on the deck and watching the haggard lines deepen in his face and his mouth set grimly. "I guess I'll have to allow him a nip or two till we get to living in the open. That'll set him up and make a man of him again—poor old Pete!"

As they approached land, the tension between the two grew painful. Lewis slept with one eye open, and as they came through the Narrows late at night he slipped up on deck, to find Dain fumbling awkwardly with the ropes of the dingy.

"I'll go with you, Pete," he said, with quiet, determined kindness. "Of course nothing" (he smiled gloomily to himself at this euphemistic statement of Dain's goal)—"nothing will be open at this hour. But it may be fun to walk about the streets a bit. But remember we've only an hour or two."

The boat struck the water, and both men clambered into it, Lewis unshipping the oars with practised skill. As he rowed over the moonlit harbor, he had constantly before him Dain's half-crazed face of devouring eagerness. "Lord! I never saw a man more mad for a drink!" he thought.

When the boat bumped softly at the end of a wharf, Dain stood up.

"Sit down, you idiot!" called his friend. "Wait till I bring her up to the stairs."

But Dain had made a prodigious spring, had caught the edge of the wharf with his fingers, and was clutching and clawing his way up with a furious agility which aroused the engineer's admiration. "Gee! Pete's right about himself. He certainly was wasted on an indoor job! If I can just keep him straight now till we get——"

Fastening the boat with his utmost speed, he ran up the steps to the street; but there was no sign of Dain. "How he must ha' beat it!" thought his guardian, looking about him anxiously. "Better dig for the first saloon, I guess."

He set off for the first lighted windows visible. As he drew nearer to it, half-running now, he saw that it was not a saloon, but a tumble-down little "oyster-parlor," and that a boy in shirt-sleeves stood in the

door, looking up and down the deserted street. Upon seeing a pedestrian approach hurriedly, the boy stepped out to meet him, showing a face both Celtic and frightened. "Say, boss," he began, "you lookin' for a loony? Take him off'n me if you are."

"What's that?" asked Lewis.

"Why, two or three minutes ago a big broth of a lunatic banged open the door and said he'd kill me if I did n't give him some poiper. I just begun to ask what kind o' poiper, for Gawd's sake!—I was goin' to give it to him all right—an' he jumped onto me an' 'most choked th' wind out'n me. Then he see a roll of wrappin' poiper! He grabbed that and sat down to a table and took out a little stub of a pencil. An' I come out to look for a cop. I don't tackle no loony!"

"Let me look in," said Lewis, putting the boy to one side. They pressed their faces to the window and stared at the big man in his outdoor costume, who bent over the paper. His face was full in the light of a gas-jet, and its expression led the boy to grin and to whisper to his new ally, "He ain't no loony, 'cept loony mashed. He's writin' to his goil! Look! He'll be kissin' th' poiper next off!"

The face of the man inside broke into radiance. He lifted his head, his lips moving visibly, and read aloud the sentence he had last written, nodding rhythmically and accompanying himself with balancing gestures of his hand. The boy began to giggle.

"Gee, I bet his goil is a winner!" he said. Looking up into the other's face, he started. "Aw, she's *your* goil, mister!" he sympathized.

Lewis looked at his watch, and entered the dirty room. An odor of stale grease struck him in the face. Dain glanced up and nodded politely, as though they met in the reading-room of a common club. "Ah, how are you, Lewis?" he said casually.

The other stood as transfixed by this greeting as if a chair had been hurled at his head. "We've only an hour, you know," he said uncertainly. "I'll walk around outside and let you know when time's up, if you like." Used as he was to the pure, clean air of outdoors, he found the musty eating-place intolerable. Dain made a vague, affirmative gesture with his head, writing rapidly all the while.

So far as Lewis's frequent observations through the window could ascertain, he did not again look up. The engineer patrolled the sidewalk before the little dive, walking to and fro, at each turn looking in at the motionless figure. Several times he stopped for a long scrutiny of Dain's face. In the hour that passed, he saw the tense, haggard lines soften, he saw a fresh color come into the white cheeks, he saw the mouth relax into curved lines of peace.

His own honest face was not as a rule either thoughtful or imaginative, but in that solitary hour of meditation under the stars, there came into it a new element, there was born in his eyes the light of irony.

At the end of the time he stepped into the ill-smelling room. He approached the table with his hand out. "Well, good-by, Pete," he said.

Dain looked at him. "Ah, how are you?" he said again. Then, seeing the outstretched hand, he gave it a quick, cordial grasp, dropping it at once and enunciating rapidly with a pleasant accent of good-will, "Hope they're all well at home. Glad to hear it, I'm sure. Take care of yourself, old fellow. Well, so long!" Having delivered himself of which compendious greeting, he returned to his writing.

"Well, so long," repeated the other after him helplessly, and, going out, closed the door very gently behind him.

A block away, he stopped, laughed grimly, and, returning, opened the door and slammed it savagely.

The man at the table did not look up.



THE TRYST BESIDE THE FIRE

BY J. B. E.

WHEN twilights linger in the room,
My embered hearth I stir,
And watch the flickering lights illumine
The logs of ancient fir.

Alone I sit—nay, not alone,
For soon he comes to me:
The one dear Wraith of days ago,
My Love, to tryst with me.

There, as the soft lights fall and rise,
His healing voice I hear,
And love lies limpid in his eyes,
As in the yesteryear.

Oh, though I may not kiss his brow,
Nor lie upon his breast,
His love is mine—so then, so now—
And in his heart I rest.

So when the paling embers flush,
And fade again to gray,
At twilight's tender mystic hush,
We'll keep our tryst to-day.

THE REGENERATION OF SMITH

By Charles Harvey Raymond

THE weather-beaten island transport, *Buen Viaje*, three hours out from Iloilo, was making four weary knots an hour southward along the coast of the island of Panay, in the Visayas. Three of us, the only cabin passengers aboard, reclined on steamer-chairs of faded rattan in the shade of the deck-house. The elder of my two companions was a man of ponderous dimensions, with an easy, jovial manner and a propensity and capacity for Scotch and soda. He spoke in the lazy, sing-song voice of the tropics:

"And what, Mr. Reilly, if I may ask, do you want of Smith of Los Reyes?" It was the second time that he had put the question.

The third of the party, a young man with a freckled face and eager, boyish eyes, flipped a half-burnt cigar clear of the vessel and watched it sizzle into the thick, oily waters of the sea.

"His real name is n't Smith; it's Ralston," he said finally. "Fact is, he's wanted on an old charge of counterfeiting. I'm here to apprehend him." He reached into the inside pocket of his coat and pulled out a warrant of arrest, stamped and sealed.

The other removed his broad Manila hat to scratch the bald spot on his pate, fingered his cigar, and let his eyes rest on the blue even line of the horizon. "Smith's been here for five years," he said. "He has n't committed any crime during that time. In the tropics, where every man gets a chance for his white alley, we don't hold things over any man that long." He nodded towards the mainland. "There's many a school-teacher and petty contractor over there with a past that won't stand examination, who has, nevertheless, made good; and it is our policy to let them alone."

The younger man followed the nod of the head to the uninterrupted solitude and monotony of the island of Panay. A low range of hills, dark-fringed with heavy tropical foliage and topped with palm fronds, green and waving, kept march with the vessel, along the shore. From the foot-hills to the slowly undulating waves of the sea, stretched a

broad band of sand as smooth as if a steam roller had lately moulded it down, and shimmering like crystal under the sun.

"There's something about this country that gets into my blood," he said, after a pause in which we could hear the creak and groan of old machinery. "Back home, where they do things differently, it seemed all right; but here I feel like letting the whole thing go; like——"

"Why don't you do—just that—my friend?" The older man's voice was terse, and he put a pudgy hand on the other's shoulder.

Reilly shook his head. "Your viewpoint is different from mine," he explained earnestly. "You probably know Smith; it's a personal thing with you. To me, it's just a name on the books; a problem to be worked out; a chance for promotion. I have worked the thing up on the quiet, as a newspaper reporter, and it's going to be the biggest thing in years when I pull it off. They are laughing at me for a fool now, but I am going to show them. It's my chance in a lifetime."

The big man settled his bulk in the steamer-chair and pulled his hat down over his eyes. "It's my time for a siesta," he said without further comment. "We'll get to Los Reyes about six. I'm going to inspect the schools of southern Panay, so I get off there, too." And then as an after-thought, "Has Smith ever served a sentence before this?"

"Ten years for forgery," answered Reilly.

The school-inspector closed his eyes, and Reilly went back to a fresh cigar and the dreamy contemplation of a far-away landscape.

Just before sundown, the *Buen Viaje* swerved in her course and steamed slowly into the broad basin of what was almost a land-locked lagoon. The water was as placid as a sea of glass, and, so it appeared to the eye, far more transparent. Curious fish of many colors, some with curved beaks like parrots, and others scarlet and blue, with plumage like birds of the forest, slid through the quiet depths. Shells, white as alabaster, were strewn along the sandy bottom, and green, thick-leaved plants grew among the stones.

"Well," said the inspector, as the anchor dropped, "there's Los Reyes. I guess we can find Smith easily enough; he's the only white man there."

"It's beautiful, beautiful," whispered Reilly, arousing himself; "and as unreal as a mirage."

The ship's dingey was quickly lowered over the side. We descended the rope ladder and clambered in. A native took his place at the oars, and the dingey moved away from the ship, leaving an uncertain shadow behind it on the floor of the lagoon.

Los Reyes, with its nipa huts, was on a curve of the beach in front of us. The town had been neatly blocked off in parallel lines; and the

sand of its streets was as cleanly swept as if some careful broom had been passed over its surface. To one side, stood a building of larger size than the rest, with a low-running bamboo porch and a roof of tin.

"*Esquela*, school-house," grunted the native at the oars, nodding lazily in the direction of the larger building.

"Ah, yes, to be sure," answered Reilly absent-mindedly; "the school-house."

The dingey grated against the sand of the beach. Reilly swung over the side and walked on ahead. The inspector and I followed him. Through the broad bamboo shutters of the huts, as we passed, we could see into well-ordered interiors. The bamboo steps had been recently scrubbed.

"It's wonderful," the inspector was saying, "what an amount of good one white man can do in a place like this."

"It's so quiet," began Reilly. "Like everybody was dead." He stopped suddenly. A voice, slow and carefully toned, as of some one reading aloud, sounded in the evening stillness. We had reached the main street of the Pueblo, where there was a side view of the school-house. Several hundred natives, men, women, and children, were grouped in silence around the bamboo steps. The reading ceased as we approached, and out of the centre of the group an old man, with white, flowing locks and patient, child-like face, came toward us. He held a heavy book in his right hand. A number of babies, their brown, naked bodies shining in cleanliness, clung to his legs and caused him to stumble several times.

"I saw your boat come in," he apologized, as he came up, "but it is a rule never to interrupt the lesson. I have been reading to them—Grimm's Fairy Tales, you know." He included, in the wave of the hand that accompanied the words, the natives following and the babies at his feet.

Reilly opened his lips as if to speak, and then checked himself, the words dying in his throat. The inspector very quickly put his hand on my shoulder.

"You let our old friend show you through the pueblo," he said. "I want to talk to Reilly, alone."

I linked arms with the old man and led him away. Once he turned and smiled over his shoulder at the two retreating figures. His face was beautiful in its serenity, like the face of a blind man.

We stopped on a small knoll, in the sandy square that formed the plaza, and watched the inspector and Reilly, who were in earnest conversation some fifty yards down the beach. Purple waves, scarcely rising to a billow, lapped the even surface of the sand at their feet. Beyond them, the *Buen Viaje* sent up a pale wreath of smoke, like some toy ship upon an ocean of emerald. Deep shades of purple and

gold wavered above the round, silver rim of the ocean; and then a yellow haze, soft and almost tactual, the last wave of twilight, shimmered for an instant in the air.

In another instant, the sun had gone down and we were standing alone in the gray of the evening.

"This is a very beautiful country," the old man was saying. "Very few of us who have lived here ever want to leave it."

I looked again toward the beach. Reilly had taken his place in the dingey and was being rowed out to the ship. The inspector was walking towards us.

A few minutes later, as we three walked toward the "maestro's" shack, fires were blazing in the streets of the pueblo, and the evening rice and potato was in the process of preparation. I lagged behind with the inspector.

"Reilly has gone back home," he said to me. "Did n't have the heart to arrest an old man with Grimm's Fairy Tales in his hand and babies clinging to his feet."

We sat up late after dinner, under the stars, and talked.

When I woke the next morning, the white sun was seeping its way through the chinks in the nipa roof onto my canvas cot. I had intended to leave before sun-up for my station in the interior, so I was in none too pleasant a frame of mind as I dressed hurriedly and made my way across the plaza.

My fat, jovial friend, the inspector, sat alone on the top step of the school-house, sending up into the morning air copious wreaths of smoke from a stout "Manila." There was audible at his back the buzz and hum of a busy school-room; at his feet, a couple of gray, clucking hens burrowed contentedly in the warm sand.

"The old man went back to the hills this morning, before you were up," he said to me between puffs on his cigar. "He wanted you to go part way with him, but I was afraid to wake you." The inspector was scraping with his finger-nail at a minute bit of dust on his puttee leggings. "You'll find it out, any way, if you stay long in Panay," he went on suddenly. "That old man ~~you~~ saw here last night is a missionary to the heathen, who takes my job for me whenever I go to Iloilo for a day or two of vacation. He does n't belong here."

"In the tropics," I said quickly, "where every man gets a show for his white alley, I'll always think of you as the inspector of schools; but as a matter of curiosity and of fact——"

"As a matter of fact," he said, holding out his hand, "I'm Smith of Los Reyes."

SHORT-STORY MASTERPIECES

VII. AN EPISODE UNDER THE TERROR

By Honoré de Balzac

DONE INTO ENGLISH, AND WITH INTRODUCTION,
BY THE EDITOR

BALZAC AND HIS SHORT-STORIES

HONORÉ BALZAC, or de Balzac, as he loved to call himself—for really there was no “noble” blood in his veins—was baptized under the name of Balssa. He was born on May 20, 1799, at Tours. His mother, Laure Sallambier, was a Parisian; his father, a provincial from Languedoc. After completing his studies in Paris, Honoré began the study of law at the age of seventeen, but after eighteen months’ apprenticeship to an attorney and a second year and a half’s service to a notary, his literary ambition began to turn him away from the law. Already at the age of twenty he had conceived the idea of a drama on Cromwell, but after fifteen months’ labor, he read it to a company of friends who received it coldly. In 1822, he made his first essay at the novel, under the title, “The Inheritress de Birague.” From this time on he labored incessantly in producing the gigantic works which have immortalized his name.

Debt was always threatening to overwhelm Balzac, for in the days of his largest income his free life and passion for luxuries kept him constantly in danger of going down in the flood. Once, in 1825, when his first novels produced but little return, he felt compelled to leave his vocation of letters to become bookseller, printer, and type-founder. But after three years of disaster, resulting in one hundred thousand francs of debt, he once more took up his pen, this time to succeed most splendidly—though it required ten years of strenuous, almost frenzied, production to clear him of his obligations.

The story of his loves is closely knit with his literary career, as are also the records of his minglings with the men of his day, but no such brief monograph as this can even refer adequately to the details of his personal life. Inspiration, observation, and labor were its

dominant notes throughout. Two thousand distinct characters move as in life through his forty-seven volumes of more than sixteen thousand aggregate pages, all produced in twenty-five years of actual penwork. What a monument for the titan who in 1850 passed away in his prime!

There are two marked tendencies displayed by the short-story. The first, and the more modern, is a fondness for over-compression; that is, the practice of skeletonizing the story, of giving little more than a bare, swift outline of the action, and only so much accessory material as may be needed to round out a body decently clothed upon with flesh. The story is everything, the setting almost nothing. It scarcely need be said that this tendency comes perilously near to robbing the short-story of the literary qualities which it should rightly display. Some of Maupassant's compact and abrupt shorter fictions may serve to illustrate this characteristic—not to mention unhappy examples all too prevalent to-day.

The second tendency is quite in the other extreme. I speak of it now because almost all of Balzac's short-stories are of this type, which gives much space to detail, the development of setting, and the building up of a well-rounded and fully-garbed body to carry the soul of the story. If the scenario-story is likely to swing to an extreme of compression, the leisurely type is prone to over-leisureliness, as is often seen in the shorter work of Mr. James, and the later little fictions by Mr. Howells, wherein, and, so far, properly too, the story is not made to be everything, but wherein—not so wisely—circumstances and air are accorded even more than due value.

It is illuminating to observe that Balzac's full-method of short-story art was not the reflex of the successful novelist who was sure of his public and for that reason dared the expansive treatment. The truth is that of his successful novels only "The Chouans" had been written (in 1829) before he began (in 1830) that brilliant series of short-stories which place him among the masters.

The fictive art of Balzac is more clearly displayed in his short-stories than in his novels. By far the greater number of his novels are padded—I do not use the word offensively—with a vast amount of contributory detail not always germane to the plot. The author's great motive was to make faithful transcripts from life, to present realities, to penetrate into the depths of the human soul and disclose its inner life, to delineate the high and the low places of the whole social system of his era. On this giant-journey he was often allured from the highway of his story by side-paths rich in interest, and the great naturalistic novelist did not any more hesitate to follow out these beckoning byways than did Victor Hugo in his equally great romances. The inevitable in each case was a far from unified type of fiction.

In Balzac's short-stories, however, we discern scarcely any of this tendency, fully expanded as they are, and that is why I have ventured the foregoing assertion. True, the genius of this greatest of French novelists can be fully appreciated only by those who make a study of his longer works, but for singleness of effect—a great factor in the consideration of fictional merit—we must turn to his short-stories.

This contrast in method is due not merely to Balzac's fondness for making excursions in his novels, but it is largely attributable to the nature of the *nouvelle*, or short-story, form. Any short-story, being complete in itself and not one of a series, necessarily bears a much less close relation to any other of its kind than does any one of Balzac's novels to his other novels. Each of these is an integrated part of a great life-record which he was engaged in completing—but which, unhappily, was never consummated.

The themes of all of Balzac's short-stories are consistent with the artistic requirements of the *nouvelle*; that is to say, they are transcriptions of *exceptional marginalia* from common life, always dealing with the unusual, and occasionally with the unique. Because of this quality, it seems evident that, as Brunetière has pointed out, Balzac elected to develop these incidents in short-story form rather than expand them into novels. In the former they stand for what they are—extraordinary happenings in common life; in the latter, they would have been enlarged out of their true focus, and have seemed to bear a more important, a more typical, relation to life as a whole than any such exceptional incidents ever do. Hence, again, Balzac has used in his short-stories less the realistic method of narration than the romantic. Pure realism as a method is suited to the novel, where life shows whole; but the short-story, which presents a section, a phase, an incident of life, and by which we do not hope to gain a picture of an age, of a whole social system, or even of an entire individual life, is almost compelled to adopt the methods of romanticism even when laying its fictional foundations, as Balzac did, deep in the ground of reality.

In attempting to get a view of his broad genius we must remember our author's versatility, not alone of gift but of temper; and since a consideration of his novels is not pertinent to this paper, let us see if the many-sided Balzac is not clearly revealed in a varied half-dozen of his greatest short-stories.

Picture this powerful worker spending endless days and nights, months on end, roaming the streets of Paris, haunting purlieu and boulevard, absorbing with the thirsty passion of a universal analyst the knowledge of what man is. But he is more than a terrifically industrious observer, he is sincere, and he codifies his observations as *The Connoisseur of Life*.

This first phase of the social psychologist is well illustrated in one

of his greatest stories—it seems trite to aver that it must be read to be appreciated!—which is a romantic *nouvelle* of about ten thousand words, “The Unknown Masterpiece.”

Nicolas Poussin, a poor and ambitious young artist, timidly visits François Porbus, another artist of ability, in his studio. There Master Frenhofer, an eccentric, wealthy old artist, is discoursing on his theories of art (set forth brilliantly and at length in the story, and illustrating the marvellous sweep of Balzac’s knowledge). Frenhofer is obsessed by the conviction that the artists of the day do not make their subjects live, and illustrates by criticising the painting, “St. Mary the Egyptian,” which Porbus has about completed. “Your saint is not badly put together, but she is not alive. Because you have copied nature, you imagine that you are painters, and that you have discovered God’s secret! Bah! To be a great poet, it is not enough to know syntax, and to avoid errors in grammar.” “The mission of art is not to copy nature, but to express it” (an illuminating passage when applied to Balzac’s own work). At length the old man seizes the brushes, and with a few strokes imparts vivacity to the figure, and makes the “Saint” stand out from the canvas.

Old Master Frenhofer himself has been laboring for ten years to perfect his painting of a woman, but despairs of adding the final touches, and determines to travel in search of a perfect model. In his enthusiasm for art, and hoping to gain Frenhofer’s secret, as well as instruction from the old painter, Nicolas asks his beautiful mistress and model, Gillette, to pose for the old man. A protracted struggle ensues between her abhorrence of the idea and her wish to serve her lover. At last, however, she yields.

When Nicolas and Porbus are permitted to view Frenhofer’s completed canvas, they discover that in his long effort to perfect his work the old painter has entirely covered the original picture, and that not more than a shadowy human foot is to be seen; only the imaginative eye of the artist himself is able to see the figure!

The dénouement is a double one: As she feared would be the case, Gillette loses her love for Nicolas, who could sacrifice the sacredness of her beauty in order to advance his own career by capturing the secrets of a great master; and the old artist, after burning all his paintings, dies in despair upon discovering the truth, for he has lived all these years with his painting as the well-loved companion of his labors and his dreams.

A great story, illustrating Balzac as a connoisseur—a knower of life.

A second phase of Balzac’s genius is that of *The Impressionistic Literary Artist*. In his inner life some pictures were born, others were caught on the retina from his attentive journeyings afield. To pro-

duce in the reader precisely the impression which the originator feels, is impressionism, and this transfusion of spirit, tone, and feeling, Balzac now and then accomplished, though not often.

One of the most striking of these impressionistic pictures, more atmospheric, more simply pictorial, than any of his other stories, is "A Passion in the Desert."

A Provençal soldier of Napoleon tells the story over a bottle to a friend, and he retells it in a letter to a lady who had just seen a wonderful example of animal training in a menagerie.

When General Desaix was in upper Egypt, "a provincial soldier, having fallen into the hands of the Maugrabins, was taken by these Arabs into the deserts that lie beyond the cataracts of the Nile." Freeing himself, he secures a carbine, a dagger, a horse, and some provisions, and makes away. But, eager to see camp once more, he rides his horse to death and finds himself alone in the desert.

At length he seeks shelter and sleep in a grotto, but awakens to find his asylum shared by a huge lioness. He considers well the possibilities while he waits for her to wake. When she opens her eyes her pretty, coquettish movements remind him of "a dainty woman." The soldier expects immediate conflict and draws his dagger; but the lioness stares steadily at him for a moment, then walks slowly but confidently toward him. Forcing himself to smile into her face, he reaches out his hand caressingly, and she accepts these overtures with seeming pleasure, even purrs like a cat, but the sound is so loud that it is not unlike the dying notes of a church organ. Believing himself safe for the present, the man rises and leaves the grotto; she follows, rubbing against his legs and uttering a wild, peculiar cry, whereupon he again goes through the petting motions usual with domestic animals, at the same time weighing the chance of killing her with one blow of his weapon. On her side, the lioness scrutinizes him kindly, yet prudently—then she licks his shoes.

Visions of what may happen when his unwelcome companion is hungry bring a shudder to the soldier. He tries to come and go, as an experiment, but her eyes never leave him for the fraction of a minute. Near the spring he sees the remains of his horse partly consumed—and understands her forbearance thus far. He determines to try to tame her ladyship and to win her affection. In these endeavors the day wears on until she becomes responsive enough to his voice to turn to him when he calls "Mignonne."

The Provençal is now relying on his nimble feet to take him out of danger so soon as the lioness is asleep, and when the right moment comes he walks quickly in the direction of the Nile. But he has gone only a short distance when he hears her in pursuit, uttering the same wild cry. Even in this extremity the Frenchman reflects humorously,

"It may be that this young lioness has never met a man before; it is flattering to possess her first love!"

He accompanies his hostess back to the grotto, and from this moment feels that the desert has become friendly, human; and he sleeps. When he awakes he sees nothing of Mignonne until, upon ascending the hill, he discovers her bounding along in his direction. Her chops are bloody; but she manifests her pleasure in his society by beginning to play like a large puppy.

Several days go by filled with warring sensations for the Frenchman. Solitude reveals her mysteries, and he feels their charm. He studies the effects of the moon on the limitless sand; the wonderful light of the Orient; the terrifying spectacle of a storm on the plain where sand rises in death-dealing clouds. In the cool nights he imagines music in the heavens above. He ponders on his past life.

The magnetic will of the Provençal seems to control brute nature, or else she has not felt the pangs of hunger, for her amiability is unbroken, and he trusts her completely. Whatever she may be doing, she stops short at the word "Mignonne." One day when he shows acute interest in a flying eagle, the lioness is evidently jealous, and the Provençal now declares that "she has a soul."

Here the lady who received the Provençal's letter about his adventure wants to know how it ended. He replies that "it ended as all great passions do, by a misunderstanding," and goes on to explain that he must have unintentionally hurt the lioness's feelings, as one day she turned and caught his thigh in her teeth. Fearing she meant to kill him, the soldier plunged his dagger into her throat, but his remorse was immediate; he felt that he had murdered a friend.

The brief outline of two stories must suffice to illustrate a third and more characteristic phase of Balzac's genius—his sternness as *The Recorder of Tragedy*. Both are romantic themes treated with relentless realism of detail.

The first story bears the Spanish title, *El Verdugo* ("The Executioner").

During the Napoleonic era, a certain Spanish town, Menda, is under French government. A suspicion that the Spanish Marquis de Légañes has made an attempt to raise the country in favor of Ferdinand VII. has caused a battalion of French soldiers to be placed here. The battalion of occupation was in command of one Victor Marchand. On the night of the feast-day of St. James, the English capture the town, but Clara, the daughter of the old Spanish nobleman, had warned the young French Commandant, Marchand, with whom she was in love, and he had escaped. The English suspect her father of having made Marchand's escape possible, so the entire family of the Marquis is condemned to be hanged. The old noble offers to the English general all that he

has if he will spare the life of his youngest son, and allow the rest to be beheaded instead of ignominiously hanged. Both requests are granted. The Marquis then goes to his youngest son, Juanito, and commands him that for this day he shall be the executioner. After heart-breaking protests, the lad is compelled to yield. As his sister Clara places her head on the block, the young French officer, Victor, now friendly with the English, runs to her and tells her that if she will marry him her life will be saved. Her only reply is to her brother, "Now, Juanito," and her head falls at the feet of her lover. When the day is done, the youngest son, Juanito, is alone. To save the family honor, he has been the executioner of the day.

Only a little less tragic is "The Conscript."

Madame de Dey, aged thirty-eight, is the widow of a lieutenant-general. She is possessed of a great soul and an attractive personality. During the Reign of Terror she takes refuge in the village of Carentan. Politic motives influence her to open her house every evening to the principal citizens, Revolutionary authorities, and the like. Her only relative in the world is her son, aged twenty, whom she adores. The Mayor, and others in authority in the town, aspire to marry her, but her heart is bound up in her boy. Suddenly her *salon* is closed without explanation. Two nights pass, and gossip finds all sorts of reasons—she is hiding a lover; or her son; or a priest. The third day in the morning an old merchant insists upon seeing her. She shows him a letter written by her son in prison, saying he hopes to escape within three days and will come to her house. This is the third day, and she is greatly agitated. The merchant tells her that people are suspicious, and that she must surely receive as usual that night. Then he goes out and spreads plausible tales of her recent extreme illness and marvellous cure. That night many come to see for themselves, and, notwithstanding her terrible anxiety, she keeps up until they all go—except the Public Prosecutor, who is one of her suitors. He tells her he knows she is expecting her son Auguste, and that if he comes she must get him away early in the morning, as he, the Prosecutor, must come then with a "denunciation," to search her house. While they talk, a young man arrives and is taken to the room prepared for Auguste. When she discovers him to be only a conscript sent there by the Mayor, her grief is great. After spending the night awake in her room, still listening for her boy's arrival, she is found at daybreak dead—at the hour when, unknown to his mother, her son was shot at Morbihan.

No view of Balzac the short-story writer would be complete without considering him as *The Social Philosopher*—by far his preponderating character also as a novelist.

There are not lacking undiscerning folk who judge Balzac's short-stories by the tone of his *Contes Drolatiques*. It is far from true, how-

ever, that Balzac preferred to deal with the corrupt side of life. In reality, he was a great moralist, with robust convictions of right and wrong, and a nicely balanced moral judgment. Yet this contradictory spirit did wallow in filthy imaginations all too often, committed personal follies, pictured the courtesan and the pander, marital infidelity and sordidness of countless manifestations. But let it be remembered that he chose to depict a society which was not only the product of his age, but the product of a national life. No one could be more fearless in exposing vice, and while it may be questioned whether the world greatly profits by such vivid picturings, it cannot be doubted that Balzac's social philosophy was not that of the literary pander. His soul had altitude, as one has said, as well as latitude.

Balzac was keenly sensitive to criticism of his moral influence, and himself answered the charge of being a creator of vicious types:

"The author cannot end these remarks without publishing here the result of a conscientious examination which his critics have forced him to make in relation to the number of virtuous women and criminal women whom he has placed on the literary stage. As soon as his first terror left him time to reflect, his first care was to collect his *corps d'armée*, in order to see if the balance which ought to be found between those two elements of his written world was exact, relatively to the measure of vice and virtue which enters into the composition of our present morals. He found himself rich by thirty-odd virtuous women against twenty-two criminal women, whom he here takes the liberty of ranging in order of battle, in order that the immense results already obtained may not be disputed. To this he adds that he has not counted in a number of virtuous women whom he has left in the shade—where so many of them are in real life." (Here followed tabulated lists of his prominent women characters, as arranged by himself.)

In considering the plot of the social study, *La Grande Brétèche*—not perfectly translated "The Great House"—we are interestingly reminded of the similar *motifs* in Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado," and Mrs. Wharton's "The Duchess at Prayer"; just as our author's "A Seashore Drama" recalls the more artistic story of fatherly execution, "Mateo Falcone," by Mérimée.

In *La Grande Brétèche* a company of friends are spending an evening together and one is asked to tell a story—a conventional opening enough.

He describes a house which has been deserted, the large and once beautiful gardens overgrown with weeds. Neglect and decay are everywhere. The story of the house is this—told with much preliminary circumstance:

Monsieur de Merret one night came home quite late, and as he was about to enter his wife's apartments he heard a closet door, opening into her room, close very quietly. He thought it was his wife's maid, but

just then the maid entered the room from another door. The husband sent the maid away and asked his wife who had gone into the closet. She answered him that no one was there.

He said, "I believe you. I will not open it. But see, here is your crucifix—swear before God that there is no one in there. I will believe you—I will never open that door."

Madame de Merret took up the crucifix and said, "I swear it."

Monsieur de Merret sent away the servants—all but one trusted one. He then sent for a mason, and had the closet securely walled in. At dawn the work was completed, the mason had gone, and Monsieur, on some pretext, left the house. As soon as he was gone, Madame de Merret called her maid, together they began to tear down the wall—hoping to replace the bricks before Monsieur returned. They had just begun the work when Monsieur entered the room. For twenty days he remained in his wife's apartment, and when a noise was heard in the closet and she wished to intercede for the dying man, her husband would answer:

"You swore on the cross that there was no one there."

No need even for a Balzac to read a moral!

A fifth side of Balzac's genius is sweeter to contemplate—that of *The Idealistic Philosopher*. Take time to read "The Personal Opinions of Honoré de Balzac," edited by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, you who would know how the man interpreted himself, and you will find idealism lifting its lily crest from the field of ooze.

Doubtless "A Legend of Jesus Christ in Flanders" is Balzac's most ethically idealistic story:

Night was falling. The ferry-boat that carried passengers from the island of Cadzand to Ostend was ready to depart. Just then a man appeared who wished to enter the boat. It was already full. There was no place in the stern for the stranger, for the "aristocrats" of Flanders were seated there—a baroness, a cavalier, a young lady, a bishop, a rich merchant, and a doctor. So he made his way to the bow, where the more humble folk were seated. They at once made room for him.

As soon as the boat had moved out on the water, the skipper called to his rowers to pull with all their might, for they were in the face of a storm. All the while the tempest was growing more terrifying, and all the while the men and women in the boat questioned in their hearts who might the stranger be. On his face shone a light and quiet peace they could not understand.

Finally, the boat was capsized. Then the stranger said to them, "Those who have faith shall be saved; let them follow me." With a firm step he walked upon the waves, and those who followed him came safe to shore.

When they were all seated near the fire in a fisherman's hut, they looked round for the man who had brought them safely out of the sea. But he was not there, having gone down to the water to rescue the skipper, who had been washed ashore. He carried him to the door of the hut, and when the door of the humble refuge was opened, the Saviour disappeared—for it was He.

And so on this spot the convent of Mercy was built, as a shelter for storm-beleaguered sailors, and it was said by humble folk that for many years the foot-prints of Jesus Christ could be seen there in the sands of Flanders.

There is little charm in Balzac's work, much coarseness, much detail of vileness, much to cause the sensitive to shudder; but there is much, too, that causes the soul to judge itself honestly, and many a beauty-crowned peak rising nobly from the valley darkness.

In the story which here follows in full, in translation, appear all of Balzac's characteristic traits. Happily, its theme leads us above the sordid and the filthy, up to the heights which he knew and sometimes extolled.

"An Episode Under the Terror," which Ferdinand Brunetière has pronounced to be "in its artistic brevity one of Balzac's most tragic and finished narratives," was written in 1830 as an introduction to the fictitious Memoirs of Sanson, who is the Stranger referred to in the story.

AN EPISODE UNDER THE TERROR

ON the twenty-second of January, 1793, about eight o'clock in the evening, an old lady was walking down the steep hill that ends in front of the church of Saint Laurent, in the Faubourg Saint Martin in Paris. It had snowed so much throughout the day that foot-falls could scarcely be heard. The streets were deserted. The very natural dread inspired by the silence was augmented by all the terror which at that time caused France to groan; then, too, the old lady had not as yet met any one; her sight had long been feeble, so for this and for other reasons she could not discern by the lights of the lanterns the few distant passers-by who were scattered like phantoms on the broad highway of the quarter. She went on courageously alone through that solitude, as though her age were a talisman which would preserve her from all evil.

When she had passed the Rue des Morts, she thought she could distinguish the heavy and resolute steps of a man walking behind her. She fancied that she had heard that sound before; she was frightened at having been followed, and tried to walk more rapidly in order to reach a brightly lighted shop, hoping to be able in the light to settle the sus-

pitions that had seized her. As soon as she found herself within the direct rays of light which came from the shop, she quickly turned her head and glimpsed a human form in the haze; that indistinct vision sufficed. She faltered a moment under the weight of the terror which oppressed her, for she doubted no longer that she had been followed by the stranger from the first step that she had taken outside of her home, but the desire to escape from a spy lent her strength. Incapable of reasoning, she doubled her pace, as though she could escape from a man who was, necessarily, more agile than she. After running for several minutes she reached the shop of a pastry-cook, rushed in, and tumbled rather than sat down upon a chair in front of the counter.

The moment she rattled the door-latch, a young woman who was occupied in embroidering raised her eyes, recognized through the glass partition the old-fashioned mantle of violet silk in which the old lady was enveloped, and hastened to open a drawer, as though to take out something which she intended to give her. Not only did the young woman's movement and expression indicate a wish to be rid promptly of the unknown, as if she were one of those persons whom one is not glad to see, but she even allowed an expression of impatience to escape her upon finding that the drawer was empty; then, without looking at the lady, she rushed from the counter, turned toward the back shop, and called her husband, who appeared immediately.

"Now, where did you put——" she demanded of him, with a mysterious air, and designated the old lady by a turn of the eye, without finishing her sentence.

Although the pastry-cook could see only the immense black silk bonnet, surrounded by knots of violet ribbons, which formed the head-dress of the unknown, he turned away, after having given his wife a look which seemed to say, "Did you suppose that I would leave *that* on your counter?" and quickly disappeared. Astounded by the old lady's silence and immobility, the tradeswoman walked toward her, and as she examined her she was conscious of a feeling of compassion, and perhaps also of curiosity. Although the stranger's complexion was naturally pallid, like that of a person vowed to secret austerities, it was easy to recognize that some recent emotion had given her an extraordinary pallor. Her head-dress was so disposed as to hide her hair—doubtless whitened by age, since the neatness of the collar of her dress proclaimed that she did not use hair-powder. That article of adornment lent to her figure a sort of religious severity. Her features were grave and dignified. Formerly the manners and the habitudes of people of quality were so different from those of people belonging to the other classes that one easily divined a person of the nobility. So the young woman was herself persuaded that the Unknown was a member of the outlawed nobility, and that she had belonged to the court.

"Madame——" she said to her involuntarily, and with respect, forgetting that this title was proscribed.

The old lady did not respond. She held her eyes fixed upon the window of the shop, as if some terrifying object had there been descried.

"What is the matter, Citizeness?" asked the proprietor of the shop, who reappeared at that moment.

The citizen pastry-cook aroused the lady from her reverie by handing to her a little pasteboard box, covered with blue paper.

"Nothing, nothing, my friends," she replied in a mild voice.

She raised her eyes to the pastry-cook as though to cast upon him a glance of gratitude; but upon seeing him with a red bonnet upon his head, she allowed a cry to escape her:

"Ah! you have betrayed me!"

The young woman and her husband replied by a gesture of horror which caused the Unknown to blush—perhaps for having suspicion, perhaps from pleasure.

"Excuse me," she said, with a child-like gentleness.

Then, taking a *louis d'or* from her pocket, she presented it to the pastry-cook.

"Here is the price agreed upon," she added.

There is an indigence which the poor know how to divine. The pastry-cook and his wife looked at each other and watched the old lady, while they exchanged the same thought. That *louis d'or* seemed to be the last. The hands of the lady trembled in offering that piece, which she looked upon with sadness and without avarice, for she seemed to realize the full extent of the sacrifice. Fasting and misery were graven upon that face in lines quite as legible as those of fear and her habits of asceticism. There were in her garments some vestiges of magnificence: the silk was threadbare, the cloak neat though old-fashioned, the lace carefully mended—in short, the tatters of opulence! The tradespeople, placed between pity and self-interest, commenced to solace their consciences by words:

"But, Citizeness, you seem very feeble——"

"Perhaps Madame would like to take some refreshment?" asked the woman, cutting the words of her husband short.

"We have some very good bouillon," added the pastry-cook.

"It 's so cold! Madame was perhaps chilled by her walk? But you may rest here and warm yourself a little."

"We are not so black as we are painted!" cried the pastry-cook.

Won by the tone of benevolence which animated the words of the charitable shop-keepers, the lady avowed that she had been followed by a stranger, and that she was afraid to return home alone.

"It is no more than that?" replied the man with the red hat. "Wait for me, Citizeness."

He gave the *louis* to his wife; then, moved by that species of restitution which glides into the conscience of a merchant when he has received an exorbitant price for merchandise of mediocre value, he went to put on his uniform of the National Guard, took his chapeau, thrust his sabre into his belt, and reappeared under arms; but his wife had had time to reflect. As in many other hearts, reflection closed the hand opened by beneficence. Disturbed, and fearing to see her husband in a bad affair, the pastry-cook's wife essayed to stop him by tugging at the skirt of his coat. But, obedient to a sentiment of charity, the brave man offered to escort the old lady at once.

"It seems that the man who frightened the Citizeness is still prowling about the shop," said the young woman nervously.

"I am afraid so," artlessly replied the lady.

"If he should be a spy! If it should be a conspiracy! Don't go, and take back from her the box."

These words, breathed into the ear of the pastry-cook by his wife, froze the impromptu courage which had possessed him.

"Eh! I'll just go out and say two words to him, and rid you of him quickly," cried the pastry-cook, opening the door and rushing out.

The old lady, passive as an infant, and almost dazed, reseated herself upon the chair. The honest merchant was not slow in reappearing; his face, naturally red, and still more flushed by the heat of his oven, had suddenly become livid; such a great fright agitated him that his legs trembled and his eyes looked like those of a drunken man.

"Do you wish to have our heads cut off, miserable aristocrat?" he shrieked at her with fury. "Just show us your heels, never come back here again, and don't count any more on me to furnish you the stuff for conspiracy."

As he ejaculated these words, the pastry-cook tried to take from the old lady the little box which she had put in one of her pockets. But scarcely had the bold hands of the pastry-cook touched her vestments than the Unknown, preferring to face the dangers of her way home without other defense than God, rather than to lose that which she had come to purchase, recovered the agility of her youth; she darted toward the door, opened it abruptly, and disappeared before the eyes of the stupefied and trembling woman and her husband.

As soon as the Unknown found herself outside, she began walking rapidly; but her strength soon failed her, for she heard the spy by whom she was pitilessly followed make the snow craunch under the pressure of his heavy steps. She was obliged to stop—he stopped. She dared neither to speak to him nor to look at him, whether on account of the fear with which she was seized or from lack of intelligence. She continued her way, walking slowly; thereupon the man slackened his steps so as to remain standing at a distance which permitted him to keep his

eye upon her. He seemed to be the very shadow of that old woman. Nine o'clock was striking when the silent couple repassed in front of the church of Saint-Laurent. It is in the nature of all souls, even the most infirm, that a feeling of calm should succeed one of violent agitation, for if our feelings are infinite, our organs are limited. And so the Unknown, not experiencing any harm from her supposed persecutor, chose to see in him a secret friend, eager to protect her. She reconstructed all the circumstances which had accompanied the Stranger's appearances, as if to find plausible arguments for that consoling opinion, and she then took pleasure in recognizing in him good rather than evil intentions.

Forgetting the fright which that man had inspired in the pastry-cook, she advanced with a firm step into the higher regions of the Faubourg St. Martin. After a half-hour of walking, she reached a house situated near the junction formed by the main street of the Faubourg and that which leads to the Barrière de Pantin. Even to-day that spot is one of the most deserted of all Paris. The north wind, passing over the Buttes Chaumont and from Bellville, whistles athwart the houses, or rather the hovels, scattered about in that almost uninhabited valley where the dividing lines are walls made of earth and bones. That desolate place seemed to be the natural asylum of misery and of despair. The man who had persisted in the pursuit of the poor creature who had the hardihood to traverse those silent streets at night seemed impressed by the spectacle presented to his eyes. He rested pensively, standing and in an attitude of hesitation, in the feeble light of a lantern whose uncertain rays with difficulty pierced the mist.

Fear gave eyes to the old woman, who fancied that she could perceive something sinister in the features of the Stranger. She felt her terrors reawake, and profited by the sort of uncertainty which had retarded the man's advance to glide in the darkness toward the door of the lonely house. She pressed a spring, and disappeared like a ghost.

The Stranger, immobile, contemplated that house, which stood in some sort as the type of the miserable habitations of the quarter. That rickety hovel, built of rubble, was covered by a coat of yellow plaster, so deeply cracked that one thought to see it tumble before the least effort of the wind. The roof, of brown tiles and covered with moss, had so sunk in several places as to make it seem likely to give way under the weight of the snow. Each floor there had three windows, whose sashes, rotted by dampness and disjointed by the action of the sun, announced that the cold must penetrate into the room. That isolated house resembled an old tower which time had forgotten to destroy. A feeble light shone through the windows which irregularly cleft the mansard roof by which the poor edifice was crowned, while all the rest of the house was in complete obscurity. The old woman climbed, not without diffi-

culty, the steep and rough staircase, whose length was supplied with a rope in the guise of a baluster. She knocked mysteriously at the door of the apartment which she found in the attic, and dropped hastily upon a chair which an old man offered her.

"Hide! hide yourself!" she said to him. "Although we go out very rarely, our movements are known, our footsteps are spied upon."

"What is there new in that?" demanded another old lady, seated beside the fire.

"The man who has been prowling around the house since yesterday, followed me to-night."

At these words the three occupants of the attic regarded one another, allowing signs of profound terror to appear on their faces. The old man was the least agitated of the three, perhaps because he was in the greatest danger. Under the weight of a great calamity, or under the yoke of persecution, a courageous man begins, so to say, by making the sacrifice of himself; he looks upon his days as just so many victories won back from destiny. The looks of the two women, fastened upon this old man, made it easy to divine that he was the sole object of their intense solicitude.

"Why despair of God, my sisters?" said he in a voice low but impressive. "We sang His praises amid the cries which the assassins raised, and the groans of the dying at the Carmelite convent. If He decreed that I should be saved from that butchery, it was doubtless in order to reserve me for a destiny which I must accept without murmuring. God protects His own, He may dispose of them at His pleasure. It is of you, and not of me, that we must think."

"No," said one of the old ladies; "what are our lives in comparison with that of a priest?"

"When once I found myself outside of the Abbey of Chelles, I considered myself as dead," said that one of the two nuns who had not gone out.

"Here," replied the one who had come in, handing the priest the little box, "here are the wafers. . . . But," she cried, "I hear some one mounting the stairs!"

All three thereupon listened intently. The sound ceased.

"Do not be affrighted," said the priest, "if some one should essay to enter. A person upon whose fidelity we can count has undoubtedly taken all needful measures to pass the frontier, and will come to seek the letters which I have written to the Duc de Langeais and to the Marquis de Beauséant, asking them to consider the means of rescuing you from this terrible country, from the death or the misery which awaits you here."

"You do not mean to go with us, then?" cried the two nuns gently, manifesting a sort of despair.

"My place is where there are victims," said the priest simply.

They remained silent, and gazed at their companion with devout admiration.

"Sister Martha," he said, addressing the nun who had gone to get the wafers, "that messenger I speak of will reply '*Fiat voluntas*' to the word '*Hosanna*.'"

"There is some one on the stairs!" cried the other nun, opening the door of a hiding-place under the roof.

This time they could easily hear, amid the most profound silence, the footsteps of a man resounding upon the stairs, whose treads were covered with ridges made by the hardened mud. The priest crept with difficulty into a species of cupboard, and the nun threw over him some garments.

"You may close the door, Sister Agatha," said he in a muffled voice.

The priest was scarcely hidden before three taps on the door gave a shock to the two saintly women, who consulted each other with their eyes, without daring to pronounce a single word. They each seemed to be about sixty years old. Separated from the world for forty years, they were like plants habituated to the air of a hot-house, which wilt if they are taken from it. Accustomed to the life of a convent, they were no longer able to conceive of any other. One morning, their grating having been shattered, they shuddered to find themselves free. One can easily imagine the species of artificial imbecility which the events of the Revolution had produced in their innocent hearts. Incapable of reconciling their conventual ideas with the difficulties of life, and not even comprehending their situation, they resembled those children who have been zealously cared for hitherto, and who, abandoned by their motherly protector, pray instead of weeping. And so, in face of the danger which they apprehended at that moment, they remained mute and passive, having no conception of any other defense than Christian resignation.

The man who desired to enter interpreted that silence in his own manner. He opened the door and appeared suddenly before them. The two nuns shuddered as they recognized the man who for some time had been prowling about their house and making inquiries about them. They remained stock-still, but gazed at him with anxious curiosity, after the manner of the savage children, who examine strangers in silence.

The man was tall and large; but nothing in his demeanor, in his air, nor in his physiognomy indicated an evil man. He imitated the immobility of the nuns, and moved his eyes slowly about the room in which he found himself.

Two straw mats, laid upon boards, served the two nuns as beds. A single table was in the middle of the room, and upon it they had placed a copper candlestick, a few plates, three knives, and a round loaf of bread. The fire on the hearth was meagre. A few sticks of wood piled in a corner attested the poverty of the two recluses. The walls, coated

with an ancient layer of paint, proved the bad state of the roof, for stains like brown threads marked the infiltrations of the rain-water. A relic, rescued doubtless from the pillage of the Abbey of Chelles, adorned the chimney mantel. Three chairs, two coffers, and a wretched chest of drawers completed the furniture of the room. A door beside the chimney allowed one to conjecture the existence of a second chamber.

The inventory of the cell was speedily made by the person who had thrust himself under such alarming auspices into the midst of that group. A sentiment of commiseration painted itself upon his face, and he cast a benevolent glance upon the two women, at least as embarrassed as they. The singular silence preserved by all three lasted but a short time, for the Stranger at last divined the moral simplicity and the inexperience of the two poor creatures, and he said to them in a voice which he tried to soften: "I do not come here as an enemy, Citizenesses."

He paused, and then resumed: "My sisters, if there should come to you any misfortune, believe that I have not contributed to it. . . . I have a favor to ask of you."

They still maintained their silence.

"If I seem importunate, if—I embarrass you, tell me so freely—I will go; but understand that I am entirely devoted to you; that if there is any good office that I am able to render you, you may employ me without fear; and that I alone, perhaps, am above the law, since there is no longer a king."

There was such an accent of truth in these words that Sister Agatha, the one of the two nuns who belonged to the family of Langeais, and whose manners seemed to say that she had formerly known the magnificence of fêtes and had breathed the air of the court, instantly pointed to one of the chairs, as if to ask their guest to be seated. The Stranger manifested a sort of joy mingled with sadness as he recognized that gesture; and he waited until the two venerable women were seated, before seating himself.

"You have given shelter," he continued, "to a venerable unsworn priest, who has miraculously escaped the massacre at the Carmelites."

"*Hosanna!*" said Sister Agatha, interrupting the Stranger, and gazing at him with anxious inquiry.

"I don't think that that is his name," he replied.

"But, Monsieur," said Sister Martha hastily, "we have n't any priest here, and——"

"In that case, you must be more careful and more prudent," retorted the Stranger gently, reaching to the table and taking up a breviary. "I do not believe that you understand Latin, and——"

He did not continue, for the extraordinary emotion depicted on the faces of the two poor nuns made him feel that he had gone too far; they were trembling, and their eyes were filled with tears.

"Reassure yourselves," he said to them in a cheery voice; "I know the name of your guest, and yours; and three days ago I was informed of your destitution and of your devotion to the venerable Abbé of——"

"*Chut!*" said Sister Agatha naïvely, putting her finger to her lips.

"You see, my sisters, that if I had formed the horrible design of betraying you, I might already have accomplished it more than once."

When he heard these words, the priest emerged from his prison and reappeared in the middle of the room.

"I cannot believe, Monsieur," he said to the Stranger, "that you can be one of our persecutors, and I have faith in you. What do you want of me?"

The saintlike confidence of the priest, the nobility that shone in all his features, would have disarmed assassins. The mysterious personage who had enlivened that scene of misery and resignation gazed for a moment at the group formed by these three; then he assumed a confidential tone, and addressed the priest in these words:

"Father, I have come to implore you to celebrate a mortuary mass for the repose of the soul of a—a consecrated person, whose body, however, will never repose in holy ground."

The priest involuntarily shuddered. The two nuns, not understanding as yet of whom the Stranger was speaking, stood with necks outstretched, and faces turned towards the two speakers in an attitude of curiosity. The ecclesiastic scrutinized the Stranger; unfeigned anxiety was depicted upon his face, and his eyes expressed the most ardent supplication.

"Very well," replied the priest; "to-night, at midnight, return, and I shall be ready to celebrate the only funeral service which we can offer in expiation of the crime of which you speak."

The Stranger started; but a satisfaction, at once gentle and solemn, seemed to triumph over some secret grief. After having respectfully saluted the priest and the two holy women, he disappeared, manifesting a sort of mute gratitude which was comprehended by those three noble hearts.

About two hours after this scene the Stranger returned, knocked discreetly at the attic door, and was admitted by Mademoiselle de Beauséant, who conducted him into the second room of that modest retreat, where everything had been prepared for the ceremony.

Between the flues of the chimney, the two nuns had carried the old chest of drawers, whose decrepit outlines were concealed beneath a magnificent altar-cloth of green moiré silk. A large crucifix of ebony and ivory was fastened upon the yellow wall, which served to emphasize its nakedness, and irresistibly drew the eye. Four little fluttering wax tapers, which the sisters had succeeded in fixing upon that improvised altar by means of sealing wax, threw a light pale and sickly, which was

reflected by the wall. That feeble glow scarcely illumined the rest of the room, but by shedding its glory only over those holy things upon that unadorned altar, it seemed a ray from the torch of heaven. The floor was damp. The roof, which on two sides declined abruptly, as in a loft, had several cracks, through which passed an icy wind.

Nothing displayed less pomp, and yet perhaps nothing could have been more solemn than that sad ceremony.

A profound silence that would have permitted them to hear the faintest sound on distant thoroughfares diffused a sort of sombre majesty over that nocturnal scene. In short, the grandeur of the occasion contrasted so strongly with the poverty of the surroundings that the result was a sentiment of religious awe. On either side of the altar, the two old nuns, kneeling on the damp floor, heedless of the deadly moisture, prayed in concert with the priest, who, clad in his pontifical vestments, prepared a golden chalice ornamented with precious stones, a consecrated vessel rescued doubtless from the pillage of the Abbey of Chelles. Beside that pyx, a monument of royal magnificence, were the water and wine destined for the sacrament, contained in two glasses scarcely worthy of the lowest tavern. In default of a missal, the priest had placed his breviary on a corner of the altar. A common plate was provided for the washing of those innocent hands, pure of bloodshed. All was majestic, and yet paltry; poor, but noble; profane and holy at the same time. The Stranger knelt piously between the two nuns. But suddenly, when he noticed a band of crape on the chalice and on the crucifix—for, having nothing to indicate the purpose of that mortuary mass, the priest had draped God Himself in mourning—he was assailed by such an overpowering memory that drops of sweat gathered upon his broad forehead. The four silent actors in that scene gazed at one another mysteriously; then their hearts, reacting each on each, communicated their sentiments mutually and flowed together in a single religious commiseration; it was as if their thoughts had evoked the martyr whose remains had been devoured by quicklime, and whose shade stood before them in all its royal majesty. They celebrated an *obit* without the body of the deceased. Beneath those disjointed tiles and laths, four Christians had come to intercede before God for a king of France, and perform his obsequies without a bier. It was the purest of all possible devotions, an astounding act of fidelity, accomplished without a selfish thought. Doubtless, in the eyes of God, it was like the glass of water which balances the greatest virtues. The whole of monarchy was there, in the prayers of a priest and of two poor women; but perhaps also the Revolution was represented, by that man whose face betrayed too much remorse not to cause a belief that he was fulfilling the vows of an immense repentance.

In lieu of pronouncing the Latin words, "*Introibo ad altare Dei*,"

etc., the priest, by a divine inspiration, looked at the three assistants who represented Christian France, and said to them, in order to efface the poverty of that wretched place:

"We are about to enter into the sanctuary of God!"

At these words, uttered with an impressive unction, a holy awe seized the assistant and the two nuns. Beneath the arches of St. Peter's at Rome God could not have appeared with more majesty than He then appeared in that asylum of poverty, before the eyes of those Christians; so true is it that between man and Him every intermediary seems useless, and that He derives His grandeur from Himself alone. The fervor of the Stranger was genuine, and so the sentiment which united the prayers of those four servitors of God and the king was unanimous. The sacred words rang out like celestial music amid the silence. There was a moment when tears choked the Stranger; it was during the pater-noster. The priest added to it this Latin prayer, which was evidently understood by the Stranger: "*Et remitte scelus regicidis sicut Ludovicus eis remisit semetipso!* (And pardon the guilt of the regicides even as Louis himself forgave them!)"

The two nuns saw two great tears leave a humid trace adown the manly cheeks of the Stranger, and fall upon the floor. The Office for the Dead was recited. The *Domine salvum fac regem*, chanted in a deep voice, touched the hearts of those faithful royalists, who reflected that the infant king, for whom at that moment they were supplicating the Most High, was a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. The Stranger shuddered at the thought that there might yet be committed a new crime, in which he would doubtless be forced to participate. When the funeral service was terminated, the priest made a sign to the two nuns, who retired. As soon as he found himself alone with the Stranger, he walked towards him with a mild and melancholy expression, and said to him in a paternal voice:

"My son, if you have dipped your hands in the blood of the martyr king, confess yourself to me. There is no sin which, in the eyes of God, may not be effaced by repentance as touching and sincere as yours seems to be."

At the first words pronounced by the ecclesiastic, the Stranger allowed an involuntary movement of terror to escape him; but he resumed a calm countenance, and regarded the astonished priest with assurance.

"Father," he said to him in a perceptibly altered voice, "no one is more innocent than I of bloodshed."

"I am bound to believe you," said the priest.

There was a pause, during which he examined his penitent more closely; then, persisting in taking him for one of those timid members of the Convention who sacrificed an inviolable and consecrated head in order to preserve their own, he continued in a solemn voice:

"Remember, my son, that it is not enough, in order to be absolved from that great crime, not to have actually taken part in it. Those who, when they might have defended the king, left their swords in the scabbard, will have a very heavy account to render before the King of the Heavens. . . . Ah, yes!" added the old priest, shaking his head with an expressive movement, "yes, very heavy; for, by remaining idle, they became the involuntary accomplices of that hideous crime."

"Do you think," demanded the stupefied Stranger, "that an indirect participation will be punished? . . . The soldier who is ordered to join the shooting-squad, is he also culpable?"

The priest hesitated. Pleased with the dilemma in which he had placed that puritan of royalty by planting him between the dogma of passive obedience, which, according to the partisans of monarchy, dominates the military codes, and the no less important dogma which consecrates the respect due to the person of kings, the Stranger was ready to see in the hesitation of the priest a favorable solution of the doubts by which he seemed to be tormented. Then, in order not to allow the venerable Jansenist any more time to reflect, he said to him:

"I should blush to offer you any sort of compensation for the funeral service which you have celebrated for the repose of the king's soul and for the relief of my conscience. One cannot pay for an inestimable thing except by an offering which is also priceless. Deign, then, Monsieur, to accept the gift that I offer you of a blessed relic. A day will come, perhaps, when you will understand its value."

As he said these words, the Stranger handed the ecclesiastic a small box of light weight; the priest took it involuntarily, so to speak, for the solemnity of the man's words, the tone in which he said them, and the respect with which he handled the box, had plunged him into a profound surprise. They then returned to the room where the two nuns were waiting them.

"You are," said the Stranger, "in a house whose owner, Mucius Scaevola, the plasterer who occupies the first floor, is celebrated throughout the section for his patriotism; but he is secretly attached to the Bourbons. He used to be a huntsman of Monseigneur the Prince of Conti, and to him he owes his fortune. If you do not go out of his house, you are in greater safety here than in any place else in France. Stay here. Devout hearts will attend to your necessities, and you may await without danger less evil times. A year hence, on the twenty-first of January"—in uttering these words he could not conceal an involuntary movement—"if you continue to adopt this dismal place of asylum, I will return to celebrate with you the expiatory mass."

He said no more. He bowed to the silent occupants of the attic, cast a last glance upon the evidences which testified of their indigence, and went away.

To the two innocent nuns, such an adventure had all the interest of a romance; and so, as soon as the venerable abbé informed them of the mysterious gift so solemnly bestowed upon him by that man, the box was placed upon the table and the three faces, unquiet, dimly lighted by the candle, betrayed an indescribable curiosity. Mademoiselle de Langeais opened the box, and found therein a handkerchief of very fine linen, drenched with perspiration; and, on unfolding it, they recognized stains.

"It is blood!" said the priest.

"It is marked with the royal crown!" cried the other nun.

The two sisters dropped the precious relic with horror. To those two naïve souls the mystery in which the Stranger was enveloped became altogether inexplicable; and as for the priest, from that day he did not even seek an explanation.

The three prisoners were not slow in perceiving that, in spite of the Terror, a powerful arm was stretched over them.

In the first place, they received some wood and some provisions; then the two nuns realized that a woman must be associated with their protector, when some one sent them linen and clothing which enabled them to go out without being remarked on account of the aristocratic fashion of the garments which they had been forced to retain; and lastly, Mucius Scaevola gave them two cards of citizenship. Often, advice necessary to the priest's safety reached him by devious ways; and he found this advice so opportune that it could have been given only by one initiated in secrets of state.

Despite the famine which prevailed in Paris, the outcasts found at the door of their lodging rations of white bread which were regularly brought there by invisible hands; nevertheless, they believed that they could recognize in Mucius Scaevola the mysterious agent of that benefaction, which was always as ingenious as it was discerning. The noble occupants of the attic could not doubt that their protector was the person who had come to ask the priest to celebrate the expiatory mass on the night of the twenty-second of January, 1793; so that he became the object of a peculiar cult of worship to those three beings, who had no hope except in him, and lived only through him. They had added special prayers for him to their devotions; night and morning those pious hearts lifted their voices for his happiness, for his prosperity, for his health, and supplicated God to deliver him from all snares, to deliver him from his enemies, and to accord him a long and peaceable life. Their gratitude, being, so to speak, renewed every day, was necessarily accompanied by a sentiment of curiosity which became more lively from day to day. The circumstances which had accompanied the appearance of the Stranger were the subject of their conversations; they formed a thousand conjectures regarding him, and the diversion afforded by their

thoughts of him was a benefaction of a new kind. They assured themselves not to allow the Stranger to evade their friendship on the evening when he should return, according to his promise, to commemorate the sad anniversary of the death of Louis XVI.

That night, so impatiently awaited, came at last. At midnight the sound of the Stranger's heavy steps was heard on the old wooden staircase; the room had been arrayed to receive him, the altar was dressed. This time the sisters opened the door beforehand and both pressed forward to light the stairway. Mademoiselle de Langeais even went down a few steps in order to see her benefactor the sooner.

"Come," she said to him in a tremulous and affectionate voice, "come, we are waiting for you."

The man raised his head, cast a sombre glance upon the nun, and made no reply. She felt as if a garment of ice had fallen upon her, and she said no more; at his aspect the gratitude and curiosity expired in all their hearts. He was perhaps less cold, less taciturn, less terrible, than he appeared to those hearts, the exaltation of whose feelings disposed to outpourings of friendliness. The three poor prisoners, understanding that the man desired to remain a Stranger to them, resigned themselves. The priest fancied that he detected upon the Stranger's lips a smile that was promptly repressed the moment he saw the preparations that had been made to receive him. He heard the mass, and prayed; but he disappeared after having responded negatively to a few words of polite invitation upon the part of Mademoiselle de Langeais to partake of the little collation they had prepared.

After the ninth of Thermidor, the nuns and the Abbé de Marolles were able to go about Paris without incurring the least danger. The first errand of the old priest was to a perfumer's shop, at the sign of *La Reine des Fleurs*, kept by Citizen and Citizeness Ragon, formerly perfumers to the Court, who had remained faithful to the royal family, and of whose services the Vendéans availed themselves to correspond with the princes and the royalist committee in Paris. The abbé, dressed according to the style of that epoch, was standing on the doorstep of that shop, between Saint-Roch and Rue des Frondeurs, when a crowd which filled the Rue Saint-Honoré prevented him from going out.

"What is it?" he asked Madame Ragon.

"It is nothing," she replied; "just the tumbril and the executioner, going to the Place Louis XV. Ah, we saw him very often last year; but to-day, four days after the anniversary of the twenty-first of January, we can look at that horrible procession without distress."

"Why so?" said the abbé. "It is not Christian, that which you say."

"Eh, it's the execution of the accomplices of Robespierre. They defended themselves as long as they could, but they're going now themselves where they have sent so many innocents."

The crowd passed like a flood. Over the sea of heads, the Abbé de Marolles, yielding to an impulse of curiosity, saw standing on the tumbril the man who, three days before, had listened to his mass.

"Who is that," he said, "that man who——"

"That is the headsman," replied Monsieur Ragon, calling the executioner of the great by his monarchical name.

"My friend, my friend," cried Madame Ragon, "*monsieur l'abbé* is fainting!"

And the old woman seized a phial of salts, in order to bring the old priest to himself.

"Without doubt he gave me," said he, "the handkerchief with which the King wiped his brow when he went to his martyrdom. . . . Poor man! . . . That steel knife had a heart, when all France had none!"

The perfumers thought that the unhappy priest was delirious.



SENSIBILITY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

LOOK how the shellfish yieldeth a pearl,
 How out of its pain hath Beauty grown
 Where the wounding grain of sand was sown!
 What thou do less, thou complainer, thou churl?
 Thy lesson read in the humble shell:
 Make of thy pain a pearl, as well.

I answer, "No child of the sea am I,
 Of the glassy wave, of the cold, deep ooze;
 I was made human (I did not choose);
 I live and love, I laugh and cry,
 I suffer—but human I still remain,
 And a pearl I will not give for pain."

THE PHANTOM OF BOGUE HOLAUBA

By Charles Egbert Craddock

Author of "The Ordeal," "The Fair Mississippian," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," etc.

GORDON never forgot the sensation he experienced on first beholding it. There was no mist in the midnight. The moon was large and low. The darkness of the dense, towering forests on either hand impinged in no wise on the melancholy realm of wan light in which the Mississippi lay, unshadowed, solitary, silent as always, its channel here a mile or more in breadth.

He had been observing how the mighty water-course was sending out its currents into a bayou, called Bogue Holauba, as if the larger stream were a tributary of the lesser. This peculiarity of the river in the deltaic region, to throw off volume instead of continually receiving affluents, was unaccustomed to him, being a stranger to the locality, and for a moment it focussed his interest. The next, his every faculty was concentrated on a singular phenomenon on the bank of the bogue.

He caught his breath with a gasp; then, without conscious volition, he sought to explain it to his own shocked senses, to realize it as some illusion, some combination of natural causes,—the hour, the pallor pervading the air, the distance, for his boat was near the middle of the stream,—but the definiteness of the vision annulled his efforts.

There on the broad, low margin, distinct yet with a coercive conviction of unreality, the figure of a man drawn in lines of vague light paced slowly to and fro; an old man, he would have said, bent and wizened, swaying back and forth, in expressive contortions, a very pantomime of woe, wringing gaunt hands and arms above his head, and now and again bowing low in recurrent paroxysms of despair. The wind held its breath, and the river, mute as ever, made no sign, and the encompassing alluvial wilderness stood for a type of solitude. Only the splashing of the paddle of the "dug-out" gave token of the presence of life in all the land.

Gordon could not restrain his wonder. "What—what—is that Thing—over there on the bank of the bogue?" he called out to the negro servant who was paddling the canoe.

He was all unprepared for the effect of his words. Indeed, he was

fain to hold hard to the gunwales. For the negro, with a sudden galvanic start, let slip the paddle from his hand, recovering it only by a mighty lunge in a mechanical impulse of self-preservation. The dug-out, the most tricky craft afloat, rocked violently in the commotion and threatened to capsize. Then, as it finally righted, its course was hastily changed, and under the impetus of panic terror it went shooting down the river at a tremendous speed.

"Why, what does all this mean?" demanded Gordon.

"Don't ye talk ter me, boss!" the boatman, with chattering teeth, adjured his passenger. "Don't ye talk ter me, boss! Don't tell me ye seed somepin over dar on Bogue Holauba—'kase ef ye *do*, I's gwine ter turn dis dug-out upside down an' swim out ter de Arkansas side. I ain't gwine ter paddle dis boat fur no ghost-seer, sure 's ye are born. I ain't gwine ter have no traffickin' wid ghosts nur ghost-seers nuther. I'd die 'fore de year's out, sure!"

The sincerity of the servant's fright was attested by the change in his manner. He had been hitherto all cheerful, though respectful, affability, evidently bidding high for a tip. Now he crouched disconsolate and sullen in his place, wielding the paddle with all his might, and sedulously holding down his head, avoiding the stranger's eye.

Gordon felt the whole situation in some sort an affront to his dignity, and the apparition being withdrawn from view by the changed direction, he was in better case to take account of this,—to revolt at the uncouth character of the craft and guide sent for him; the absence of any member of his entertainer's family to welcome the visitor, here at their instance and invitation; the hour of the night; the uncanny incident of the inexplicable apparition,—but when that thought recurred to him he sheered off precipitately from the recollection.

It had the salutary effect of predisposing him to make the best of the situation. Being to a degree a man of the world and of a somewhat large experience, he began to argue within himself that he could scarcely have expected a different reception in these conditions. The great river being at the stage known as "dead low water," steamboat travel was practically suspended for the season, or he could have reached his destination more directly than by rail. An accident had delayed the train some seven hours, and although the gasoline launch sent to meet him at the nearest way-station had been withdrawn at nightfall, since he did not arrive, as his sable attendant informed him, the dug-out had been substituted, with instructions to wait all night, on the remote chance that he might come, after all.

Nevertheless, it was with an averse, disaffected gaze that he silently watched the summit-line of foliage on either bank of the river glide slowly along the sky, responsive to the motion of the boat. It seemed a long monotony of this experience, as he sat listless in the canoe, before a dim

whiteness began to appear in a great, unbroken expanse in the gradually enlarging riparian view—the glister of the moon on the open cotton-bolls in the fields. The forests were giving way, the region of swamp and bayou. The habitations of man were at hand, and when at last the dug-out was run in to a plantation landing, and Kenneth Gordon was released from his cramped posture in that plebeian craft, he felt so averse to his mission, such a frivolous, reluctant distaste, that he marvelled how he was to go through with it at all, as he took his way along the serpentine curves of the “dirt road,” preceded by his guide, still with eyes averted and sullen mien, silently bearing his suit-case.

A few turns, and suddenly a large house came into view, rearing its white façade to the moonlight in the midst of a grove of magnolia trees, immense of growth, the glossy leaves seeming a-drip with lustre as with dew. The flight of steps and the wide veranda were here cumbered with potted ferns and foliage plants as elsewhere, and gave the first suggestion of conformity to the ways of the world that the adventure had yet borne. The long, broad, silent hall into which he was ushered, lighted only by a kerosene hand-lamp which the servant carried as he led the way, the stairs which the guest ascended in a mansion of unconscious strangers, all had eerie intimations, and the comfort and seclusion of the room assigned to Gordon was welcome indeed to him; for, argue as he might, he was conscious of a continuous and acute nervous strain. He had had a shock, he was irritably aware, and he would be glad of rest and quiet.

It was a large, square, comfortable room in one of the wings, overlooking a garden, which sent up a delectable blend of fragrance and dew through the white muslin curtains at the long, broad windows, standing open to the night. On a table, draped with the inevitable “drawn-work” of civilization, stood a lamp of finer fashion, but no better illuminating facilities, than the one carried off by the darky, who had made great haste to leave the room, and who had not lifted his eyes toward the ill-omened “ghost-seer” nor spoken a word since Gordon had blurted out his vision on Bogue Holauba. This table also bore a tray with crackers and sandwiches and a decanter of sherry, which genially intimated hospitable forethought. The bed was a big four-poster, which no bedizenment could bring within the fashion of the day. Gordon had a moment’s poignant recoil from the darkness, the strangeness, the recollection of the inexplicable apparition he had witnessed, as his head sank on the pillow, embroidered after the latest fads. He could see through the open window that the moon was down at last and the world abandoned to gloom. He heard from out some neighboring swamp the wild lamenting cry of the loon; and then, listen as he might, the night had lapsed to silence, and the human hearts in this house, all unknown to him, were as unimagined, as unrelated, as unresponsive, as if, instead of a living, breathing home, he lay in some mute city of the dead.

The next moment, as it seemed, a sky as richly azure as the boasted heavens of Italy filled his vision as he lifted himself on his elbow. A splendid, creamy, magnolia bloom was swaying in the breeze, almost touching the window-sill. There was a subdued, respectful knocking at the door, which Gordon had a vague idea that he had heard before this morning, preceding the announcement that breakfast was waiting. Tardily mindful of his obligations as guest, he made all the speed possible in his toilet, and soon issued into the hall, following the sound of voices through the open doors, which led him presently to the threshold of the breakfast-room.

There were two ladies at the table, one of venerable aspect, with short, white curls, held from her face by side-combs, a modish breakfast-cap, and a morning-gown of thin gray silk. The other was young enough to be her daughter, as indeed she was, dressed in deep mourning. Rising instantly from her place as hostess behind the silver service, she extended her hand to the stranger.

"Mr. Gordon, is it not? I was afraid you would arrive during the night. Mercy! So uncomfortable! How good of you to come—yes, indeed."

She sank into her chair again, pressing her black-bordered handkerchief to her dark eyes, which seemed to Gordon singularly dry, round, and glossy—suggestive of chestnuts, in fact. "So good of you to come," she repeated, "to the house of mourning! Very few people have any talent for woe, Mr. Gordon. These rooms have housed many guests, but not to weep with us. The stricken deer must weep alone."

She gave an hysterical sob, which her mother interrupted by a remonstrant "My dear, my dear!" A blond young man with a florid cheek and a laughing blue eye, who sat in an easy posture at the foot of the table, aided the diversion of interest. "Won't you introduce me, Mrs. Keene?—or must I take the opportunity to tell Mr. Gordon that I am Dr. Rigdon, very much at his service."

"Mercy! Yes, yes, indeed!" Mrs. Keene acceded as the two young men shook hands; then, evidently perturbed by her lack of ceremony, she exclaimed pettishly, "Where is Geraldine? She always sees to it that everybody knows everybody; and that everybody is served at a reception or a tea. I never have to think of such things if *she* is in the house."

The allusions seemed to Gordon a bit incongruous with the recent heavy affliction of the household. The accuracy with which the waves of red hair, of a rich tint that suggested chemicals, undulated about the brow of the widow, the art with which the morning-gown brought out all the best points and subdued the defects of a somewhat clumsy figure, the suspicion of a cosmetic's aid in a dark line, scarcely perceptible yet amply effective, under the prominent eyes, all contributed to the determination of a lady of forty-five years of age to look thirty.

"Geraldine is always late for breakfast, but surely she ought to be down by this time," Mrs. Brinn said, with as much acrimony as a mild old lady could well compass.

"Oh, Geraldine reads half the night," explained Mrs. Keene. "Such an injurious habit! Don't you think so, Mr. Gordon?"

"Oh, *she* is all right," expostulated the young physician.

"Geraldine has a constitution of iron, I know," Mrs. Keene admitted. "But, mercy!—to live in books, Mr. Gordon. Now, *I* always wanted to live in life—in the world! I used to tell Mr. Keene"—even she stumbled a trifle in naming the so recent dead—"I used to tell him that he had buried the best years of my life down here in the swamp on the plantation."

"Pleasant for Mr. Keene," Gordon thought.

"I wanted to live in life," reiterated Mrs. Keene. "What is a glimpse of New Orleans or the White Sulphur Springs once in a great while!"

"This world is but a fleeting show," quoted Rigdon, with a palpable effort to laugh off the inappropriate subject.

"Oh, that is what people always tell the restricted, especially when they are themselves drinking the wine-cup to the bottom."

"And finding the lees bitter," said Rigdon.

The widow gave an offhand gesture. "You learned that argument from Geraldine—he is nothing but an echo of Geraldine, Mr. Gordon—now, is n't he, Mamma?" she appealed directly to Mrs. Brinn.

"He seems to have a great respect for Geraldine's opinion," said Mrs. Brinn primly.

"If I may ask, who is this lady who seems to give the law to the community?" inquired Gordon, thinking it appropriate to show, and really beginning to feel, an interest in the personnel of the entourage. "Am I related to her, as well as to Mr. Keene?"

"No; Geraldine is one of the Norris family—intimate friends of ours, but not relatives. She often visits here, and in my affliction and loneliness I begged her to come and stay for several weeks."

Not to be related to the all-powerful Geraldine was something of a disappointment, for although Gordon had little sentiment or ideality in his mental and moral system, one of his few emotional susceptibilities lay in his family pride and clannish spirit. He felt for his own, and he was touched in his chief altruistic possibility in the appeal that had brought him hither. To his amazement, Mr. Keene, a second cousin whom he had seldom even seen, had named him executor of his will, without bond, and in a letter written in the last illness, reaching its destination indeed after the writer's death, had besought that Gordon would be gracious enough to act, striking a crafty note in urging the ties of consanguinity.

But for this plea Gordon would have doubtless declined on the score of pressure of business of his own. There were no nearer relatives, however, and with a sense of obligation at war with a restive indisposition Gordon had come in person to this remote region to offer the will for probate, and to take charge of the important papers and personal property of the deceased. A simple matter it would prove, he fancied. There was no great estate, and probably but few business complications.

"Going home, Dr. George?" his hostess asked as the young physician made his excuses for quitting the table before the conclusion of the meal.

"Dr. Rigdon is not staying in the house, then?" Gordon queried as the door closed upon him, addressing the remark to the old lady by way of politely including her in the conversation.

"No, he is a neighbor of ours—a close and constant friend to us." Mrs. Brinn spoke as with grateful appreciation.

Mrs. Keene took a different view. "He just hangs about here on Geraldine's account," she said. "He happens to be here to-day because last night she took a notion that he must go all the way to Bogue Holauba to meet you, if the train should stop at the station above; but he was called off to attend a severe case of ptomaine poisoning."

"And did the man die?" Mrs. Brinn asked, with a sort of soft awe.

"Mercy! I declare I forgot to ask him if the man died or not," exclaimed Mrs. Keene. "But that was the reason that only a servant was sent to meet you, Mr. Gordon. The doctor looked in this morning to learn if you had arrived safely, and we made him stay to breakfast with us."

Gordon was regretting that he had let him depart so suddenly.

"I thought perhaps, as he seems so familiar with the place, he might show me where Mr. Keene kept his papers. I ought to have them in hand at once." Mrs. Keene remembered to press her handkerchief to her eyes, and Gordon hastily added, "Since Dr. Rigdon is gone, perhaps this lady—what is her name?—Geraldine—could save you the trouble."

"Mercy, yes!" she declared emphatically. "For I really do not know where to begin to look. Geraldine will know or guess. I'll go straight and rouse Geraldine out of bed."

She preceded Gordon into the hall, and, flinging over her shoulder the admonition, "Make yourself at home, I beg," ran lightly up the stairs.

Meantime Gordon strolled to the broad front door that stood open from morning to night, winter and summer, and paused there to light his cigar. All his characteristics were accented in the lustre of the vivid day, albeit for the most part they were of a null, negative tendency, for he had an inexpressive, impersonal manner and a sort of aloof, reserved dignity. His outward aspect seemed rather the affair of

his up-to-date metropolitan tailor and barber than any exponent of his character and mind. He was not much beyond thirty years of age, and his straight, fine, dark hair was worn at the temples more by the fluctuations of stocks than the ravages of time. He was pale, of medium height, and slight of build; he listened with a grave, deliberate attention and an inscrutable gray eye, very steady, coolly observant, an appreciable asset in the brokerage business. He was all unaccustomed to the waste of time, and it was with no slight degree of impatience that he looked about him.

The magnolia grove filled the space to the half-seen gate in front of the house, but away on either side were long vistas. To the right the river was visible, and, being one of the great bends of the stream, it seemed to run directly to the west, the prospect only limited by the horizon line. On the other side, a glare, dazzlingly white in the sun, proclaimed the cotton-fields. Afar the gin-house showed, with its smoke-stack, like an obeliscal column, from which issued heavy coils of vapor, and occasionally came the raucous grating of a screw, telling that the baler was at work. Interspersed throughout the fields were the busy cotton-pickers, and now and again rose snatches of song as they heaped the great baskets in the turn-rows.

Within the purlieus of the inclosure about the mansion there was no stir of industry, no sign of life, save indeed an old hound lying on the veranda steps, looking up with great, liquid, sherry-tinted eyes at the stranger, and, though wheezing a wish to lick his hand, unable to muster the energy to rise.

After an interval of a few moments Gordon turned within. He felt that he must forthwith get at the papers and set this little matter in order. He paused baffled at the door of the parlor, where satin damask and rosewood furniture, lace curtains and drawn shades, held out no promise of repositories of business papers. On the opposite side of the hall was a sitting-room that bore evidence of constant use. Here was a desk of the old-fashioned kind, with a bookcase as a superstructure, and a writing-table stood in the centre of the floor, equipped with a number of drawers which were all locked, as a tentative touch soon told. He had not concluded its examination when a step and rustle behind him betokened a sudden entrance.

"Miss Geraldine Norris!" a voice broke upon the air,—a voice that he had not before heard, and he turned abruptly to greet the lady as she formally introduced herself.

A veritable Titania she seemed as she swayed in the doorway. She was a little thing, delicately built, slender yet not thin, with lustrous golden hair, large, well-opened, dark blue eyes, a complexion daintily white and roseate,—a fairy-like presence indeed, but with a prosaic, matter-of-fact manner and a dogmatic pose of laying down the law.

Gordon could never have imagined himself so disconcerted as when she advanced upon him with the caustic query, "Why did you not ask Mrs. Keene for her husband's keys? Surely that is simple enough!" She flung a bunch of keys on a steel ring down upon the table. "Heavens! to be roused from my well-earned slumbers at daybreak to solve this problem! 'Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!'" She mimicked Mrs. Keene's urgency, then broke out laughing.

"Now," she demanded, all unaffected by his mien of surprised and offended dignity, "do you think yourself equal to the task of fitting these keys,—or shall I lend you my strong right arm?"

It is to be doubted if Gordon had ever experienced such open ridicule as when she came smiling up to the table, drawing back the sleeve of her gown from her delicate dimpled wrist. She wore a white dress, such as one never sees save in that Southern country, so softly sheer, falling in such graceful, floating lines, with a deep, plain hem and no touch of garniture save, perhaps, an edge of old lace on the surplice neck. The cut of the dress showed a triangular section of her soft white chest and all the firm modelling of her throat and chin. It was evidently not a new gown, for a rent in one of the sleeves had been sewed up somewhat too obviously, and there was a darn on the shoulder where a rose-bush had snagged the fabric. A belt of black velvet, with long, floating sash-ends, was about her waist, and a band of black velvet held in place her shining hair.

"I am sorry to have been the occasion of disturbing you," he said with stiff formality, "and I am very much obliged, certainly," he added, as he took up the keys.

"I may consider myself dismissed from the presence?" she asked saucily. "Then, I will permit myself a cup of chocolate and a roll, and be ready for any further commands."

She frisked out of the door, and, frowning heavily, he sat down to the table and opened the top-drawer, which yielded instantly to the first key that he selected.

The first paper, too, on which he laid his hand was the will, signed and witnessed, regularly executed, all its provisions seeming, as he glanced through it, reasonable and feasible. As he laid it aside, he experienced the business man's satisfaction with a document duly capable of the ends desired. Then he opened with a sudden flicker of curiosity a bulky envelope placed with the will and addressed to himself. He read it through, the natural interest on his face succeeded by amazement, increasing gradually to fear, the chill drops starting from every pore. He had grown ghastly white before he had concluded the perusal, and for a long time he sat as motionless as if turned to stone.

The September day glowed outside in sumptuous splendor. A glad wind sprang up and sped afield. Geraldine, her breakfast finished, a

broad hat canted down over her eyes, rushed through the hall as noisily as a boy, prodded up the old hound, and ran him a race around the semicircle of the drive. A trained hound he had been in his youth, and he was wont to conceal and deny certain ancient accomplishments. But even he realized that it was waste of breath to say nay to the persistent Geraldine. He resigned himself to go through all his repertoire,—was a dead dog, begged, leaped a stick back and forth, went lame, and in his newly awakened interest performed several tricks of which she had been unaware. Her joyful cries of commendation—"Played an encore! *An encore!* He did, he did! Cutest old dog in the United States!" caught Mrs. Keene's attention.

"Geraldine," she screamed from an upper window, "come in out of the sun! You will have a sun-stroke—and ruin your complexion besides! You know you ought to be helping that man with those papers,—he won't be able to do anything without you!" Her voice quavered on the last words, as if she suddenly realized "that man" might overhear her,—as indeed he did. But he made no sign. He sat still, stultified and stony, silently gazing at the paper in his hands.

When luncheon was announced, Gordon asked to have something light sent in to him, as he wished not to be disturbed in his investigation of the documents. He had scant need to apprehend interruption, however, while the long afternoon wore gradually away. The universal Southern siesta was on, and the somnolent mansion was like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. The ladies had sought their apartments and the downy couches; the cook, on a shady bench under the trellis, nodded as she seeded the raisins for the frozen pudding of the six-o'clock dinner; the waiter had succumbed in clearing the lunch-table and made mesmeric passes with the dish-rag in a fantasy of washing the plates; the stable-boy slumbered in the hay, high in the loft, while the fat old coachman, with a chamois-skin in his hand, dozed as he sat on the step of the surrey, between the fenders; the old dog snored on the veranda floor, and Mrs. Keene's special attendant, who was really more a seamstress than a ladies'-maid, dreamed that for some mysterious reason she could not thread a needle to fashion in a vast hurry the second mourning of her employer, who she imagined would call for it within a week!

Outside the charmed precincts of this Castle Indolence, the busy cotton-pickers knew no pause nor stay. The steam-engine at the gin panted throughout all the long hot hours, the baler squeaked and rasped and groaned, as it bound up the product into marketable compass; but there was no one waking near enough to note how the guest of the mansion was pacing the floor in a stress of nervous excitement, and to comment on the fact.

Toward sunset, a sudden commotion roused the slumbrous place. There had been an accident at the gin,—a boy had been caught in the

machinery and variously mangled. Dr. George Rigdon had been called and had promptly sewed up the wounds. A runner had been sent to the mansion for bandages, brandy, fresh clothing, and sundry other collateral necessities of the surgery, and the news had thrown the house into unwonted excitement.

"The boy won't die, then?" Geraldine asked of a second messenger, as he stood by the steps of the veranda, waiting for the desired commodities.

"Lawdy—no, ma'am! Doc George, *he* fix him up."

Gordon, whom the tumult had summoned forth from his absorptions, noted Geraldine's triumphant laugh as she received this report, the toss of her spirited little head, the light in her dark blue eyes, deepening to sapphire richness, her obvious pride in the skill, the humanitarian achievement, of her lover. Dr. George must be due here this evening, he fancied. For she was all freshly bedight; her gown was embellished with delicate laces, and its faint green hue gave her the aspect of some water-sprite, posed against that broad expanse of the Mississippi River, that was itself of a jade tint reflected from a green and amber sky; at the low horizon line the vermilion sun was sinking into its swirling depths.

Gordon perceived a personal opportunity in the prospect of this guest for the evening. He must have counsel, he was thinking. He could not act on his own responsibility in this emergency that had suddenly confronted him. He was still too overwhelmed by the strange experience he had encountered, too shaken. This physician was a man of intelligence, of skill in his chosen profession, necessarily a man worth while in many ways. He was an intimate friend of the Keene family, and might the more heartily lend a helping hand. The thought, the hope, cleared Gordon's brow, but still the impress of the stress of the afternoon was so marked that the girl was moved to comment in her brusque way as they stood together on the cool, fern-embowered veranda.

"Why, Mr. Gordon," she exclaimed in surprise, "you have no idea how strange you look! You must have overworked awfully this afternoon. Why, you look as if you had seen a ghost!"

To her amazement, he recoiled abruptly. Involuntarily, he passed his hand over his face, as if seeking to obliterate the traces she had deciphered. Then, with an obvious effort, he recovered a show of equanimity; he declared that it was only because he was so tousled in contrast with her fresh finery that she thought he looked supernaturally horrible! He would go upstairs forthwith and array himself anew.

Gordon proved himself a true prophet, for Rigdon came to dine. With the post-prandial cigars, the two gentlemen, at Gordon's suggestion, repaired to the sitting-room to smoke, instead of joining their hostess on the veranda, where tobacco was never interdicted. Indeed,

they did not come forth thence for nearly two hours, and were palpably embarrassed when Geraldine declared in bewilderment, gazing at them in the lamplight that fell from within, through one of the great windows, that now *both* looked as if they had seen a ghost!

Despite their efforts to sustain the interest of the conversation, they were obviously distraught, and had a proclivity to fall into sudden silences, and Mrs. Keene found them amazingly unresponsive and dull. Thus it was that she rose as if to retire for the night while the hour was still early. In fact, she intended to utilize the opportunity to have some dresses of the first mourning outfit tried on, for which the patient maid was now awaiting her.

"I leave you a charming substitute," she said in making her excuses. "Geraldine need not come in yet—it is not late."

Her withdrawal seemed to give a fresh impetus to some impulse with which Rigdon had been temporizing. He recurred to it at once. "You contemplate giving it to the public," he said to Gordon. "Why not try its effect on a disinterested listener first, and judge from that?"

Gordon assented with an extreme gravity that surprised Geraldine; then Rigdon hesitated, evidently scarcely knowing how to begin. He looked vaguely at the moon riding high in the heavens above the long, broad expanse of the Mississippi and the darkling forests on either hand. Sometimes a shaft of light, a sudden luminous glister, betokened the motion of the currents gliding in the sheen. "Last night," he said in a tense, bated voice—"last night Mr. Gordon saw the phantom of Bogue Holauba. Stop! Hush!"—for the girl had sprung half screaming from her chair. "This is important." He laid his hand on her arm to detain her. "We want you to help us!"

"Help you! Why, you scare me to death!" She had paused, but stood trembling from head to foot.

"There is something explained in one of Mr. Keene's papers,—addressed to Mr. Gordon; and we have been much startled by the coincidence of his—his vision."

"Did you see—really——?" Geraldine had sunk back in her chair, her face ghastly pale.

"Of course it must be some illusion," said Rigdon. "The effect of the mist, perhaps——"

"Only, there was no mist," said Gordon.

"Perhaps a snag waving in the wind."

"Only, there was no wind."

"Perhaps a snag tossing in the motion of the water,—at all events, you can't say there was no water." Dr. Rigdon glanced at Gordon with a genial smile.

"Mighty little water for the Mississippi," Gordon sought to respond in the same key.

"You know the record of these apparitions." Leaning forward, one arm on his knee, the document in question in his hand, Rigdon looked up into Geraldine's pale face. "In the old days there used to be a sort of water-gypsy, with a queer little trading-boat that plied the region of the bends—a queer little old man, too—Polish, I think, foreign certainly—and the butt of all the wags alongshore, at the stores and the wood-yards, the cotton-sheds and the wharf-boats. By some accident, it was thought, the boat got away when he was befuddled with drink in a wood-chopper's cabin—a stout, trig little craft it was! When he found it was gone, he was wild, for although he saw it afloat at a considerable distance down the Mississippi, it suddenly disappeared near Bogue Holauba, cargo and all. No trace of its fate was ever discovered. He haunted these banks then—whatever he may have done since—screaming out his woes for his losses, and his rage and curses on the miscreants who had set the craft adrift—for he fully believed it was done in malice—beating his breast and tearing his hair. The Civil War came on presently, and the man was lost sight of in the national commotions. No one thought of him again till suddenly something—an apparition, an illusion, the semblance of a man—began to patrol the banks of Bogue Holauba, and beat its breast and tear its hair and bewail its woes in pantomime, and set the whole country-side aghast, for always disasters follow its return."

"And how do you account for that phase?" asked Gordon, obviously steadying his voice by an effort of the will.

"The apparition always shows up at low water,—the disasters are usually typhoid," replied the physician.

"Mr. Keene died from malaria," Geraldine murmured musingly.

The two men glanced significantly at each other. Then Rigdon resumed: "I mustered the hardihood on one occasion to row up to the bank of Bogue Holauba for a closer survey. The thing vanished on my approach. There was a snag hard by, fast anchored in the bottom of the Bogue. It played slackly to and fro with the current, but I could not see any way by which it or its shadow could have produced the illusion."

"Is this what you had to tell me?" demanded Geraldine pertinently. "I knew all that already."

"No, no," replied the Doctor reluctantly. "Will you tell it, Mr. Gordon, or shall I?"

"You, by all means, if you will," said Gordon gloomily. "God knows I should be glad never to speak of it."

"Well," Rigdon began slowly, "Mr. Gordon was made by his cousin Jasper Keene not only the executor of his will, but the repository of a certain confession, which he may destroy or make public as he sees proper. It seems that in Mr. Keene's gay young days, running wild

in his vacation from college on a secluded plantation, he often lacked congenial companionship, and he fell in with an uncouth fellow of a lower social grade, who led him into much detrimental adventure. Among other incidents of very poor fun, the two were notable in hectoring and guying the old Polish trader, who, as drunk on mean whisky as they often were, grew violent and antagonistic. He went very far in his denunciations one fatal night, and by way of playing him a trick in return, they set his boat adrift by cutting the rope that tied the craft to a tree on the bank. The confession states that they supposed the owner was then aboard and would suffer no greater hardship than having to use the sweeps with considerable energy to row her in to a landing again. They were genuinely horrified when he came running down the bank, both arms outstretched, crying out that his all, *his all*, was floating away on that tumultuous, merciless tide. Before any skill could be launched, before any effort could be made to reach the trading-boat, she suddenly disappeared. The Mississippi was at flood height, and it was thought that the boat struck some drifting obstruction, swamped, and went down in deep water. The agents in this disaster were never suspected, but as soon as Jasper Keene had come of age, and had command of any means of his own, his first act was to have an exhaustive search made for the old fellow, with a view of financial restitution. But the owner of the trading-boat had died, spending his last years in the futile effort to obtain the insurance money. As the little he had left was never claimed, no representative could profit by the restitution that Jasper Keene had planned, and he found what satisfaction he could in giving it secretly to an old man's charity. Then the phantom began to take his revenge. He appeared on the banks of Bogue Holauba, and straightway the only child of the mansion sickened and died. Mr. Keene's first wife died after the second apparition. Either it was the fancy of an ailing man, or perhaps the general report, but he notes that the spectre was bewailing its woes along the banks of Bogue Holauba when Jasper Keene himself was stricken by an illness which from the first he felt was fatal."

"I remember—I remember it was said at the time," Geraldine barely whispered.

"And now to the question: he leaves it to Mr. Gordon as his kinsman, solicitous of the family repute, to judge whether this confession should be made public or destroyed."

"Does he state any reasons for making it public?" demanded Geraldine, taking the document and glancing through its pages.

"Yes; as an expiation of his early misdeeds toward this man, and, if any such thing there be, to placate the spirit of his old enemy; and lastly better to secure his peace with his Maker."

"And which do you say?" Geraldine turned an eager, spirited face

toward Gordon, his dejected attitude and countenance distinctly seen in the light from the lamp within the parlor, on a table close to the window.

"I frankly admit that the publication of that confession would humiliate me to the ground, but I fear that it *ought* to be given to the public, as he obviously desires."

"And which do *you* say?" Geraldine was standing now, and swiftly whirled around toward Dr. Rigdon.

"I agree with Mr. Gordon—much against my will—but an honest confession is good for the soul!" he replied ruefully.

"You infidels!" she exclaimed tumultuously. "You have not one atom of Christian faith between you! To imagine that *you* can strike a bargain with the good God by letting a sick theory of expiation of a dying, fever-distraught creature besmirch his repute as a man and a gentleman, make his whole life seem like a whited sepulchre, and bring his name into odium,—as kind a man as ever lived,—and you know it!—as honest, and generous, and whole-souled, to be held up to scorn and humiliation because of a boyish prank, forty years ago, that precipitated a disaster never intended,—bad enough, silly enough, even wicked enough, but not half so bad and silly and wicked as *you*, with your morbid shrinking from moral responsibility, and your ready contributive defamation of character. Tell me, you men, is this a testamentary paper, and you think it against the law to destroy it?"

"No, no, not that," said Rigdon.

"No, it is wholly optional," declared Gordon.

"Then, *I* will settle the question for you once for all, you wobblers!" She suddenly thrust the paper into the chimney of the lamp on the table just within the open window, and as it flared up she flung the document forth, blazing in every fibre, on the bare driveway below the veranda. "And now you may find, as best you can, some other means of exorcising the phantom of Bogue Holauba!"

THE ETERNAL TRAGEDY

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

O NCE I saw,
Tombed in a shard of limpid golden amber,
A cruel spider, and a silly fly,
And a wise ant, quite close together.

THE ONLY WAY

By Catherine Houghton Griebel

TO Anna Bruker, sitting in her cheerless room on the third floor of a Bronx tenement, Mrs. Mullen brought a note. The girl flushed as she accepted it.

Mrs. Mullen had made sure that the missive was written on the note-paper of a well-known club, and she watched her lodger furtively.

"He come when you was out," she volunteered, "an' seemed mighty anxious to see yer."

Her pale eyes blinked knowingly, and with vulgar familiarity she gave the girl a sly poke in the ribs.

"He's a fine-lookin' feller," she continued. "'Tain't every girl as has such a gentleman as him hangin' 'round."

Anna shrank from her landlady's coarse hints. She turned from red to white; the hand that held the note trembled, and she bit her lips to keep from weeping.

"Yez need n't git mad," Mrs. Mullen demurred sharply. She had expected to be taken into the girl's confidence, and when Anna showed no inclination to talk, her reticence aroused resentment.

"Humph!" the landlady snorted. "Such airs! I think myself yer'd better shine up to him. Yer too stuck-up annyhow. Got a job yet?"

"No, Mrs. Mullen, not yet," sighed the girl wearily. "I'm going out again in the morning, but I was so tired I——"

"Well, I'll tell yer one thing," interrupted the woman, "yer can find some other place to stay! Three weeks behind is yer rent right now. I've got a young gent comin' to-morrow that'll take this room and pay prompt."

"But——"

"There ain't no use talkin'! I'd like to accommodate yer, but I ain't keepin' no tenement fer fun. Yer friends are so high-toned yer'd ought to know *somebody* 't would keep yer till the factory starts up."

With a toss of her thirty-seven department-store puffs, Mrs. Mullen flounced majestically out of the room (she'd show that chit what

sirs were), and Anna could hear her heavy steps as she made her way squeakingly down the hall.

The girl started toward the door to call Mrs. Mullen back; then, realizing how useless it would be to ask a favor of the woman, she sat down on the edge of the cot and covered her face with her hands.

"My God! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

By and by when Anna raised her head, her eyes lighted on the note she had dropped. She shuddered, but picked it up and read it—slowly—carefully.

. between seven and eight to-night. Don't disappoint me
again I've made up my mind I'll get you, and I will
yet

The paper slipped from her fingers, and a look of terror crept into the brown eyes.

She looked very young as she stood there—very young and very pretty. Four years ago, in her native Hungary, she had been a girl—gay, laughing, singing; now she was a woman—alone, helpless, and afraid. Her happy childhood seemed as far away as the misty Carpathian mountains she had loved so dearly. Yet how well she remembered it all. The low, straw-thatched cottage—the sheep—the pigs—and the geese, too. There was one old gander that had chased her when she was a tiny girl. She could almost see him now, waddling along on his clumsy legs and hissing at her, while his great orange-colored beak tugged at her little dress. How frightened she had been! And it seemed such a small thing now to be frightened at.

She shivered and looked about the room fearfully. It was a miserable box. Her people at home had been poor, but not so poor as she was now. Their cottage had been comfortable, with always enough to eat. Anna winked hard to keep back the tears. On Sunday, their feast-day and holiday, there had been *gulashe*. She had never tasted it in this country. How good it was! And how she would like some now!

In spite of all her efforts, the tears would come, slowly at first, then, when the full realization of her loneliness came over her, the gates of restraint gave way, and the great drops flooded her cheeks and fell unheeded on her shabby dress.

After she had had her cry out she felt better.

"I—we—all thought—it was—going—to be so grand here," she murmured as she wiped her wet face—"so grand!"

One day an agent had appeared in their little village with wonderful tales of America, where money was plenty and there was work in abundance for all. Being the oldest, Anna had been chosen to come, and when she had grown rich she was to send for the father and mother and six little brothers and sisters.

Rich! For weeks now she had been idle, and what little she had been able to save had dwindled to almost nothing. In these weeks she had walked mile after mile in search of work, while existing on the smallest amount of food that could sustain life. Employment agencies and advertisements had proved barren of results; and the charity system of a great city being unknown to the foreign-born girl, every avenue of hope was blocked. And now—after to-night—she would be homeless. There was not one soul among the four millions in this great city to—

Through her blinding tears she saw the letter she had tossed into her bureau. She drew back terrified.

"No—oh, no! I cannot—I cannot," she sobbed. "No—no!"

There was Emelie Neumann who had worked beside her all last year. She had given up work in the spring. Anna saw her now and then, but she shrank from her, and her handsome clothes, and her airy ways. She knew—all the girls knew—what it meant.

She remembered a woman she had watched many times, as a child. No one associated with her; even the children shunned her; and sometimes the boys threw stones at her. It had puzzled Anna to know why so pretty a woman should be treated so, and when she grew older she had asked. Even now she could hear the scorn in her mother's voice.

"But things are very different here," thought Anna, "very different. I've tried——"

She opened her purse and counted her money carefully. Four dollars and seventy-two cents! Of that she owed Mrs. Mullen four dollars and a half for her room-rent. That must be paid. She could not be under obligations to that vulgar, red-fisted, pale-eyed creature—not if it took every cent.

The clock pointed to six. Where would she be at that time to-morrow night? Where?

It was growing dark, and the girl wandered over to her solitary window, and stood looking idly out into the court. It presented its usual appearance—a network of clothes-lines which were always full of garments in all degrees of raggedness. She could see—perhaps because she had looked at them so often—the innumerable fire-escapes which hung like huge baskets under the windows. They were overflowing with everything that could not find a place in the tiny tenements. Even the children took their recreation there, some with ropes tied under their arms and fastened to the iron railings; others with nothing but a kind Providence to keep them from dashing their brains out on the courtyard pavement.

Anna shivered and caught her breath as if in pain. She pulled the shade down hurriedly, and lighted the gas with feverish haste.

Then she sat down weakly on the edge of her bed. She was frightfully pale and wiped the perspiration from her forehead with trembling fingers.

After a time she grew calmer, and with her slim hands clasped over her knee, sat staring into space. Her eyes, dumb and pleading, looked beyond the walls of her tiny room. They seemed to be begging for some kinder, happier fate.

Gradually her expression changed. There was a look of determination coming into the brown eyes. She looked at the clock, rose, and began dressing herself carefully.

When she had completed her toilet, she packed everything that belonged to her into a canvas bag that stood in the corner. She also placed Mrs. Mullen's money in an envelope and addressed it.

The clock struck seven.

The girl hastily put on her hat, slipped into her coat, and then fell on her knees by her little white bed.

"Father, Mother—God forgive me!" she faltered, choking. "It's the—only—way!"

She turned off the gas and locked the door, leaving the key in the lock. She breathed only in short, quick sobs. She stumbled as she walked. But once out on the lighted street she seemed to gain confidence, and even stopped for a moment to watch the people who were passing. They all seemed so happy! She wondered if they really were, or if perhaps some one in the crowds had trouble as great as hers. No one heeded her. They hurried on, laughing and talking noisily.

She walked to the curb. Again she paused. Her lips quivered, her eyes grew black with terror, and then suddenly she stepped directly in front of a huge automobile that came crashing down the street.

It was all over in a moment. There was no mark on the pale upturned face. The lips trembled no more. The eyes had rent the veil—and were looking on a fairer country.

"The poor little kid!" said one of the men who helped lift the slight form into the ambulance. "Poor little girl!"

And under a light at the corner a man waited and watched. He saw the crowd and heard the cries, but he was looking for a pretty girl who he was sure must come to him sooner or later.

The clock struck eight—he was still waiting. Nine—he turned with an oath and walked rapidly away.



THE PILGRIM

By Arthur B. Rhinow

I T seems to me I must have passed
Along this way before.
How like my own the footprints were
Upon the marshy shore!

When yesterday I stumbled, where
A snare was hidden well,
They told of one who passed this way
Just like myself—and fell.

Upon the wall in yonder inn
Inscriptions quaint I read,
Reminding me of mystic things
My heart had often said.

I hear the peasants sing of joy
And sorrow, right and wrong;
And though the words are not the same,
I know it is my song.

I start to climb the rugged hill
Whose crown invites to rest,
And wonder what the view will be
When I have reached the crest.

But toilsome is the steep ascent,
Well worn are strength and staff;
I'll rest within the churchyard here
And read this epitaph:

"I long to see what lies beyond!"
The words my spirit thrill,
For that has been my longing keen
Since I approached the hill.

It seems to me I must have passed
Along this way before.
As I approach the end it grows
Familiar more and more.

THE BOX-OFFICE MAN

By W. Dayton Wegefarth

THE box-office man is not one of the picturesque figures of the theatrical world, yet his position is perhaps the most trying. It is a constant tax upon his nervous energy.

The art of the box-office man centres around his ticket-selling. Any one can sell a ticket at a specified price to a person asking for it—there is no art in that. The real worth of a treasurer—the box-office man is usually the treasurer of the local organization—rests in his ability to sell the price ticket he wants to sell, and not that which the patron expects to purchase when he presents himself at the box-office window. And, moreover, this must be done subtly, by inference and suggestion, rather than by open solicitation, or the patron may be offended.

The young man who is accompanied by his "best girl" falls an easy prey to the adroit ticket-seller. When he asks for low-priced tickets, the treasurer will perhaps find that he has only one desirable seat of the kind, and that therefore he will have to put them far back or 'way over on the side. He expresses his regret, then while the couple are hesitating he tells them—addressing himself principally to the girl—that he can give them two fine seats further front, though of course at a higher price. The girl may wish to economize for her escort's sake, but he fears that he may be labelled "cheap" in her eyes, so he purchases the more expensive seats—usually with a resentful glare at the box-office man.

Some years ago the treasurer of a theatre depended largely upon "short changing" for his remuneration, but that condition no longer exists. Poor salaries were then paid, and the practice even seemed to be sanctioned by some managers. The present-day outside revenue comes to the box-office employees from the ticket-agencies which are found in the large hotels. They are often willing to pay well for the privilege of procuring the choicest seats for every performance. The practice should be abolished, because of its unfairness to the public; but until the public refuses to pay more for a ticket than its face value, there is small likelihood of its abolition.

Even now in theatres where the standard of honesty is not high, it is a simple matter for the treasurer to realize a large amount of "over change." To insure success, a confederate is necessary—generally the special officer who stands before the box-office and urges the line of

purchasers to "move fast." His part of the scheme is to hasten a buyer away from the window before he can notice the discrepancy in his change. Once away, he cannot reach the treasurer without taking his place at the end of the line, and by the time he again reaches the box-office the treasurer has conveniently forgotten the incident. The special officer will not permit an argument, of course.

An interesting feature of box-office work is the "counting up" of a "house." That is to say, the determining of the receipts of a performance, between the theatre treasurer and the production manager. Every box-office is equipped with a "capacity sheet," which shows how many seats there are in the theatre at each price. When the ticket-selling for a performance is over, the treasurer counts the tickets remaining in his rack. He then deducts the total of each price from the number of seats at that price given on his "capacity sheet." Subtracting one from the other gives the number that are sold. This computation is marked upon a sheet of paper, and constitutes what is known as a "box-office statement." The treasurer gives this statement to the production manager, who calls for the ticket-boxes, in which are deposited the stubs of the tickets that have passed through the hands of the door-men. The boxes are opened, and the manager counts the stubs. These totals should correspond with the totals the treasurer has marked upon the statement. If there are more stubs in the boxes than the statement shows, because of a possible error in "making up" the statement, the production manager changes the total sales by increasing the figures to the amount of the error. But if there are fewer stubs than the statement calls for, the manager accepts the treasurer's accounting, for oftentimes people who purchase tickets are unable to use them.

If the treasurer is dishonest, he can have his statement call for fewer seats than he has sold, counting on the possibility of a few seats of each price not being used by their holders. If he guesses accurately, he is richer by the amount of the unused tickets; if he has deducted too many, he can plead an error in his computation, and add on the actual number, which are in the boxes.

Many of the men who are filling positions in theatre box-offices are college graduates, for there is a lure about theatricals that is irresistible. Its ever-changing life, its generous remuneration, its pleasant environment, and its constant unveiling of the unexpected, offer to the man of intellect and ambition a life that is not lacking in interest and novelty. The box-office man is thrust into the vortex of a throbbing, gripping life, with an insistent appeal against which he is soon powerless to combat.

So, after all is said, there is more of interest in this living machine, this much-berated and seldom-praised institution, the box-office man, than is evident to the casual theatre-goer.

DAISY DUNHAM

By Harold Susman

DAISY DUNHAM was born and bred in the South. Her parents were nothing if not respectable. Absolutely nothing. Daisy was their only child.

Daisy developed a pretty face and a pleasing figure. When she was sixteen she left the South and went to the North. She had decided to go on the stage. So in a girlish dress, and with a girlish manner, she applied to a theatrical manager.

"What do you want?" said the manager.

"I want to go on the stage," said Daisy. She spoke to him in an appealing voice.

"What can you do?" said the manager.

"I can sing and dance," said Daisy. She looked at him with appealing eyes.

"But you are only a child!" said the manager.

"Oh, no, I am a woman!" said Daisy. She smiled at him with appealing lips.

The manager burst out laughing, and engaged her for the chorus. He was putting on a musical comedy. In those days such productions were called comic operas.

At the first rehearsal Daisy looked so young and so pretty, and seemed so sweet and so simple, that the manager gave her some lines to speak. During the subsequent rehearsals Daisy's lines were padded into a "bit." And before the production was made Daisy's "bit" had been developed into a "part." On the first night Daisy made a "hit."

The next season Daisy was given a good part. And the next season Daisy was given a still better part. Daisy Dunham had "arrived." And Daisy Dunham "remained"—for ten years. She remained young and pretty. And she remained sweet and simple. The only thing that was changed was that instead of being called "a child," and insisting that she was "a woman," she was called "a woman," and insisted that she was "a child."

During those ten years of appearing on Broadway and of knocking about the country, Daisy was very circumspect. She met many nice people—a few nice women and a lot of nice men. A rich man in San

Francisco proposed to her. She kept him on the string. A rich man in Chicago proposed to her. She kept him on the string, too. A rich man in New York proposed to her. They were married. Miss Daisy Dunham became Mrs. Julian Johnson.

She left the stage, and she went into Society. She continued to be very circumspect. And she met a lot more nice people—a lot of nice women as well as a lot of nice men.

But Johnson started drinking. And Johnson continued drinking. He became unbearable. Quite unbearable. So Daisy divorced him. She was awarded alimony. Then Johnson drank himself to death. It was found that he had gone through all his fortune, and so Daisy's alimony was stopped, and she was left penniless.

Mrs. Julian Johnson became Miss Daisy Dunham once more, and she went on the stage again. She went back to the same old thing in the same old way. At that time she was thirty years of age. Her face had matured, but was still pretty. Her figure had developed, but was still pleasing. And she was still "sweet and simple." But it now required some art to be so.

Daisy applied to a manager, and got an engagement, and made her reappearance. But even in the four years that she had been off the stage, she had been superseded, and had been forgotten. Younger women had come forward, and prettier women had become popular. So the next season Daisy did n't get such a good part. And the next season Daisy got only a poor one.

So she conceived an idea. She had held on to the nice people. She had clung to them like grim death. Being circumspect was a fad with her. But being sweet and simple was a mania with her. So she conceived the idea of becoming "a drawing-room entertainer." But "a drawing-room entertainer" on "different" lines.

She had never had much of a voice. And now she had less than ever. So she decided to sing children's songs, in a childish voice and in a childish way. She would dress daintily—and inexpensively. She would look charming—and youthful. And, furthermore, she knew several smart women who would help her on; and she knew one rich man who would back her up.

So in due course, and when she was thirty-three years old, Daisy Dunham appeared at Mrs. Thingamabob's, and sang about "Old Mother Hubbard" and "Little Boy Blue." After songs that were suggestive and songs that were seductive, songs that were merely silly came as a change and as a novelty. So Daisy Dunham's performance was repeated at Mrs. Whatshername's. And at Mrs. Somethingorother's.

Miss Dunham asked a good price for her performance, and she got it. She went to Boston, and to Philadelphia, and to Washington. She knew nice people in all these places, and she routed them all out and held

them all up. That was in the winter. In the summer she went to Europe. She gave her performances in London and in Paris. If the people had titles, she did n't demand much payment.

After a time, Daisy Dunham gave performances in America every winter, and in Europe every summer. She got about a lot, and she worked up a reputation. Most people laughed at her behind her back, and some people laughed at her to her face. But what difference did that make? None at all!

For ten years she kept this thing up. She had elaborated her programme. And she had elaborated herself. She had nursery-rhymes written for her. And she had beauty-treatments prescribed for her. She had her body punched, and she had her face pinched, until, at forty years of age, she was really a wonder!

A woman of forty who dares to get up before an audience in a white muslin dress, with a pink sash round her waist, and a pink bow in her hair, and lisp of "Hi, diddle, diddle," and pipe of "Hickery, dickery, dock," and is able to get away with it, must have something back of her. Daisy Dunham was able to get away with it. And Daisy Dunham had something back of her. It was "nerve."

And now it was springtime, and Miss Dunham was on board an ocean liner, on her way from New York to London. The ship moved away from the pier, and Miss Dunham went down to her cabin. She picked up the passenger-list and ran her eyes over it. She found the name of "Mrs. Ebenezer Hatch." The list had it "Mrs. Ebenezer Hatch and maid."

Miss Dunham had never met Mrs. Hatch. But Miss Dunham had heard of Mrs. Hatch. Mrs. Hatch was the widow of an immensely rich dry-goods man from Denver. She had come to New York and had tried to get into Society, and had failed.

Miss Dunham looked in the mirror. She wore a plain gray dress and a plain gray hat. Miss Dunham went on deck. She went in search of Mrs. Hatch.

Miss Dunham did n't find Mrs. Hatch until the next morning. Mrs. Hatch was lying in a deck-chair. There was a vacant chair beside her. Miss Dunham took possession of the vacant chair. She pretended not to notice Mrs. Hatch.

Miss Dunham opened her bag and took out some type-written pages. They were the "manuscripts" of some new "material" she was rehearsing. One rhyme was about a little boy who hated "practising the scales," and another was about a doll who had "a pain in her sawdust." So cute and cunning, don't you think?

The wind was blowing in Mrs. Hatch's direction. A gust blew one of Miss Dunham's type-written pages onto Mrs. Hatch's lap. Miss Dunham jumped up to get it. Mrs. Hatch handed it to her.

"Thank you so much!" said Miss Dunham sweetly. Then she looked at Mrs. Hatch, and exclaimed, "Have n't I met you somewhere?"

"I think not!" said Mrs. Hatch, looking at the plain gray dress and the plain gray hat.

"Not at Mrs. St. George's? Nor at Mrs. de Vere's?" said Miss Dunham.

"I think not!" repeated Mrs. Hatch, looking at the steamed face and the tinted hair.

"Oh, then it must have been on Fifth Avenue!" said Miss Dunham. "I must have seen you driving!"

"Possibly," said Mrs. Hatch, picking up her book.

"I drive very often—with Mrs. Schuyler Le Clair," said Miss Dunham.

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Hatch, putting down her book.

"Yes," said Miss Dunham. "Do you know her?"

"No," said Mrs. Hatch; "I do not!"

"You would love her!" said Miss Dunham. "She is so dear and sweet. I am devoted to her. You know I am Mrs. Johnson—Mrs. Julian Johnson, but I am known as Miss Dunham—Miss Daisy Dunham. I give little recitals. I do children's songs and children's sayings. Of course I am a woman, and have been married, and have been widowed, and thrown upon the world, and compelled to earn my own living. But I am like a child, and so the little songs that I used to sing for my own amusement, I now sing for the amusement of—— Let me show you."

Miss Dunham opened her bag, and took out a memorandum-book. She turned over the pages. "Here are some of the houses I have appeared at during the past season in New York," said Miss Dunham: "Mrs. Van Gold, Mrs. McMun, Mrs. Fitz Flash. And so forth and so on. And here are some of the houses I am to appear at during the coming season in London: the Countess of Marlowe, the Marchioness of Hampton, the Duchess of Lincoln. And so forth and so on!"

"How interesting!" said Mrs. Hatch, as though she meant it—as indeed she did.

"Yes, everybody is so dear and sweet to me!" said Miss Dunham. "All these great ladies are so good and kind to me! The dear Princess Virginia, for instance"—etc., etc., etc.

During the remainder of the voyage, Miss Dunham sat with Mrs. Hatch every day, and dined with Mrs. Hatch every night. Miss Dunham had backed up her glittering assertions with letters from smart women in America and from titled women in Europe.

"Where are you going to stop in London?" said Mrs. Hatch.

"At a little place I always go to—in Albemarle Street," said Miss Dunham. "It is very neat, and very clean, and very inexpensive."

"Why don't you come and share my suite with me at the Blitz?" said Mrs. Hatch.

"Mrs. Hatch!" cried Miss Dunham. "How perfectly dear and sweet of you!"

"Will you do it?" said Mrs. Hatch.

"I shall be delighted!" said Miss Dunham.

So Miss Dunham shared Mrs. Hatch's suite at the Blitz. And Miss Dunham shared Mrs. Hatch's maid and Mrs. Hatch's motor. And Miss Dunham accepted one of Mrs. Hatch's house-dresses, and one of Mrs. Hatch's street-dresses, and one of Mrs. Hatch's evening-dresses. In return, Miss Dunham introduced Mrs. Hatch to the Honorable Mrs. Cecil Starke, and Lady Angeline Crosse, and the Countess of Croftmere.

Miss Dunham did n't introduce all these people to Mrs. Hatch at the same time. Oh, no, indeed! She introduced them in dribs and drabs. And she led up to them. She made Mrs. Hatch feel under obligation to her. And all the time it was the other way round. Very much the other way round.

One year Miss Dunham had got hold of a rich woman from Butte. Another year Miss Dunham had got hold of a rich woman from Detroit. But Miss Dunham had never got hold of such a good thing as this rich woman from Denver.

One evening Miss Dunham came back to the hotel somewhat later than usual. She had been out all the afternoon in Mrs. Hatch's motor. Mrs. Hatch had placed her car at Miss Dunham's disposal.

"Constance!" cried Miss Dunham. "What do you think?"

"I can't imagine!" said Mrs. Hatch. "What is it?"

"I have been engaged to appear at the Duchess of Mayfair's party next week!" said Miss Dunham.

"The Duchess of Mayfair?" echoed Mrs. Hatch.

"Yes," said Miss Dunham; "the dear, sweet Duchess! Although she is such a great lady, she sees what I am trying to express in my little songs and my little sayings, and although I am a woman, and have been married, and have been widowed, and thrown upon the world, and compelled to earn my own living, I am like a child, and——"

"Could you get me an invitation to the Duchess's party?" said Mrs. Hatch, interrupting the rigmarole she had heard so many, many times before. "Could you possibly do it?"

"I—don't—think—so!" said Miss Dunham doubtfully.

"Oh, try! Do please try!" said Mrs. Hatch pleadingly.

"How strange it seems!" said Miss Dunham. "Here is the Duchess, with all her great position, begging me, poor little me, to sing at her party! And here are you, with all your great wealth, begging me, poor little me, to do something for you, too! Only to think of it! She is

the mistress of Strathchester House! And I am from Atlanta, Georgia! Here are you with diamonds and emeralds and rubies! And here am I without a jewel or an ornament! Why, those pearls you have around your neck now, your smallest pearls and your shortest string, are worth more than I could possibly make in this season, and the next, and the next!"

"Daisy," cried Mrs. Hatch, "I will tell you what I will do! I will make you a present of these pearls!"

"Constance!" cried Miss Dunham.

"I will make you a present of these pearls—if you will get me an invitation to the Duchess of Mayfair's party."

"I—will—try—to!" said Miss Dunham.

Miss Dunham tried. And Miss Dunham succeeded. The Duchess of Mayfair was apparently a spendthrift. But she was in reality a skinflint. Miss Dunham had asked for a very small payment for her performance. And the Duchess had offered her even less. Miss Dunham had accepted. But, after the talk with Mrs. Hatch, Miss Dunham went back to the Duchess, and said that she would be pleased to sing without any payment at all—if the Duchess would invite Mrs. Hatch to come to the party.

"But who is this Mrs. Hatch?" said the Duchess.

"A friend of mine," said Miss Dunham. "An American woman, very rich and very smart!"

"Very well!" said the Duchess.

So Mrs. Hatch got an invitation. And Miss Dunham got the pearls.

But, after a while, Mrs. Hatch became tired of Miss Dunham and Miss Dunham's tactics. Their friendship cooled, and Mrs. Hatch went on to Paris, while Miss Dunham went back to the little place in Albemarle Street that was so neat and clean and inexpensive.

But, taking it all in all, Miss Dunham had a very good season of it—thanks to Mrs. Hatch and others. And then autumn came, and Miss Dunham was on board an ocean-liner, on her way from London to New York. The ship moved away from the pier, and Miss Dunham went down to her cabin. She picked up the passenger-list and ran her eye over it. She found the name of "Lord Chauncey Douglas." The list had it "Lord Chauncey Douglas and valet."

Miss Dunham looked in the mirror. She wore a plain gray dress and a plain gray hat. Miss Dunham went on deck. She went in search of Lord Chauncey Douglas. And she found him—after a while.

"Pardon me," said Miss Dunham, looking very meek and modest, and seeming very shy and shrinking, "but aren't you Lord Chauncey Douglas?"

"Yes," said Lord Douglas politely.

"I thought so!" said Miss Dunham. "Your aunt, the Countess of Belgravia, is a friend of mine, a dear, sweet friend of mine, and she has often showed me your picture, and has often spoken of you. Once she said to me, 'Daisy, I want you to know my nephew, and if you ever run across him, tell him I said so!'"

"I say!" said Lord Douglas. "That is awfully jolly! And I am awfully glad to know you, Miss—or is it—Mrs.—?"

"Miss!" said Miss Dunham. "Miss Daisy Dunham! I am a woman, and I have been married, and have been left a widow, and have been thrown on the world, and compelled to earn my own living, but I am like a child. I suppose that that is why everybody is so good and kind to me!"

"I—er—suppose so!" said Lord Douglas.



BUNCHED HITS

A REACTIONARY is a gun that kicks.

You never can tell which side a two-faced man is on.

MONEY talks. It has a silvery voice, but its soft notes don't go very far.

THE family tree that the palmist tells about is nothing but a palm tree.

It is easier to find fault with a husband than to find a husband without a fault.

MEN are pretty much alike the world over. The rich man dodges taxes, and the poor man dodges taxis.

Howard C. Kegley

PUBLIC OBLIGATIONS—MUNICIPAL BONDS PREFERRED

By Edward Sherwood Meade, Ph.D.

FOR the conservative investor who looks for absolute safety of principal, and who is willing to make some sacrifices of income in order to secure it, the municipal bond has the first choice. United States government bonds, it is true, are safer, but the demand for these bonds from national banks, which use them as a basis for circulating notes, and to secure deposits of money with them by the Government, is so great that they yield little more than two per cent. This yield is too small to be attractive even to the most conservative investor. Of the government bonds outstanding, amounting to \$963,349,390, all but \$193,526,090 are held by national banks.

State bonds are distinctly inferior to municipal bonds. In the eleventh amendment to the Constitution of the United States it is provided that "the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against any of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State." Under this amendment, any State may repudiate its obligations, and a number of States have done so, at different times, and for a variety of reasons. Following the panic of 1837, during a period of severe industrial depression, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Florida, and Mississippi repudiated their debts, declared, in effect, that they were unable to pay their creditors. Of the four Northern States, Michigan was the only one which did not eventually pay in full. In the South, Florida and Mississippi were guilty of deliberate repudiation. At a later period, in 1860, Minnesota repudiated certain bonds issued in aid of railroad construction. These bonds were eventually redeemed at fifty cents on the dollar, with accrued interest.

Following the Civil War came a wave of repudiation in the South. From 1870 to 1884 nine Southern States defrauded their creditors by stopping payment. A large part of this debt was due to the extravagance and rascality of the carpet-bag period, and these abuses were urged in defense and extenuation of the wholesale repudiation of written obligations. Whatever the cause, however, by 1870 the bonds of

the Southern States in default had reached \$170,025,340, an increase of \$82,257,650 over the amount of defaulted debt in 1860.

There is a kindly explanation of the tendency of the Southern States to repudiate, which applies, however, mainly to ante bellum defaults. Mr. Justice Curtis, in an article in the *North American Review* for January, 1844, referring to the repudiation of Mississippi, says:

To pay debts punctually is the point of honor among commercial peoples. But the planters of Mississippi do not so esteem it. They do not feel the importance of an exact conformity to contracts. It has not been their habit to meet their engagements on the very day, if not quite convenient. Certainly they attach no idea of dishonesty to such a course of dealing. They mean to pay, but they did not expect, when they contracted the debt, to distress themselves about the payment. If a friend wants a thousand dollars for a loan or a gift, he can have it, though perhaps a creditor wants it also. We do not mean to intimate that there are no high qualities in such a character, but they are different from those which make good bankers or merchants, and, therefore, bankers and merchants ought not to expect such men to look at a debt just as they do.

To explain the repudiation of the "carpet-bag" debts, we can resort to an illustration in another field. One of the favorite methods of swindling the farmer twenty years ago was by securing his signature to a document, one-half of which was a receipt, a bill of sale, or some such innocent thing, and the other half, which was folded under, so as to be concealed from the victim's gaze, was a promise to pay. The innocuous part of the document would subsequently be cut off, and the promissory note, signed in ignorance of its real nature, and by the victim of a gross and palpable fraud, would be discounted at a bank. In time this note would be presented for payment by the bank, an innocent holder for value and as such fully entitled to collect on the fraudulent note. Now, in order to comprehend the attitude of the people of North Carolina or Mississippi toward their bonds issued by their "carpet-bag" governments during the reconstruction period, from which the people of these States got practically no benefit, we have only to picture the attitude of mind of the aforesaid farmer, supposing there was no law protecting the innocent holders for value of a negotiable instrument, when the bank which had purchased one of these fraudulent, though in form genuine, notes, asked for payment. Would he pay it? We think not. He would not even extend to the banker his sympathy. He would laugh at the banker's calamity. He would have him in derision.

Now, this is exactly the attitude of the Southern States. There is no law which compels them to pay their debts. The Constitution of the United States makes them immune from prosecution. No one can touch them. These debts, they claim, are tainted with fraud.

They will not pay them, and they can look the whole world in the face when they say it.

There will come a time when these debts will be paid. These Southern States will need money for public improvements, and in order to sell new bonds they must first settle with the existing creditors. This will not be a matter of sentiment or honor, but of business. When that time comes, State bonds will improve their standing. At present, however, although some States, such as New York, enjoy excellent credit, the reputation of State bonds as a class is somewhat blown upon.

When we come to the bonds issued by the political subsidiaries of the State—the counties, townships, school districts, towns, and cities—we at once encounter a situation entirely different. Instead of the optional honesty of the State, an honesty depending on the prevalence and predominance of the commercial spirit among her citizens, and conditioned also by the necessity of appealing from time to time for new loans to the creditors, we find the absolute guaranty of a secured obligation. Even in those States which repudiated their written obligations, we find these smaller political units enjoying excellent credit, their bonds in demand because both principal and interest are secured. The explanation of this difference is found in the fact that these smaller governmental bodies do not enjoy the same immunity as the State. They can be sued by the creditor.

We hear much about the good faith of the public; that it represents the distilled essence of a multitude of private consciences, that it is a higher, nobler, more dependable thing than the good faith of the individual. This view of public honor is not entirely correct. Edmund Burke, in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, speaks of a perfect democracy as "the most shameless thing in the world." As he says:

The share of infamy that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in public acts is small indeed, the operation of opinion being in the inverse ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts has to them the appearance of a public judgment in their favor.

And in another place:

Society requires not only that the passions of individuals should be subjected, but that even in the mass and body, as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can only be done by a power out of themselves, and not in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue.

The State may be taken as the perfect democracy to which Burke refers, and some American States are in reference to their debts careless, though populous with men honorable in all private business relations. The towns and cities of these States, however, are corporations, chartered by the State for the performance of the local functions of government, authorized to borrow money, and compelled by the law to repay what they have borrowed, by a power outside of themselves.

The security of a municipal bond is twofold: first, the property not used for the purpose of government, which the city may own, and which can be sold under execution in satisfaction of a judgment, and second, the obligation of the municipal officers, when ordered to do so by the court, to levy taxes for the payment of principal and interest of their debts. Some States provide in their constitution that when a debt is incurred, provision must be made by taxation to repay the debt at maturity and in the meantime to pay the interest. It is a general rule also, even when the constitution does not provide for such a tax, and also supplementing the constitutional requirement, that the local authorities should by municipal ordinance provide for such a tax. Even without special provisions in State constitution or local ordinance, however, the general power of taxation can be invoked in case of default, by the creditor, and writs of mandamus can compel public officers to levy the tax.

Municipal bonds differ, however, from the bonds of private corporations, in that they must be issued in strict compliance with the law. The history of municipal borrowing in the United States abounds with instances of folly. Bonds have been issued in aid of public improvements which never materialized. Bonds have been sold to enormous amounts whose proceeds never found their way into the public treasury. Every financial wrong inflicted on the Southern people by the reconstruction governments can find its counterpart in the borrowing by municipalities. Learning wisdom by experience, the people have in their State constitutions, and in the statutes under which municipal corporations are chartered, imposed upon these bodies a variety of restrictions, which, as they enforce caution and conservatism upon the municipal authorities, contribute also to secure the investor.

In the first place, municipalities are generally prohibited from incurring debt in aid of any railroad or other outside enterprise. The proceeds of municipal bonds sales must be spent in and for the benefit of the borrowing community. Next, the amount of debt is closely limited. The usual standard of limitation is the assessed value of the property in the town or city. Their assessed value, with but few exceptions, is far below, usually little more than half the real or market value, and on this assessed value cities are prohibited from incurring more than small percentages, ranging from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 15 per cent. of debt. A

limit of five per cent. on the assessed valuation, a common restriction, with an assessment of fifty per cent. of selling value, is equivalent to a stipulation that the city must not borrow more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the amount at which its taxable property should be valued. Furthermore, the State takes great care that loans should be incurred only after full deliberation by the municipal authorities, and in many States after the voters have had an opportunity to pass upon the wisdom of the loan. The utmost care is taken to secure complete publicity. In order that the highest price shall be obtained, competitive bids are invited, accompanied by certified checks to substantial amounts as evidence of good faith. In every possible way, the State protects the public, and in so doing protects the investor against bond issues rising to excessive amounts, for purposes of which the people do not approve, and for which the issuing municipalities do not receive full value.

These legal restrictions on municipal borrowing, while they protect the investor, also make it necessary for him to be on his guard to see that they have been fully complied with. When a railroad company issues bonds, many provisions of its charter and by-laws may have been violated, and yet the innocent holder of these bonds will be protected. He is not supposed to have knowledge or to be held responsible for the internal arrangements of the company to which he loans money. He has done his part by giving value for the bond. Let the company, in case it has been defrauded of a part of the proceeds of these bonds, or if they have been issued for a purpose which the charter forbids, look for compensation and reimbursement to those officials who are responsible.

With a municipal bond, however, the case is different. The regulations which govern their issue are a part of the laws of their State. Every one is supposed to have knowledge of them. The bond-buyer must have these regulations in mind. He must assume that they have been complied with. If in any substantial respect the regulations governing bond issue have not been closely followed, the bonds may be held invalid. A little book by Maurice B. Dean of the New York Bar, entitled "Municipal Bonds Held Void," gives a complete list of these obligations in the purchase of which the creditor lost. From this digest I take the following:

In 1904, \$4,000 of bonds issued by the village of Grant, Nebraska, were held invalid because they were issued in aid of private waterworks, an unlawful purpose. The bonds referred to a statute as authority for their issue, which statute did not convey authority. The court said, "The bonds, therefore, bear upon their face ample evidence of their own invalidity, and no one can claim to be a bona fide purchaser of a bond which carries on its face indubitable evidence of its unlawful character."

A Michigan case is even more significant. The village of Ashley sold \$8,500 of waterworks bonds under a resolution of the village council, which, while it authorized the president and clerk to *sign* waterworks bonds, did not authorize the president to *deliver* the bonds, which were held to be void, although in the hands of a bona fide holder.

An Indiana case shows how far the taint of illegality can persist. The city of Jeffersonville had issued and sold bonds to obtain money to contest litigation changing the county seat. At a later time it was desired to take up these bonds with a new issue. The issue was enjoined by a tax-payer, and the original issue was held to be void because made for an illegal purpose.

Out of this situation arises the need of a careful legal investigation. The buyer of a municipal bond cannot be an innocent holder for value. He is charged with constructive knowledge of any illegality in the procedure under which his bonds were issued. If all the requirements laid down in the law were not complied with, his bonds are invalid. This does not mean that the bondholder will necessarily lose. He can still fall back on the good faith of the people, estimating this at its problematical value. But the trouble is that after bonds have been tainted with illegality there is no legal way in which they can be paid, except by popular subscription, until the law is changed. The city of Helena, Montana, through no fault of its own, is unable to pay certain bonds which, owing to a decline in the value of the city's property, are issued to an illegal amount. The city stands ready to pay these bonds whenever a legal method can be found. Meanwhile the holders suffer loss.

The bond house purchasing an issue of municipals, therefore, centres its inquiry upon the legality of the issue. It takes into account other factors—productiveness of the assets which are to be constructed with the proceeds of the bonds, population of the borrowing community, its record of good faith toward its creditors, the assessed value of the property, and any other factors which may bear upon the merits of the flotation as a business proposition. Its chief concern, however, is with the legality. Municipal county, school district, and county bonds are good, if they are legal. That is the rule. The margin of security in the value of a town's property over the total amount which it is allowed to borrow is so great as to eliminate the element of business risk which the purchaser of a municipal bond must consider. The bond-house, for this investigation, relies upon the advice of the best lawyers it can secure. In some cases the opinions of two firms are taken. The lawyers' statement to the bond-house answers the following questions:

- (1) Is the city permitted by its charter and by the State constitution and Acts of Assembly to issue bonds for the purposes proposed?

(2) Have the necessary formalities, such as passage of ordinances, approval by the mayor, etc., been taken by the city?

(3) If necessary, has the bond issue been approved at an election, and in that case has the election been conducted according to the prescribed form?

(4) Have the legal stipulations concerning advertisement, secrecy of bids, and award to the highest bidder, been complied with?

(5) Is the amount of the issue within the limits set by the statute?

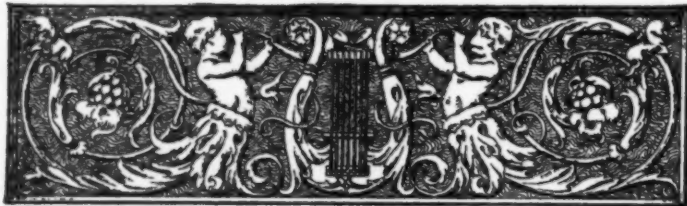
(6) Is the form of the bond such that the city cannot escape responsibility by any technicality or slip in drawing up or wording the instrument?

(7) Have the present bonds, or the bonds which it is proposed to refund with this issue (e.g. Jeffersonville case) ever been subject to litigation?

On the basis of these legal opinions, for which the bond house must sometimes pay large fees, the bonds are offered to the investor, who may purchase them with absolute confidence in their validity. Mr. Laurence N. Chamberlain, in his excellent work, "The Principles of Bond Investment," states that in 1907, out of \$200,000,000 of municipal and State bonds issued, some \$4,000,000, or 2 per cent., divided among sixty-five municipal issues, were finally declined by those who had bought them subject to the approval of their attorneys, usually on the ground of their illegality. To show the care exercised, an instance came to my notice when a New York house refused to purchase an issue of school district bonds, because while the law required that the notice of the election to authorize the bonds should be posted for a certain time on the *front* door of the school-house, it appeared that the notice had been posted on the *side* door.

In some States—New Jersey, North Dakota, Texas, Georgia, and Kansas—the law now provides for a "State Certification of Validity," usually endorsed on the bond by some state official. When this safeguard is provided, a legal investigation is not absolutely necessary, although it will usually be made as an extra precaution. Elsewhere, however, the investigation by the attorneys is indispensable to security.

In the April issue I shall take up the yield on municipal bonds, and shall attempt to show that a large return, considering the superior quality of the security, can be obtained on well-advised purchases of these bonds.





THE STRIKE OF THE OLD JOKES

The Editor was blithely signing checks when he was interrupted by a knock at the door—not the timorous, faint-hearted knock of a would-be contributor, but an ominous, reverberating knock, full of power and dramatic effect.

"Come in," said the Editor, a little uncertainly, for he had never heard a knock like that before.

A horde of creatures burst into the room. They were angry and uproarious, and as they carried banners with threatening legends on them, any one could deduce at once that they were Strikers.

Also, which they were.

The leader of the band was the old Mother-in-Law Joke. Ragged and weary, the overworked old Joke leaned heavily on a staff as she spoke.

"We are here, Mr. Editor, to claim our rights. We are a band of overworked, underpaid Jokes, and we demand shorter hours and better wages!"

"Hear, hear!" "We do! We do!" cried all the other Strikers, and the Cook Joke and Tramp Joke waxed belligerent and shook their fists at the not unfrightened Editor.

"Me, too," piped up the Gentle Spring Joke. "I'm only on duty at one season of the year, but at that time I'm so overworked that I have nervous prostration the rest of the year."

"Just my case," sighed the Moving-Day Joke, and the Summer Girl Joke said,

"I'm like that, too."

"And so," went on the Mother-in-Law Joke, "we've struck!"

"In other words," interrupted the Cook Joke, "we're givin' notice, an' we're goin' to lave!"

Walnuts and Wine

"Unless our demands are met," said the Young Bride House-keeper Joke.

"And wh-what are your d-de-demands?" gasped the Editor, who foresaw a dreadful siege ahead of him.

"These are our demands," declared the Getting-Home-Late-from-the-Club Joke. "As one of the oldest, most overworked, and poorest paid of the Strikers, I will announce our demands. We want assurance that each of us shall not appear in print in the same periodical more than three times in each issue. We want an entire vacation of two weeks each year. We want to be paid for at the rates given for jokes on new subjects. And we want guaranty that we shall be read. Then, every seven years we each want a whole year's vacation, agreeing, however, that we shall not all take this year at the same time."

"A wh-whole y-year!" gasped the Editor.

"Yes," said the Sweet Girl Graduate Joke. "This rule obtains in our colleges, and shall not the Facetious Deans and Professors fare as well as the Academic?"

"But," said the Editor, "any humorous paper would fail—would at once cease to exist—if it were obliged to lose all or any of you for a whole year!"

"Be that as it may," said the Mother-in-Law Joke, "we have made up our minds. Accede to our requests, or we cease work at once; and where are your humorous papers, then?"

The Editor thought deeply for a moment. He was a right-spirited man, and he could not bring himself tamely to submit to these unconscionable demands.

"No!" he thundered, banging his fist down upon his be-inked desk. "No! I will not submit! Do your worst! I defy you! I have Strike-Breakers at hand. We will run our papers without your help. Go!"

His majestic figure towered above the baffled and flabbergasted old Jokes. They had not expected this! Even the little old Dog and Sausage Joke yelped helplessly.

Then another door opened, and the Editor's aides came bounding in.

They were Modern Jokes—Motor Jokes, Aeroplane Jokes, Suffragette Jokes, Divorce Jokes, Women's Club Jokes, Harem Skirt Jokes, Bridge Jokes—ah, surely these could hold their own against the old and decrepit Strikers.

They looked good; they were young, fresh and active. They could stand years of hard work, and their pay-rates were large at present.

Walnuts and Wine

Lasting Beauty

depends largely upon the care of the skin. That is the pith and substance of the whole problem of beauty.

It is a matter of the skin. Indeed there can be no complete beauty without skin beauty.

This being so, it is important to remember that the most eminent analysts and skin authorities, and the most beautiful women of six generations have borne testimony to the fact that

Pears' Soap

is the finest skin beautifying agent that science has produced or that money can buy.

**Matchless for
the Complexion**



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

Ah, there was the rub! At present!

As the Editor gazed at them, he knew they were a short-lived race. Already many of their number had died a natural death. Where was the Theatre Hat Joke? The Bicycle Joke? The Ping-Pong Joke? The North Pole Joke? The Picture-Puzzle Joke? All dead! The Sheath Skirt Joke? Dead, too. And the Hobble-Skirt Joke was, so to speak, on its last legs! No, clearly, these modern Jokes had n't the stability, the wearing qualities, of the kind our fathers used to make.

It would not do! No so-called humorous paper could live a day without these old stand-bys.

And so the Editor,—upright and honorable man though he was,—promised the old Jokes they should have all their demands granted, and more, too, if they would but remain, as always, the prop and stay, the bone and sinew, of our funny Funny Papers.

Carolyn Wells

THE COLLECTION BASKET

By J. J. O'Connell

The parson looks it o'er and frets.

It puts him out of sorts

To see how many times he gets

A penny for his thoughts.

IMMUNE

Nelse and Booze, two little darkies, were in Mrs. C.'s kitchen one night, when Nelse said he was going to meeting with Booze, who had been "seeking" and was going to get religion.

Next morning the lady met Nelse in the road and, mistaking him for his brother, said, "Well, did you get religion last night?"

"No, ma'am," he answered with decision. "I is de one what's done had it!"

J. T.

SHE'D JUST AS SOON

The young census man had just come in the front gate and confronted "old Miss Susan," as her neighbors called her, with the pertinent and impertinent questions required by an inquiring government. Some of his queries aroused the spinster's wrath. Finally the young fellow became flustered.

"Unmarried or single?" he asked.

"Both," she snorted, "and I'd as soon be the one as the other!"

N. L.

It is delicious, pure and healthful



Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

EXCELS IN ALL THE
ESSENTIALS OF
A GOOD COCOA

Registered U. S. Pat. Office

IT has the delicious natural flavor of the best cocoa beans, scientifically blended, unimpaired by the addition of any foreign flavoring substances. Its purity is unquestioned, samples purchased in the open market serving as standards for chemical research. It is healthful, supplying the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition in a most agreeable form. These qualities combine to make it *the* ideal food beverage.

53 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE WITH
THE TRADE-MARK ON THE PACKAGE

BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Walnuts and Wine

AND SHE CAN LOOK DAGGERS

By W. B. Kerr

"T is vile to work on woman's fears;
Be guilty not of *that* sin.
Her only weapon is her tears—
And a great long, murderous hat-pin.

THE ETHICS OF BITING

For a long time the friendly relations between two little girls whose families are next-door neighbors in Washington, were unbroken by any untoward circumstance. Finally, however, there came a "falling out," and Louise hastened to communicate to the parents of her erstwhile friend, Blanche, certain details of the distressing occurrence.

When next the two children met, severe recriminations were exchanged. Said Blanche:

"You're just as mean and hateful as you can be—telling my father and mother that I bit you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"You ought to be ashamed to bite me!" retorted Louise.

"Suppose I did," came vehemently from Blanche. "You bite, too, don't you?"

Whereupon the other showed the greatest indignation. "Let me tell you one thing," she added: "if I do bite, I never bite any one outside my own family!"

Taylor Edwards

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL

The man not long married was looking quite dejected.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired one long married.

"Well, my wife does n't resemble my ideal at all."

"Um—er," hesitated the old one, rubbing his chin thoughtfully—"does your ideal live anywhere in your neighborhood?"

W. J. Lampton

THE CRITIC

"Look at those flowers! Are n't they beautiful? They are so round and regular that one might almost think they were artificial."

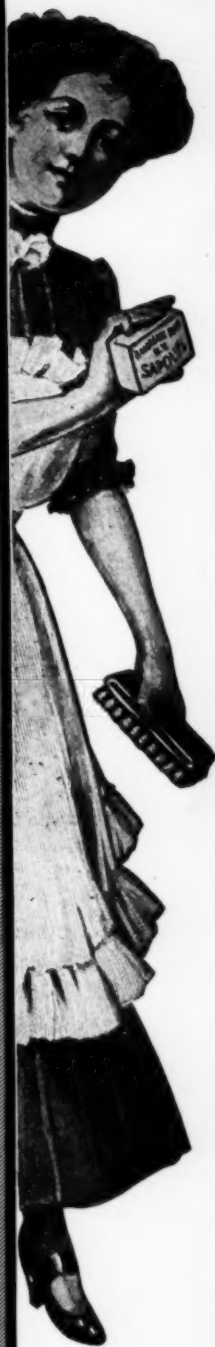
"They *are* artificial."

"Are they? You don't say! Why, one might almost think they were natural."

Ellis O. Jones

What should we do without **SAPOLIO** ?

Good housekeepers have come to depend upon Sapolio. Nothing else starts the dirt on paint, floors or pans so quickly. When you wish to be sure—use Sapolio. It Cleans, Scours, Polishes, and Works Without Waste.



Walnuts and Wine

TOBOGGANING

By Harold Susman

Tobogganing, of course, may be
The greatest

joy

and

bliss;

Unless you strike a stone, you see,
And land some-

thing

like

this!

VICE AS IT IS INTERPRETED

On Mrs. Clarke-Fischer's recent world tour in an automobile—the first ever accomplished by a woman—she was entertained in India by the Maharajah of Benares. As a memento of her entertainment, she sent his Highness a miniature anvil and vice, symbolizing the great manufacturing institution of which she is the head. Sen Roy, the private secretary to the Maharajah, was evidently terrified by the English word "vice," as his letter of thanks shows:

His Highness the Maharajah has got your nice letter informing him of the despatch of your anvil, and one thing more, as a memento of your visit. As soon as he gets the thing, he will reply to your kind letter. Your Calcutta agent informed me twice that within the last month I will get the thing, but it has not yet arrived. May I remind you of your kind promise to send me a souvenir which I would like to keep as a memento of your kind visit to my humble cottage?

Karl von Kraft

PERPETUAL WORTH

"Why was it you never married again, Aunt Sallie?" inquired Mrs. McClane of an old colored woman in West Virginia.

"'Deed, Miss Ellie," replied the old woman earnestly, "dat daid nigger's wuth moah to me dan a live one. I gits a pension."

Edith Howell Armor

MANDATORY

Ethel: "I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come to the party to-night, as I have a date."

Gladys: "Can't you break it?"

Ethel: "Not this one, dear. It's a man-date."

W. Karl Hilbrich

Hoarding Up Happiness

By FRANKLIN O. KING

The Miser Hoards for Greed of Gain—The Wise Man Saves 'gainst Days of Rain. The World hates a Miser, but loves a Provider. By Cancelling a few Habits, You will be able to Divide more Comforts with Your Family, and Happiness will Multiply for All of You. Happiness after all is a mere question of Arithmetic. "To Him that Hath shall be Given, and from Him that Hath Not shall be Taken Away even that which he Hath." The Man who Lays by Something each day for his Loved Ones is *Hoarding up Happiness*, because He is providing for them an Independent Future. "You may sin at Times, but the Worst of All Crimes is to Find Yourself Short of a Dollar or Two."

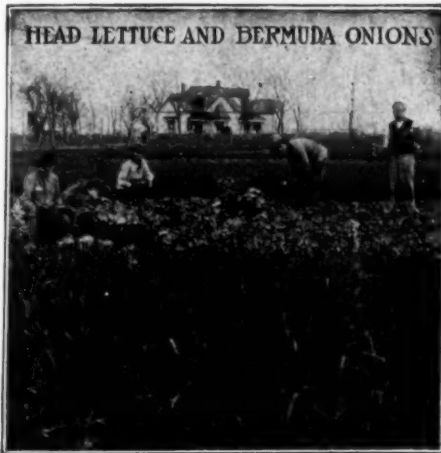
How much Better off are You than Last Year, or the Year before That? How Much have You Actually Got that You could call Your Own? A little Furniture? A Piano, perhaps? A Few Dollars in the Bank? And how many Weary Years has it taken You to get Together that little Mite? Don't You see how Hopeless It is? You come Home each Night a little more Tired, and Your good Wife can see the gray coming into Your Hair—if It isn't already There. Chances for Promotion grow Less and Less, as each Year is added, but Ever and Always Your Expenses seem to Grow.

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless His Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in One Year, at 3 per cent. earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I Know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three Big Money Making Crops a Year, on the Same Soil, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

If every Man who reads this Article would Take the Time to THINK, and the Trouble to INVESTIGATE, every Acre of our Danbury Colony Land Would be Sold Within the Next Three Months. If Every Woman who glances through this Advertisement but Knew the Plain Truth about our Part of Texas, You couldn't Keep Her away from There with a Shot-Gun, because the Woman is Primarily a Home-Seeker and a Home-Maker, and the Future of Her Children is the Great Proposition that is Uppermost in Her Mind and Heart.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in Our Country? If You Do Not Know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing Crops, etc.



A Winter Vegetable Garden near Danbury.

What Would You think of a little Town of about 1,200 People situated near our Lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter and Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else Your name, will get the Farm without the Payment of another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund Your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for Our Free Book. Fill Out the Blank Space below with Your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1360 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Illinois. Read It carefully, then use Your Own Good Judgment.

* * *

Please send me your book, "Independence With Ten Acres."

March issue LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

EXAMINATION GEMS

SUBJECTS have a right to partition the king.

THE modern name for Gaul is vinegar.

"THE Complete Angler" was written by Euclid because he knew all about angles.

THE Imperfect tense in French is used to express a future action in past time which does not take place at all.

ARABIA has many syphoons and very bad ones; It gets into your hair even with your mouth shut.

SOME of the West India Islands are subject to torpedoes.

THE Crusaders were a wild and savage people until Peter the Hermit preached to them.

ON the low coast plains of Mexico yellow fever is very popular.

Alice Lewis

BLANK VERSE

By E. W. Teitzel

! , ;
— , , !

SUITED THE DOG'S TASTE

Old Donas shuffled into Robins's grocery store, leading a shambling, mangy cur. "Meester Robine," he addressed the proprietor, "you got no empty barrel o' flour? I wants to make my dog a chicken-coop."

Beulah Rector

USUALLY

Friend: "What are you going to call the pup?"

Country Editor: "'Exchange.' I've forgotten who I swiped him from."

Lauren S. Hamilton

Walnuts and Wine

\$530 Buys the Material NEEDED TO BUILD THIS HOME!



Price includes Blue Prints; Architect's Specifications; Full Details; Working Plans and Typewritten Material List

OUR HOUSE DESIGN NO. 163

Our Design No. 163 is one of the neatest, most compact and practical houses ever built. It is beauty, symmetry and practicality combined. Much time and expense has been spent in planning this house to the very best advantage in the use of material, plan of rooms, style of construction. It cannot be improved, an ideal city or country home, an investment that

cannot but help net a handsome income. Six Rooms and Bath, plenty of Closets, Standard construction throughout. Entire interior including floors furnished in Clear Georgia Pine, up-to-date style and finish.

The material we furnish for construction is all BRAND NEW, selected with great care, excellent quality throughout, entirely suitable and in some localities almost too good for the purpose intended.

We are experts, not only in Building Material cost and values, but in house planning as well

Our Guaranteed Building Proposition insures you ample quantities to complete the job strictly according to plans; prompt shipment, safe delivery and a personal follow-up letter from our President to find out whether our promises to you have been kept. Absolute satisfaction in the entire deal is what we offer.

WE SAVE YOU BIG MONEY ON LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL!

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber, Plumbing, Heating Apparatus and Building Material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of this building except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry material. Write for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, which are so clear that there will be no possible misunderstanding.

HOW WE OPERATE

We purchase at Sheriffs' Sales, Receivers' Sales and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. Usually when you purchase your building material for the complete home shown above, elsewhere, it will cost you from 50 to 60 per cent more than we ask for it. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

WHAT OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF

We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Pipes, Valves and Fittings, Steel and Prepared Roofing. Our stock includes Dry Goods, Clothing, Furniture, Rugs, Groceries, etc., Machinery, Hardware, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field, besides everything to wear or to eat. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate. We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US TODAY, giving a complete list of everything you need.

FREE BOOK OF PLANS

We publish a handsome, illustrated book, containing designs of Houses, Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book.

OUR GUARANTEE

This company has a capital stock and surplus of over \$1,000,000.00. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Look us up in the Mercantile Agencies. Ask any Express Company. Write to the publisher of this publication. Our responsibility is unquestioned.

\$2.00 Buys a Complete Set of Blue Prints

material, transportation charges prepaid, for the low cost of \$2.00. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of material, if you can place an order with us for complete bill of material, we will credit your account in full for the \$2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications, and list of materials to us and we will refund \$1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

We send you a set of plans for the house described above, including the necessary specifications and complete list of material. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of material, if you can place an order with us for complete bill of material, we will credit your account in full for the \$2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications, and list of materials to us and we will refund \$1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

High Grade Bathroom Outfits!



The price of this Bathroom Outfit \$37.50.

Plumbing material direct to you at Bargain prices. We have everything needed in Plumbing Material. Our prices mean a saving to you of 30 to 60 per cent.

Here is an illustration of a bathroom outfit we are selling at \$37.50. Your plumber would ask you about \$60.00 for this same outfit. It is only one of many other complete outfits that we are offering at prices ranging from \$25.00 to \$50.00.

Write for Our Free Plumbing Material Catalog No. 1080

Hot Air Furnaces!

Don't let the contract for your hot air furnace until you get our figures. We will cut your local dealer's price in half. We can furnish you a complete equipment, including pipes, registers, furnace, everything required at a price not much more than what an ordinary heating stove would cost you. Complete hot air heating plants \$48.00 up. Get our heating catalog at once. Tells you all about it. Write us today. We guarantee to save you money. We loan you tools. We make you plans. Every heating plant we sell is backed by our guarantee bond.



Hot Water Heating Plants!

We guarantee to save you 50 to 75 per cent on a modern hot water heating plant for your home. We make you complete plans and instructions and help you out every way we possibly can. We loan you tools. Every plant backed by our guarantee bond. We furnish the material; you get the plant installed. Cut out the local dealer's profit and cut the cost in half. Thousands of our plants installed and working perfectly in every part of the country. Write today for our Special Heating Catalog. Tells all about our heating proposition. We can furnish Heating Apparatus for any building, no matter how large. Tell us your needs. Write for Free Special Heating Catalog No. 1080.



Water Supply Outfits! Modern Air Pressure Water Supply Systems

They are strictly new, first-class and complete in every detail. Even though you live in the country, you can enjoy every city comfort at little expense. Why not investigate this. We are ready to furnish you with all facts free of charge. All material fully guaranteed. We also have a complete stock of Pipe, Valves and Fittings at 40 to 50 per cent saving.

1½ Horse Power Gasoline Engines at \$24.75

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., Thirty-Fifth and Iron Sts., CHICAGO.

SEND US THIS COUPON.

Chicago House Wrecking Co. 1080

I saw this ad in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

I am interested in.....

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Walnuts and Wine

WHAT'S THE HURRY?

On one of the most prominent street corners of Victoria, B. C., two Englishmen were deeply engrossed in conversation. This part of Canada contains a great many Englishmen who are apparently from wealthy families, and have been sent over here in the hope of the country developing them—making them work, so to speak.

A trolley-car had turned the corner, stopped for some passengers to alight, and started off again, when a man turned the corner on the run and boarded the moving car.

The Englishmen looked at each other in amazement.

"My word! Did you see him run?" one remarked.

"The blooming ass!" replied his companion. "I wonder if he did not know there was another car in twenty minutes?"

William W. Frazier

MUCH MORE IMPORTANT

The ready wit of the late Eugene F. Ware, author of "The Washerwoman's Song" and other poems, is shown in the following story.

He was giving a dinner at his home in Kansas City, Kansas, the place to which he had retired after he resigned from the office of Pension Commissioner at Washington, under Roosevelt.

The guests were equally divided between Missourians, from the twin city across the line, and Kansans. All present had imbibed the spirit of their genial, humorous host.

Said a Missourian, "You Kansans always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We, from Missouri, get tired of your cock-sureness. Tell me, what have you decided about the hen, for instance: does she *sit* or does she *set*?"

"We don't bother about things like that," flashed Ware. "What concerns us, when she cackles, is, has she *laid* or has she *lied*?"

May Lacy Shobe

SOME people never appreciate a favor because they never have the chance.

William J. Burtcher

NOTHING vexes Love so sorely as to be called "blind."

Minna Thomas Antrim

WHEN a man asks for our candid opinion he wants it candied.

L. B. Coley

Old Hampshire Bond

[41]



MUCH has been said about the effect of fine stationery upon the man who receives your letter. We have hammered hard on this subject, and what we have said has been true.

Now we ask you to consider what is equally important—the effect on yourself and your office force, should you do away with the old, inartistic, mid-Victorian letterhead and adopt a modern one—

Old Hampshire Bond

It will surprise you how this change—seemingly small because so inexpensive—will ginger up your whole business.

[42]

ONCE upon a time a firm sent out many form letters—under a two-cent stamp. To cut down the cost of the letter a cheap stationery was employed. Returns were so so.

Somebody tried the scheme of sending out these letters under a one-cent stamp, but using Old Hampshire Bond paper and envelopes.

Do you know that a man can hardly throw away a letter on Old Hampshire Bond, without reading it? Whether your stamp is green or red, is a small item when your paper looks like “ready money.”



[43]

THE Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens was assembled and bound up to interest business men. It contains suggestions and ideas for letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed or engraved on either white or on one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond. One of these specimens is almost sure to approximate the exact feeling-tone you desire for your stationery. Write for this book on your present letterhead.

*Hampshire Paper
Company*

*South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts*

*The only paper makers in
the world making bond papers
exclusively.*

Walnuts and Wine

TOMMY'S WAY

"What, Tommy, in the jam again, and you whipped for it only an hour ago!"

"Yes 'm, but I heard you tell Auntie that you thought you whipped me too hard, so I thought I'd just even up." *Justin Tyme*

GRAFT AT GAZA

"Let them think I am without friends," gritted Samson, through his clenched teeth. "I'll show them that I have some pull left!"

Therewith and immediately the temple tumbled. *W. R. M.*

THEY ALL WEAR 'EM

By S. S. Stinson

"Our eyes enable us to see,"

Remarked the teacher wan.

"And what are noses for?" said she.

Replied the Boston child, aged three:

"To keep our glasses on."

WHEN HORACE GREELEY WENT COURTING

In his younger days, while filling the humble position of printer's "devil," Horace Greeley was sedulously courting the minister's daughter. Her father did not look with favor on the young man's attentions. One day, however, the good man was unwontedly gracious, and invited the future editor to come to church the next Sabbath, as he felt sure the sermon would be of special interest to him. Sunday morning found young Horace, dressed in his best, seated in the pew beside the fair object of his devotion. Sermon time came, and his dismay may be imagined when the minister, looking straight at him, impressively announced as his text, "Lo! my daughter is being grievously tormented by a devil." *J. G. G.*

A PRESUMPTUOUS TEACHER

A teacher in the foreign quarter had a pupil so unruly that it became necessary to write to the child's father.

"My dear Mr. Blankowitz," the letter began.

Next day a very stout and very irate woman appeared in the class-room flourishing a paper.

"I teach you to call my husband 'my dear'!" she cried. "Why, he say he ain't never saw you in his life and I believe *him*, you piece of impudence!"

Marie Phelan



WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We invite you to try a new treatment called "Sargol" that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good, solid flesh on people that are thin and under weight.

How can "Sargol" do this? We will tell you. This new treatment is a scientific, assimilative agent. It increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—puts red corpuscles in the blood which every thin person so sadly needs, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of food gives out its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated.

Women who never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, men under weight or lacking in nerve force or energy have been made to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of which you can be justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Company, 401-K, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., today, for 50c box "Sargol," absolutely free, and use with every meal.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—been convinced—and will swear to the virtues of this preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! "Sargol" does make thin people add flesh, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Write us today and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package for trial. **Cut off coupon below and pin to your letter.**

**THIS COUPON GOOD FOR 50c
PACKAGE "SARGOL"**

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c package "Sargol" (provided you have never tried it). The Sargol Company, 401-K Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walnuts and Wine

ONE WAY TO LOOK AT IT

A candidate for public office, who was visiting his friends over on the other side of the ridge, stopped to spend the night with Uncle Jimmie Lowry.

After supper they sat in front of the big log fire, and settled the country's problems, to the great satisfaction of the old man.

"Well, Uncle Jimmie," at last ventured the visitor, "what do you think of this Woman's Suffrage business?"

"I'm agin it, Hen. Yes, sir, I'm agin it," he answered promptly, with an emphatic shake of the head. "I've took notice they's a powerful sight o' measliness goes on at elections—cussin' an' fightin' an' sich. It'll be wuss 'n ever if the wimmen gits mixed up in it."

"But, Uncle Jimmie," urged Henry, "maybe the women will *elevate* the ballot-box."

The old man turned squarely toward the other, and his voice was very serious as he replied:

"Look a-here, Hen, hain't you never lurned yet that they is jist two things men will fight over quicker 'n enny others? Yessir, an' them two things is dawgs an' wimmen."

Sallie P. Harrison

LITTLE DOROTHY, SCIENTIST

Little Dorothy's parents are Christian Scientists. Recently the family moved from the country into the city. A friend on a visit inquired as to the whereabouts of the kitten Dorothy had been so fond of.

"The janitor would n't let us have our kitty in the flat, so Papa passed her on."

Ernest Sherburne

HIS LITTLE GAME

The man rushed excitedly into the smoking car. "A lady has fainted in the next car! Has anybody got any whiskey?" he asked.

Instantly a half-dozen flasks were thrust out to him. Taking the nearest one, he turned the bottle up and took a big drink, then, handing the flask back, said, "Thank you. It always did make me feel sick to see a lady faint."

M. R. Lyons

A WOMAN'S REASON

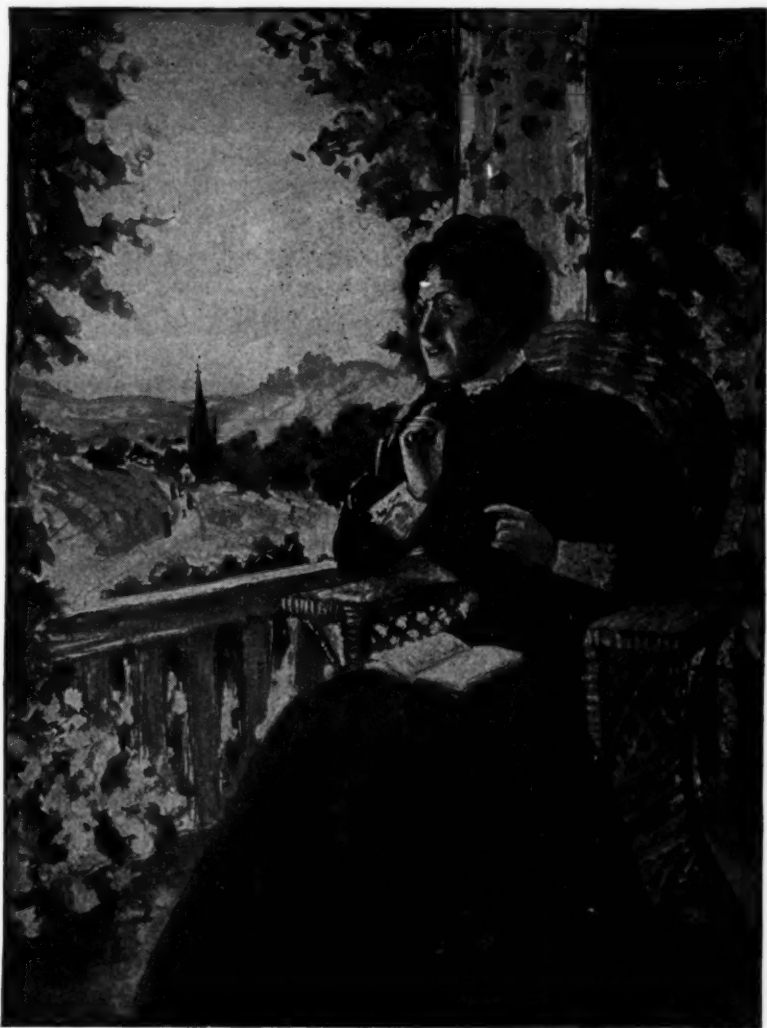
By Margaret G. Hays

I never want one of those automobiles.

You're always a-buying a tire for the wheels.

No, I can spend all of my spare, extra pelf

In buying attire for my own darling self.



HEARS CHURCH BELLS AFTER LONG DEAFNESS

For the first time in years this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstasy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf, and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harassed by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she was told of a book which explains how to regain perfect hearing without costly apparatus or drugs. She got this book and learned how to quickly become freed from deafness and head-noises. Observe her delight in this hypothetical illustration! Any reader of Lippincott's who desires to obtain one of these books can do so free of cost by merely writing to the author, Dr. George E. Contant, 98 F, Station E, New York, N. Y. He will be pleased to mail it promptly, postpaid, to anyone whose hearing is not good. This offer will bring joy to many homes.

Walnuts and Wine

MATED

By Ella Middleton Tybout

Said the Body to the Mind, "You are really most unkind,
When you know we're yoked together for the race.
I'm growing weak and weary, and the way is long and dreary,
Yet you goad me to achieve a quicker pace."

Quoth the Mind, exasperated, "The fact that we are mated
Is a matter quite beyond our joint control;
But the yoke is rendered galling by your stumbling and your falling
Whenever we seem nearest to the goal."

Cried the Body, "I protest, that I do my very best.
I'm but flesh and bone and muscle, after all!
You drive me to distraction with your constant call to action.
It's because you urge me forward that I fall."

Said the Mind, apologetic, "You are really quite pathetic,
And I recognize the justice of your plea;
But I should be much elated were we only separated,
For your limitations sadly hamper me."

L'Envoi

Now, can you tell me whether they will ever pull together—
The poor, complaining body and the mind?
Is the drug yet known to Science that looks with calm defiance
On the ills to which the body is inclined?

Or would mankind live longer if the body just grew stronger,
While the mind remained at rest in *statu quo*?
Would the coming generation show advance or retrogradation?
This is something I should really like to know.

A LARGE MIND

Sympathetic Druggist (to stout lady customer): "So—I am glad
to see that you are better this morning. Was it the medicine?"

Stout Lady Customer: "No, it was not the medicine. It is entirely
due to the influence of my mind over matter."

Sympathetic Druggist (admiringly): "What an enormous mind
you must have!"

Jane Belfield

Walnuts and Wine



THAT RICH DELICATE FLAVOR
which distinguishes the QUALITY
of COCOA is characteristic of

BENS DORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

Its **STRENGTH AND SOLUBILITY**

will save $\frac{1}{2}$ your cocoa.

Always in Yellow Wrapper

STEPHEN L. BARTLETT CO.
Importers, Boston.



"A Machine a Minute"

That was the Remington announcement several weeks ago. This remarkable sale, breaking all records in typewriter history, is the direct result of the constantly growing fame and tremendous popularity of the Remington Visible Models. In selling these latest Remingtons, previous models were accepted in part payment. We saw our opportunity for a "Home Run," and put in a bid with the Remington people for the turned in machines. We got them at an unheard of low figure, and are thus enabled to offer a limited number of the finest selected.



No. 6 REMINGTONS for \$27.00 !!

Think of it! Remington No. 6 model at a price never heard of before! The world's standard! The typewriter you always wanted! The machine that always sold for \$100.00! The best built machine of its day and now the best rebuilt! Little used when we got them. Now thoroughly reconstructed, realigned, readjusted, they perform like new. Refinished and renicked, they look like new.

Absolutely and Fully Guaranteed
Like the brand-new machine as to quality, efficiency, workmanship. They bear our trademark! The white hand under "Factory Rebuilt." That trademark and the company back of it say that our guarantee is good and absolutely protects you.



How to Get One of Them !!

Sign attached coupon and mail at once. No obligation—no expense to you. We will mail you full particulars concerning our **FREE TRIAL** proposition. First come first served, of course. Offer holds good only while limited supply lasts.

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY !!!

American Writing Machine Company
345 BROADWAY NEW YORK

American Writing Machine Company,

345 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Please send me full particulars concerning Free Trial Offer of Remington Typewriter for \$27.00, without any obligation or expense on my part, as advertised in Lippincott's Magazine.

Name.....

Address.....

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

OUTS AND INS OF LONDON

When the late Franklin Fyles first visited London, he told his travelling companion, as they rose from breakfast the first morning, that he would have to be gone most of the day. "I've got to see a doctor and a lawyer, to whom I have cards of introduction," he explained, "and there are a couple of dramatic critics here who've written me to call as soon as I reached town. Then I'm going to hunt up Goldsmith's grave, down in Temple Gardens—I'd rather see that than any other one thing in all England."

A few minutes past ten Mr. Fyles walked into the hotel again, and, to his friend's surprised look, merely said, "Doctor and lawyer and critics all out. Only man at home was Oliver."

Warwick James Price

EGGS IN MISSISSIPPI

When a certain Mobile man stopped for luncheon at the small railway station eating-house in a Mississippi town, an old darky shuffled up and announced in a gruff voice that the bill of fare consisted of ham, eggs, corn-bread, and coffee.

After due deliberation, the traveller stated that he would like some ham, eggs, corn-bread, and coffee.

Such a pretentious order for one person only appeared to stagger the aged servitor. But he soon recovered his equanimity and started toward the kitchen. Then he turned and came back with this inquiry:

"Boss, how will yo' hab dem eggs, blind or lookin' at yer?"

Edwin Tarrisse

HE FELL

By Herbert Adams

Solly bought a monoplane, but could n't make it fly,
Though every expedient he faithfully did try.
A friend suggested that the roof, so level, high, and flat,
Would be the place to start from—and poor Solly fell for that!

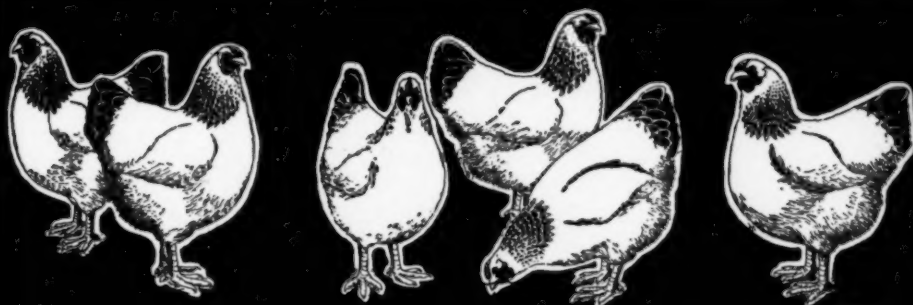
DANGEROUS

A cultured boarder from the city was worried over the appearance of diphtheria in the village and discussed the matter with one of the natives.

"Yes, ma'am," said the latter; "it's an awful thing to get those Germans in your cistern."

Exit city boarder.

Agnes Van Alen



A GOOD LIVING FROM POULTRY

The High Cost of Living can be Reduced by the PHILO SYSTEM

1600 Eggs, or 160 lbs. of Broilers, can be produced in a corner of a garden 5x6 feet square

If we were to tell you that a family of six people could make a good living from six hens you would hardly believe it. Results that have been accomplished by the **PHILO SYSTEM** in the past would justify this statement. Such results could not be obtained from common poultry or common methods. But the best birds of a **NEW BREED**, the **NEW METHOD** of the **PHILO SYSTEM** in caring for the fowls and the new way of marketing make it possible to get even better results.

This is not theory or guess-work; it is just what six hens have done in the past, and will do again when handled according to the latest methods and discoveries made by the originator of the **PHILO SYSTEM**.

At his poultry plant in Elmira, a net profit of \$25,000.00 from a **HALF ACRE OF POULTRY**, has been made in twelve months where fertile eggs are produced and hatched every day in the year. From 80 to 120 pounds of the very best broilers and roasters have been raised every three months in **PHILO SYSTEM** coops only 3 to 6 feet in size.

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HOW YOU CAN MAKE

\$1,000 \$2,000 OR \$5,000, OR MORE

PER YEAR keeping poultry by the **PHILO SYSTEM**. This can be accomplished because there is no longer any guess-work about raising, keeping or selling poultry. Everything in connection with the work has been reduced to a science and anyone who will follow our system can succeed.

Others are succeeding in every state and their experience and success are fully explained in our **NEW BOOK** entitled "**MAKING POULTRY PAY.**" It contains ninety-six pages of carefully written and selected matter of immediate and permanent value to every poultry raiser, as well as numerous illustrations. We will mail you this book for ten cents, in money or in stamps to cover postage, just to show you some facts about the poultry business that you have probably never dreamed of.

We also have a **NEW PHILO SYSTEM** text-book three times the size of any former edition. **340,000 PERSONS** have already purchased copies of former editions of this text-book and have paid \$1.00 each for every copy. The new text-book tells all about how to do the work to secure such wonderful results. This book, with descriptions of appliances, and a right to make and use them, will be mailed to you postage paid for \$1.00. If ordered at once we will mail the two books, "**MAKING POULTRY PAY,**" and the New Edition of the **PHILO SYSTEM** for only \$1.00.

THE POULTRY REVIEW This is a monthly publication edited by the originator of the **PHILO SYSTEM** and an able staff of writers made up of expert and practical poultrymen. This magazine is devoted exclusively to the idea of being immediately helpful to its readers. Every article is prepared and edited with this idea as a prevailing one. On Sept. 14, 1911, it had a sworn-to, paid-in-advance, guaranteed circulation of 110,000 copies and is considered more valuable to the Poultryman than all other poultry papers combined. The price is only \$1.00 for one year's subscription.

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Walnuts and Wine

THE WEATHER PROPHET

By J. J. O'Connell

Just now, if you cannot get out of his way,
You know before he has spoken
That as soon as he opens his lips he'll say
That the backbone of winter is broken.

HIS DEFINITION

A Southern Congressman recently met for the first time in some years an aged dorky who was formerly in the Representative's service. During their converse, the Congressman learned the interesting fact that his old servant had, in his advanced age, learned to read.

"Well, now, Sam," remarked the former master, "that makes things interesting for you, does n't it? You should find pleasant companionship in books and papers."

"Yessah," oracularly assented the old man. "Readin' is shore a great thing, sah. I has given de matter considerable consideration, sah, an' I is prepared to say, sah, dat readin' is de power of hearin' with de eyes."

Taylor Edwards

AN OMISSION

Knicker: "Did your father give you an auto?"

Bocker: "Yes, but he did n't endow it."

M. L. H.

ONE often has to put up with a lot of hissing from the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Harold Susman

OUR NEIGHBORS

She was a rather plump old lady, and had always tried to be accommodating to her neighbors; but even her obliging spirit had to refuse a request from a neighbor who sent by her little boy the following message:

"Please, ma'am, Mother sent me over to see if I could n't get a couple of pounds of lard off of you."

A. H.

Walnuts and Wine

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

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(Liqueur Peres Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagni Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

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Walnuts and Wine

ALTERED THE CASE

During his last visit to this country Henri Vignaud, for so many years our Secretary of Embassy at Paris, told a story of one Renaud who came to Paris as senator from a district in the Pyrenees.

Renaud engaged a room at a hotel in Paris and paid a month's rent—two hundred francs—in advance. The proprietor asked him whether he would take a receipt.

"A receipt is unnecessary," said Renaud. "God has witnessed the payment."

"Do you believe in God?" sneered the host.

"Most assuredly," replied Renaud, "don't you?"

"Not I, Monsieur."

"Ah," said Renaud, "in that case please make me out a receipt!"

Fenimore Morton

FULL OF GINGER

By C. H. La T.

Johnnie had a little dog,

And Ginger was his name;

He got hit by a trolley-car,

Which made him awful lame.

"Will he bite me?" a stranger asked,

And Johnnie said, "Perhaps.

You see, sometimes he's gentle,

But sometimes Ginger snaps!"

EXPOSED

Transient: "Was the show last night the real thing, as they advertised?"

Uncle Eben: "Real thing nothing. It was a fake. The boys exposed it. We got hold of the fellow who played the villain, and after riding him around town he finally confessed that he warn't no real villain after all; just pretendin'."

Lauren S. Hamilton

TIT FOR TAT

Mrs. Jenkins was standing before the mirror, arranging her thin hair, when her bald-headed husband entered the room.

"Say, Em'ly," he began, "why don't you do your hair the way you used to?"

"Why don't you?" retorted Mrs. Jenkins.

Beulah Rector

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Walnuts and Wine

RELIEF IN SIGHT

The phonograph records at the summer hotel were far from classical, but the very small boy across the street was not exacting. One evening, at a friend's house, he was treated to a number of grand opera records, which were received in bored silence. Toward the end of the mad scene in "Lucia," however, his interest revived, as the prima donna began her vocal pyrotechnics. With eyes sparkling and dimples appearing, he reassured his mother in a stage whisper, "Now we 'll have some fun—it's turning into that dog-fight record!"

C. R. S.

NO WONDER SHE BLUSHED

Two of the University of Pennsylvania track runners passed a learned and preoccupied professor showing a young lady visitor through the "Gardens."

With a dainty shiver the girl remarked:

"It's dreadfully cold—is n't it?—to be without stockings."

The professor's mind turned for a moment from contemplation of the fourth dimension.

"Then why did you leave them off?" he asked.

Mary Minor Lewis

DAVE'S REASON

A very dignified gentleman came upon Dave, a notorious rascal, poring over the family Bible, spread open on his knees.

"Why, Dave, reading the Bible? Glad to see it, my friend."

"Yes," said Dave, lifting his troubled face for a moment. "I always get my Christmas liquor from Lazarus & Co. I'm lookin' for Lazarus, to see how to spell it."

Sallie P. Harrison

FOR THE COMMUTER

By La Touche Hancock

"Tis the voice of the sluggard,

I hear him complain,

"You have waked me too early,

I shall catch the next train."

AN ADVANCE IN STATESMEN

"But the cost of living has n't affected the rich," declared the statistician.

"Has n't it?" exclaimed Senator Goldentoga. "You ought to see the quotations on Legislatures."

Stuart B. Stone

Walnuts and Wine

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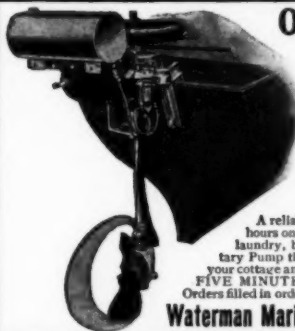
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A heavier Machine for the driveway or tennis court

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A difference of 50 pounds may mean success or ruin for your lawn—a half-ton machine will spoil it in early spring, while a 200-lb. roller is absolutely useless later in the season. If you desire a fine, soft, springy turf of deep green, instead of a coarse, dead looking patch of grass, use an "Anyweight."

The "Anyweight" Water Ballast Roller is built in 3 sizes, all of 24 inch diameter and of 24-, 27-, and 32-inch widths. The machine shown here (our smallest) weighs but 115 lbs. empty, 470 lbs. when completely filled with water and 737 lbs. with sand. The other sizes weigh 124 and 132 lbs. empty and from that "anyweight" up to half a ton. Filled in 30 seconds—emptied in a jiffy. Fully protected by our patents. Run easy—last a lifetime.

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ADVICE TO PURCHASERS

By T. C. McConnell

If when you're purchasing a horse,
He has a champing fit,
Then you will understand of course
That he will work a bit.



A BAD OPENING

Impecunious Suitor (endeavoring to make himself agreeable to Miss Angela's Papa): "What a charming place you have here, Mr. Oldman! Does it go all the way to that grove over there?"

Unsympathetic Papa: "It does."

I. S.: "And all the way to that stone wall in the distance on this side?"

U. P.: "It does! And it goes all the way to the creek on the south, and all the way to the State Road on the north; but, Mr. Youngman, it does *not* go with my daughter Angela!"

Julia W. Williamson



CUT RATES

A certain saloon-keeper had the reputation of being the stingiest man in the village. One day a stranger happened in and called for a drink of whisky. According to custom, the bottle was placed before him. He filled his glass to the brim and drained it. The villagers, knowing that the traditional drink was less than half that quantity, looked on in amusement.

The stranger threw down a dime and started out.

"Come back, you, there!" yelled the proprietor, in a rage. "Here's a nickel for you. I only charge half rate when I sell wholesale."

Agnes Van Allen



DEMANDING JUSTICE

Bob had just got back from Liverpool, and was relating the hardships of his lot on the way over, working his way as cattle-feeder.

"Was it so bad?" inquired Harry.

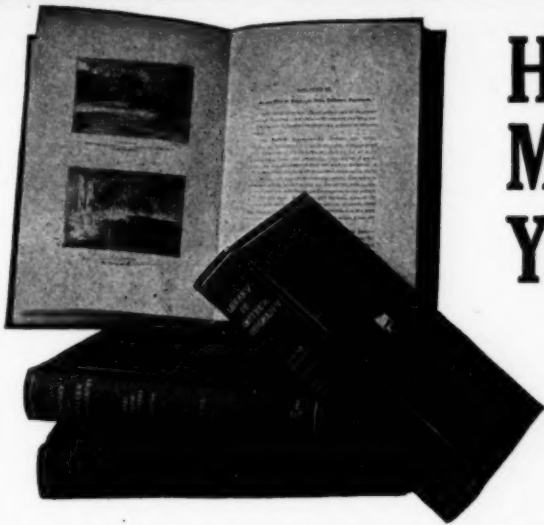
"Harry, when I go to purgatory there 'll be fourteen days' rebate coming to me."

Ernest Sherburne



The poor can count their friends on one hand; the rich can count theirs on every hand.

William J. Burtscher



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Here are books you'll surely want to read! For they show how YOU can make your camera pay its way and give you a good income. There is no limit to what you can earn. What others have done you can do. Right here in these

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INVESTMENTS

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QUESTION: Would you consider a municipal bond bearing 4 per cent. interest the best investment for a man with very limited means?

QUESTION: The entire machinery of investment is designed and operated to secure a higher return than the very modest rate which you mention. If 4 per cent. was the limit of return on safe investments, the private banker would be compelled to suspend business. A return of 4 per cent., after the deduction of personal property tax, is but little more than the yield on some of the bonds of some of the leading powers of Europe. You can do much better to put your money into a savings bank.

After answering your question in a negative way, it is only fair to indicate the possibilities of a higher return combined with safety. A circular just received describes the advantages of a general and refunding mortgage bond issued by a large public service corporation. The price is 92½ to yield over 5½ per cent. This bond is entirely safe measured by every known standard. The borrowing company earns twice its entire fixed charges, and its earnings are increasing. These bonds are listed, that is, entered on the official lists of securities dealt in on leading stock

exchanges, so that they can be readily sold at any time. Another current issue is a railroad bond secured by a first mortgage on a portion of one of the main lines of one of the large companies, and in addition to the security of the mortgage, they are the obligation of this company which is solvent and prosperous. They are offered at a price to yield 5.35 per cent. Other bonds, issued under the serial plan which has been previously described in these columns, can be purchased to yield from 5½ to 6 per cent. The day of the 4 per cent. bond has gone by.

QUESTION: A number of questions relate to the security of real estate bonds. Several companies issue bonds of this character, paying, some 5 per cent., others 6 per cent. interest. I have in mind two companies of this character which issue 6 per cent. bonds, secured by mortgages on real estate in a large eastern city. Their method is, in one case, both to purchase real estate and to lend money on real estate security. The bonds which they offer are secured by a mortgage covering the "capital real estate, revenues, rents, contracts, leases, incomes, rights, profits, accounts receivable, securities and any and all other property owned or hereafter acquired." The bonds cannot be sold for

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Investments

less than par and accrued interest and the proceeds of their sale must be deposited with a trustee to be drawn only for the purposes of investment. A small sinking fund is provided out of profits for the protection of the bondholders.

We cannot give our unqualified endorsement to these bonds. In the first place, there is no limit to the amount which can be issued. This violates one of the cardinal principles of security. Next, the margin of security in the property purchased, is not stated, and we find, in a circular issued by the company that it relies largely for its profits upon the growth of real estate values. If these expectations are realized, the bonds are safe. In our opinion they are *probably* safe, from present indications. But a large part of their security consists of second mortgages and equities in real estate, and the company is, on its face "operating," some people might call this "speculating" in real estate. In buying their bonds, the investor buys a share in their profits. In fact, they are quite frank about this. This is not investment. It is a combination of investment and speculation with all the risks of a speculation, and none of its profits. The bond buyer furnishes the money, or a large part of the money. He receives 6 per cent. on his loan, and the profits go to the stockholders. I do not like such a proposition. It is honest enough. One cannot, however,

call it fair. If the investor's taste runs to first mortgages on real estate, he will do better to buy interests in first mortgages.

A 5½ per cent bond secured by a first mortgage on improved real estate, worth at least four times the total amount of bonds which it secures, the bonds, moreover, being guaranteed by several wealthy men, can be purchased at par. If a higher rate is wanted, a responsible Western concern offers a bond secured by improved farm property worth, on a conservative estimate, two and a half times the bond issue, and bearing, also, the endorsements by men of considerable means, to yield the investor 6 per cent. Or, if the investor wishes to take a certain amount of risk, a less risk, in our opinion, than is involved in buying some of the bonds issued by Real Estate Companies, he can take his pick from a large number of preferred stocks protected by restrictions much more rigid and binding than the vague and uncertain assurances which an "operating" company gives him, and which will yield from 6½ to 7 per cent. and even higher. If one wishes to speculate, and the purchase of any security yielding over 6 per cent., in our opinion, under present conditions, involves a certain amount of speculation, it is well to get some compensation for the risk. Propositions where one man takes the profits, and other men put up the money, do not appeal to us.

Reputation—An Investment Asset

IN making an investment, consider first the reputation and the responsibility of the banking house with which you are about to invest your money. An investment banking house is to be trusted only in proportion to its reputation for handling securities which represent the perfect balance between safety, convertibility and attractive income.

Since the organization of S. W. STRAUS & CO. in 1882—thirty years ago—every first mortgage bond offered to our clients has been backed by security in no case less than double the value of the bonds, and during that time no client of ours has ever lost one single dollar of principal or interest on any securities purchased of us.

It is, and has always been, our custom to repurchase, when requested, securities bought from us, at par and accrued interest, less a handling charge of one per cent, thus making them readily convertible into cash.

If you are genuinely interested in a type of security which has stood the test of thirty years' exacting investment experience, write for "The Investor's Magazine," which we publish twice a month in the interest of conservative investors.

We would be pleased to submit a list of very choice bonds, based on the highest class of centrally-located, improved, income-producing Chicago real estate. Netting the investor 5½ and 6%. Write for Circular No. M11

S. W. STRAUS & Co.

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MORTGAGE AND BOND BANKERS

ESTABLISHED 1882

M11 STRAUS BUILDING,

CHICAGO.



A WONDERFUL TYPEWRITER



The Fox is indeed "A Wonderful Typewriter" because it will do all—and more—than any other typewriter, and do it easier and better. The Fox has a lighter touch and action than any other typewriter built and is full automatic. It is easy to make advertising claims of superiority, but we will prove our claims by sending to anyone, anywhere, one of our typewriters on ten days' free trial—**express prepaid**—the typewriter to be returned at our expense if it does not prove satisfactory.

Send today for a catalog with prices. Select from this the model wanted, width of carriage, style of type, etc., and a typewriter, put up just as you want it, will be sent you for trial. After trial if the typewriter is perfectly satisfactory you can pay us a little down and the balance monthly, or in cash, as you prefer. Write today—use the coupon.

FOX COUPON

Date _____

Fox Typewriter Co.,
8103-8303 Front St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

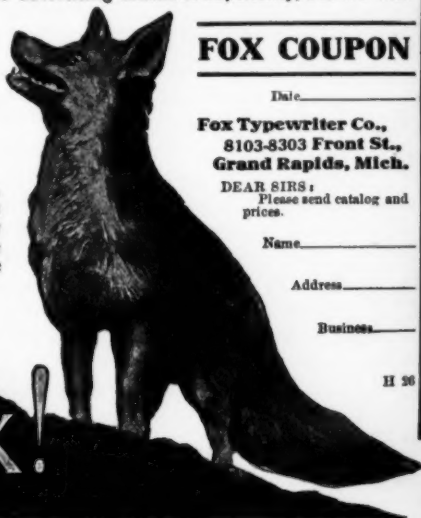
DEAR SIRS:
Please send catalog and prices.

Name _____

Address _____

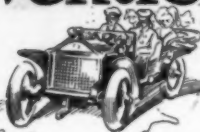
Business _____

Oh-You Fox!



II 96

Twentieth Century Travel



SIGNS OF SPRING

By Minna Irving

THE frost is on the window-pane,
The snow is at the door,
And like a lion round the house
I hear the norther roar.
The icicles along the eaves
Are hanging by the yard,
The mercury is going down,
The pipes are frozen hard.

But though I hug the glowing grate,
I know that spring is near,
With opening buds and singing birds,
And balmy atmosphere,
And swinging-holes in shady nooks.
To tempt the country lads,
For lo! the monthly magazines
Are full of auto ads.

THE SMALL GARAGE

By Churchill Williams

THE majority of automobile owners keep their cars in a public garage. The minimum charge of such garages in towns and cities of any size is probably fifteen dollars a month for each car; the maximum, thirty dollars, or even more if pressure for accommodations in that particular neighborhood is heavy. This means an average annual expenditure by the automobilist of about two hundred and fifty dollars. For that amount of money his car is kept in what is supposed to be—but often is not—a dry, well-ventilated and, in cold weather, sufficiently heated place; also that it is washed and its brass work polished daily. If these conditions are fulfilled, the charge for the service is not unreasonable, in view of the expenses and hazards of the business. But frequently the public garage is not the best place in which to keep a fine car; and still more frequently it offers excellent opportunity for use and abuse of the car by irresponsible persons,

usually employees. A heavy percentage of the thefts and wreckage of automobiles, with resulting damage suits, refers to those kept in public garages, and apparently the most that scrupulous watch and strict discipline by the management can accomplish is to reduce the chances of unauthorized use of the cars in its charge. Under such circumstances, the public garage does not strongly recommend itself to the man able to provide quarters of his own.

This, however, explains only in part the rapid increase in the number of small privately-owned garages. If a chauffeur be employed the greater convenience of having the car under one's windows, as it were, handy for personal inspection, ready for immediate use, makes it worth while to have accommodation for it on the home grounds, if only there be space sufficient for the building and for a driveway to the street.

If the owner runs his own car, its

The Small Garage

housing on the home grounds is even more desirable. But in this case there are likewise possible disadvantages. Washing the car and polishing brass, by no stretch of imagination, can be regarded as agreeable work. And so, when the first burst of enthusiasm is past, there is the temptation to shirk this work, with the result that the car suffers in appearance and in well-being. Also there is the fact that, in the home garage, there is no mechanic at hand to solve those puzzling performances in which the best of automobiles occasionally will indulge. In short, unless some one be engaged to keep the car clean, and the car itself be run to the nearest repair shop whenever it seems to require adjustment, it is strictly up to the owner to be his own man and his own "doctor." But, for many of us, the working out of small mechanical difficulties, the adjustment of operating parts, so that each shall function properly, is only second in the satisfaction it affords to that derived from the skilful running of the car on the road. And as for the washing and brass polishing—it is possible to accept these in a spirit of resignation, sweetened with the thought that, by so doing, the car has escaped attack from those rubber-and-paint-destroying preparations which, under the name of soap, are used in certain public garages, that it has not been left standing for any length of time in puddles of oil, diluted kerosene or water, that the more easily-damaged portions of its equipment do not suffer at the ruthless hands of some ignorant "washer," and that the hazard from fire and the risk of damage from collision with a neighboring car have been reduced to the minimum.

So, if only the owner can give the time and will give the patience and personal attention necessary to keep

the car in his own garage up to the mark in appearance and mechanical efficiency—a job quite within the capacity of almost anyone qualified to handle the steering wheel—then, the net results will be all in his favor as compared with those secured by his neighbor who resorts to a public garage. It is for the information of such a man, and particularly for him whose ownership of an automobile depends upon cutting costs to the limit, that the following suggestions are offered.

Of first consideration in planning the small garage is the driveway to the street. This is particularly so in the case of the suburban or small country place where space is relatively restricted. If the driveway in such instances be not carefully laid out beforehand it may be found, after the garage is up, that insufficient allowance has been made for a comfortable approach to the building and that, in consequence, the car is brought in or out only with difficulty, and with possible injury to itself or to the bordering lawn or flower beds. Perhaps the surest way to avoid this mistake is to remove a panel of the street fence at the point determined on for an exit, and run the car through this opening and over the turf along what seems to be the most desirable line to a point immediately opposite where it is intended to locate the garage. If, along this line at some convenient place, there be not room for a circle or a Y extension to permit of the car being turned around, then the car should be backed out to the street again along the same general line followed in bringing it in. One foot of allowance on either side of the wheel-marks so made in the turf will give a driveway of barely sufficient breadth, and special care should be taken to add to this width where it

The Car That Marks My Limit

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have no quarrel with men who ask more for their cars—none with men who ask less. I have only to say that, after 25 years—after creating 24 models and building tens of thousands of cars—*here's the best I know.* I call it My Farewell Car.

Reo the Fifth is no great innovation. The time is past for that.

Thousands of men, for two decades, have worked at perfecting cars. And the best they have done is about the best that men will ever do.

That best is shown in every feature of Reo the Fifth, I believe. To that I have added all I have learned in 25

years of continuous striving. So this car, I believe, comes pretty close to finality.

My Lessons

I have built myriads of cars, of many designs, and each one taught me lessons. That's my chief advantage.

I have learned the right and the wrong, the sufficient and deficient, from 25 years of actual experience.

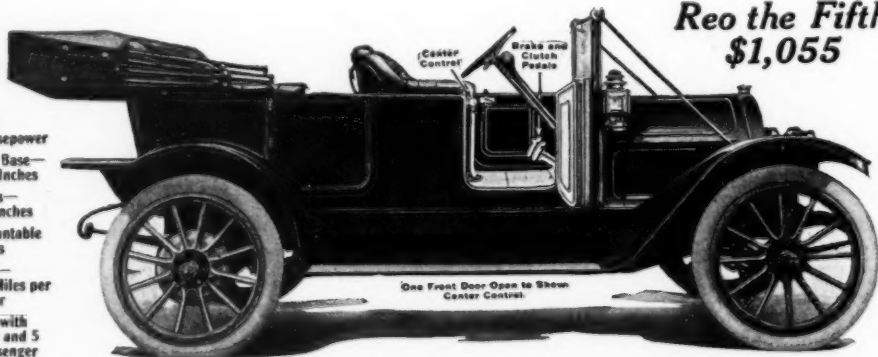
I have learned the need for big margins of safety, for extreme precautions, for utter care. I have seen and corrected every possible weakness.

So I build cars now under laboratory supervision. I analyze all my steel, test gears in a crusher. I inspect over and over all the thousands of parts.

That's where this car excels.

Reo the Fifth
\$1,055

30-35
Horsepower
Wheel Base—
112 inches
Wheels—
34 inches
Dismountable
Rims
Speed—
45 Miles per
Hour
Made with
2, 4 and 5
Passenger
Bodies



Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, \$25 extra.

Price—the Only Sensation

Reo the Fifth is not unique, save in its perfection. It is simply an example of the best modern practice, carried out in the extreme.

The only sensation lies in the price at which we are going to sell it. And that I consider, my greatest achievement.

We have developed a model factory. We have equipped it with modern automatic machinery, invented and built in our shops.

We have studied efficiency, and have cut every cost to the limit.

Our output has grown to enormous proportions. Our selling cost has been minimized. Our profits reduced to a trifle per car.

And in all this shop we build now but one chassis, thus saving nearly \$200 per car.

We now hope it is possible to sell this new car—my finest creation—for \$1,055.

Not Fixed

This price is not fixed. It is based on a doubled output this year, and on the present

low cost of materials. Any added cost must be added to the price.

The \$1,055 price is the minimum. We shall keep it that low just as long as is possible. But we have left no margin, such as men must who fix prices six months in advance.

Center Control

An exclusive feature in Reo the Fifth is the center cane-handle control. The gear shifting is done by moving this handle, not more than three inches, in each of four directions.

There are no side levers. The two brakes and the clutch are operated by foot pedals. The front doors are free from obstructions,

The driver may sit—as he should sit—on the left hand side, close to the cars which he passes. With the old lever controls this was impossible, save in electric cars,

The Final Touch

You will find in each detail, inner and outer, that rare and final touch.

The body, for instance, has

17 coats. The lamps are enameled, the engine nickel trimmed. The upholstery is deep, and of hair-filled genuine leather.

The wheel base is long, the wheels are large, the car is over-tired. Not a sign will you find of any petty economy.

My Supreme Effort

Reo the Fifth is the best car I can build after 25 years of experience. At twice the price I could give you nothing in addition, save more power.

And that is not needed—not economical.

Better materials are impossible, better workmanship out of the question. More of care or skill or quality is beyond my capability. If other men can offer more, they are better men than I.

Ask for Book

Our catalog shows the various bodies, and gives all the facts. Ask us to mail it to you.

You will find this car—My Farewell Car—the most interesting car of the year. Get the book and see. Address

R. M. Owen & Co., General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario

Six Big Features



Specifications are not everything, yet point for point every **Imperial** Model is the head of its class when actual value is set beside price.

Measure them up.

We challenge comparison.

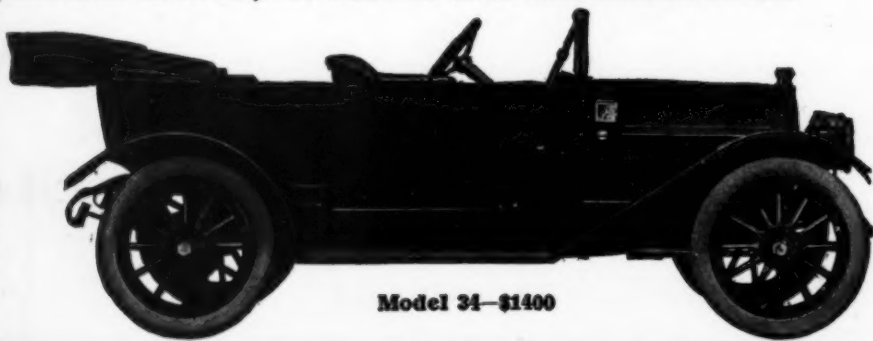
Style and graceful lines are not everything—speed and power are not everything—comfort and easy riding qualities alone do not make a car, yet you will find no more handsome design, no greater motor efficiency, no more luxurious upholstery and big, roomy bodies in cars costing **one-third more**, than you will find in **Imperial** cars at these astonishing prices.

Behind this sterling worth, as judged by figures, lie the **actual accomplishments** and the wonderful victories of the **Imperial** cars in endurance contests. These public tests have time and time again proved the **Imperial** the best for **reliability** and **dependability**, when compared with a score of other cars—some costing three times as much. Five **first** awards in the past **five** months have strengthened the record of the **Imperial** as the car for **use**,—for **wear**—the car for **economical investment**.

Self-Starter

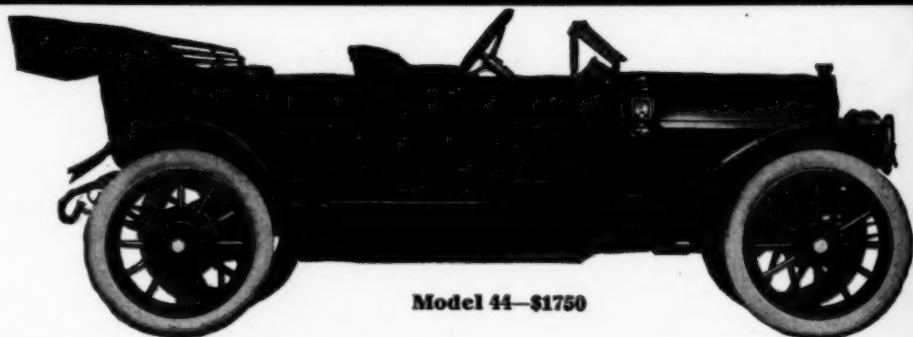
**Four Real Doors
Center Control**

**Silent, Enclosed
Power Plant**



Model 34—\$1400

Three Astonishing Prices



Model 44—\$1750

Model 44, \$1750 This 40-horsepower car has the famous Imperial, 4-cylinder, unit power plant, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ long stroke, valves enclosed. 120 inch wheel base; tires 36×4 ; demountable rims; complete equipment, including Prest-O-Lite tank and lamps, silk mohair top, speedometer and windshield, **\$1750.** (Self-Starter, extra.)

Model 34, \$1400 Imperial unit power plant, completely enclosed with $4\frac{1}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ -inch motor, valves enclosed. Wheel base, 116 inches; tires, 34×4 ; demountable rims; complete equipment, including Prest-O-Lite gas tank, and lamps, silk mohair top, speedometer and windshield, **\$1400.** (Self-Starter, extra.)

Model 32, \$1250 Imperial unit power plant, completely enclosed with $4\frac{1}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ -inch motor; valves enclosed. Wheel base, 114 inches tires, $34 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$; demountable rims, equipment includes generator, gas lamps, tools and horn, **\$1250.** (Self-Starter, extra.)

THE IMPERIAL ROADSTER

Model 33, \$1250—Built on the same chassis as our model 32, but complete equipment—Prest-O-Lite gas tank and lamps, silk mohair top, speedometer and windshield, **\$1250.**

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Here is a coupon that will bring you our complete 1912 catalog postpaid. Use this today and learn. (Self-Starter, extra.)

Long Stroke Motors

**Demountable Rims
Big Tires**

**Live
Dealers:**

Not much territory left for 1912, but you may be the lucky one. Write us quick for a splendid proposition.

**Long Wheel-
base**

COUPON—USE IT NOW

Imperial Automobile Co.,
Jackson, Michigan.
Please send your 1912 Catalog

Name _____
Address _____

IMPERIAL AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

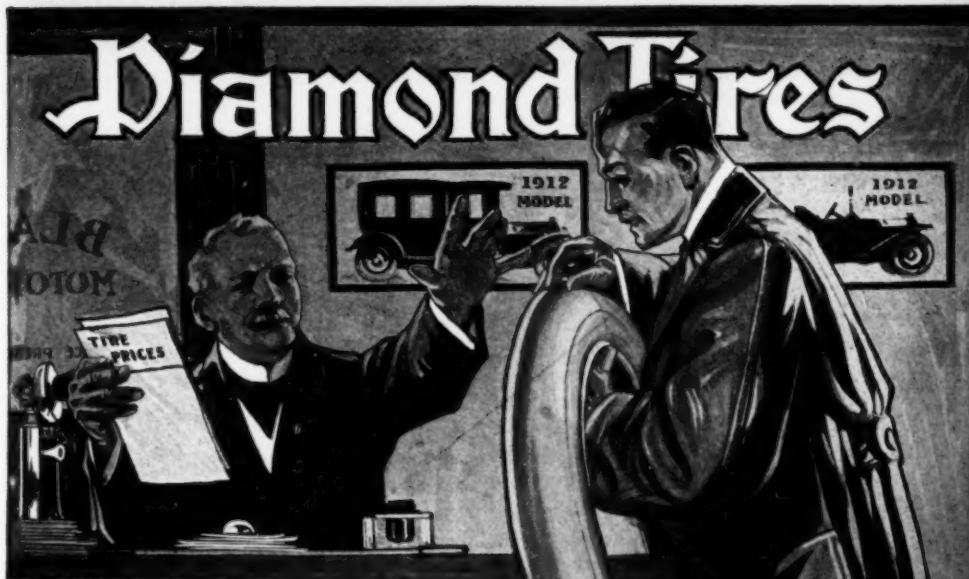
The Small Garage

curves or approaches any angle of the house or its porch. The doors of the garage itself should open directly upon the end of this driveway, so that the car may be run into the building in a straight line, and immediately in front of the structure the road should be widened considerably. This additional space may be used to advantage as a washing place for the car.

Time was when any kind of shed or old stable was thought to be good enough for the automobile. We know better now. Also we have learned that the garage may be and should be an ornament to the home grounds. Nor does achievement of this end demand any unreasonable expenditure. It is not even necessary to confine oneself in the matter of material to the cheaper grades of timber, though frame garages can and frequently are put up that are quite as attractive and as fully in keeping with their surroundings as those of brick or stone. But, within the limits of many cities, frame construction is barred by the building laws, and, in any event, a frame building increases the fire risk and does not give the same protection from excessive cold or heat as one with stone, tile, concrete, or brick walls. Whatever the material employed, however, the lines of the building should conform broadly to the architecture of the residence and it should be painted in accord with the colors of the latter. Also, within the limits of the owner's purse, the dimensions of the garage should be generous. The tendency of the inexperienced man of moderate means is invariably on the side of an economy in space which results in unnecessary discomfort, if nothing more serious. The average car demands a building of not less than sixteen feet length, inside measurement, and not less than

twelve feet width. The doors should give a clear opening of at least ten feet, and head room of eight feet six inches or more. Inside the building the head room should be not less than ten feet at the lowest point; otherwise the building will be stuffy and uncomfortable. There should be broad windows on three sides, with sills coming to within a foot of the floor, and each leaf of the doors may conveniently carry a square of glazing in addition. The sash of all windows should slide up and down so as to give free ventilation when needed, and bolted shutters should be fitted for the sake of additional protection from cold. In the interests of an abundance of light and ventilation it is a good idea to have a small raised skylight in the middle of the roof, the sash of which may be opened by pulleys and cords. The rafters of the roof should be stout enough to support the tackle which, sooner or later, will be needed by the man who makes his own repairs.

My own experience indicates that no floor is quite so satisfactory as that made of concrete. Concrete drains well, is impervious to moisture, and is easily kept clean. The floor should have a slight slope from the rear of the garage to the doors, and likewise slope gently from either side to a line down the centre of its length. The doors themselves should be made in two leaves, be of heavy framing, swing each on not less than three strong strap hinges, and the lintel should be raised an inch or more above the level of the floor, so as to lessen the chance of freezing fast in cold weather. This lintel should be bevelled off on both sides and may be slotted or bored through at the floor level of the building, so as to facilitate drainage. I do not believe in pits. At best they



WHEN the car builder says to the tire maker "Don't talk quality to me, it's prices I want"—*you lose.*

The car builder who *buys* his tires on a price basis is *selling you a tire that is built to meet his prices.*

Remember—the car builder does not guarantee the tire on the car he sells you; his responsibility ends there—but yours begins.

Insist upon Diamond Tires on your new car before buying and you will get them. Diamond Tires are built and sold on a *Quality* basis only. Their first cost to the car builder is a little more than on some other tires, because of the additional mileage and wear that we build into them. Start your new car out on Diamond Tires, and you'll stick to Diamonds ever after. That's the only way to cut ultimate tire expense to the lowest.

In addition to dependable Diamond dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

*We could build them cheaper
But we won't
We would build them better
But we can't.*

The Small Garage

are damp, uncomfortable and unsatisfactory holes in which to work, and they become foul despite all precautions. Also gasoline and oil will collect in them, with the result some fine day of an explosion and fire from lurking fumes. Stout timber "horses" may be used instead to give the car enough elevation to permit one to crawl beneath it and make inspection or adjustments. There are also on the market now several styles of garage jacks, which enable the operator to hoist the entire car simultaneously from four points with little exertion. In either case, an old rug or piece of carpet spread upon the floor offers handy and reasonable protection to the workman from dirt and dampness, if only proper attention has been given to keeping the place clean from mud, dust and drippings from the car. A useful precaution against the spread of these last is a drip-pan, which the owner can make for himself from a sheet of twenty-gauge galvanized metal, four by six feet, by turning up the edges and bending the corners with a hammer and block of wood.

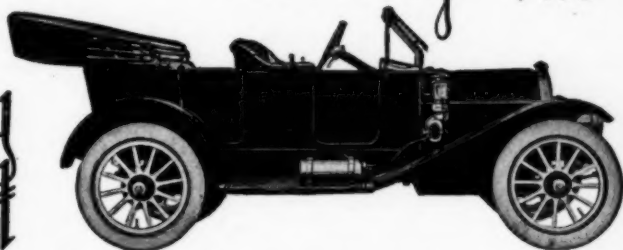
Great difficulty is usually encountered by the owner of the small garage in latitudes where the temperature falls below freezing, in heating the building. An oil or coal stove is safe only when every precaution has first been taken against communication of the flame with the fumes of loose gasoline, and even then should be used only when the owner himself is present. Hot water or steam heating is ideal but involves an expense which puts it without the reach of the average owner. The single expedient left to the man of small means, therefore, is to keep an anti-freezing mixture in the cooling water of the engine and allow the garage itself to remain unheated except

when he is in it. The cost of lighting the small garage with electricity is comparatively slight, and the immense convenience of this makes it in every way desirable. An exposed gas jet is at all times dangerous, and the owner had better do without artificial light entirely than take such risk. The illumination from the head lamps of the car will usually be found to be quite sufficient when driving into the garage at night. But running water, either in or adjacent to the garage, is an absolute necessity, and a faucet with a thread to take a hose union should be located just within the garage so that the washing of the car may be done as expeditiously and thoroughly as possible. A revolving overhead connection for washing purposes, as now provided in many of the large garages, is a convenience but by no means a necessity.

At the far end of the garage, against one wall, where light will fall upon it from two directions, should be fixed a work bench and heavy vise; and above this may be arranged wooden shelves for the store of small extra parts, bolts, nuts, screws, paints, varnish and such-like articles, which the man of a mechanical turn will find use for continually. Tools may be kept in drawers beneath the work bench or in wall-racks immediately above it. At the same end of the garage and on the opposite wall, may be placed heavy pegs to hold extra tires, and two rails one on which to hang robes and the other for chamois and wiping cloths. On the floor, under the work bench, is a good place to keep boxes in which to store the cans of lubricating and transmission oils, grease for the grease cups, polishing pastes, washing compound, and perhaps a small can of kerosene. Also there should be pro-

Service —is— Quality In-Built

Beverley \$975



¶ All that you can ask of a motor car is good service. ¶ Service is quality in-built.

¶ You can not reasonably expect good service from a car whose chief merit is its price, nor from a motor car hastily thrown together from materials none too closely inspected and tested, nor from a car whose splendid finish covers a multitude of mechanical sins. That kind of car keeps your pocketbook slim.

¶ An automobile should be an investment in economy. In buying then you must consider the cost of maintenance; some cars, as you know, pile up repair bills in a single season that fairly equal the purchase price of the machine. ¶ With the Paige, the first cost is practically last cost. The Paige is built for your needs. It is a quality car in every nut and bolt—every rod and gear.

¶ The chief merit of the Paige is in the quality of the materials assembled by workmen of quality in a factory where the old fashioned idea of doing things right, if they are to be done at all, prevails from the experimental room to the shipping room.

¶ There are motor cars cheaper than the Paige, but under present conditions it is impossible to build a better motor car for less than \$1,000. At that, there is 25 per cent. more motor car value in the Paige at \$975 than in most cars selling up to \$1,400. We make this statement only because hundreds of owners have made the same statement of their own accord.

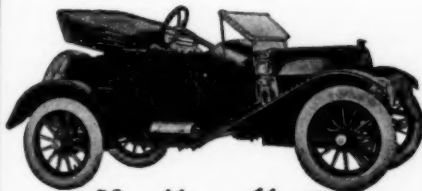
¶ Make a comparison for yourself. If you do, we have no doubt of your eventually buying a Paige.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.

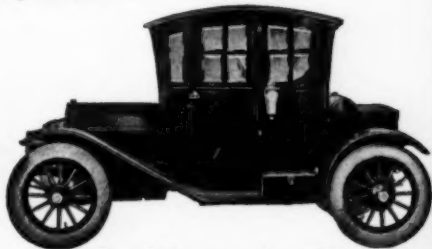
248 21st Street

Detroit, Mich.

Write for Literature



Kenilworth
\$975



La Marquise \$1600
Completely Equipped

The Small Garage

vided, convenient to the work bench, a good-sized box or metal can with a cover in which to throw waste and refuse of all sorts. This will be found to be a decided encouragement to cleanliness in the garage, but it should be emptied at frequent intervals; otherwise it is likely some day to transform itself into a lively bonfire, with disastrous results. Against this catastrophe it is well to have in the garage a box of sand, which is one of the best of fire extinguishers and likewise is useful to dry up such oil as may occasionally be spilled upon the floor. But even with sand handy, no garage should be without its chemical fire extinguisher, and the best of these is none too good for the man who values the safety of his car. A gasoline fire is a stubborn, alarming and quick-spreading affair. It must be instantly extinguished, and nothing but sand or a chemical compound seems to be effective. I take it for granted that every owner of an automobile realizes the folly of keeping within a building any store of gasoline, however small, except it be within the tank of the car. A pit three feet deep, four feet long and half as wide, dug in the ground just outside the garage, lined with inch boards and fitted with a frame cover that may be locked, will hold sufficient gasoline, in five-gallon cans, to meet the needs of the average man; and there is no danger of fire from gasoline so stored. If the owner feels inclined to spend a little more money, a metal tank to be placed outside the garage and furnished with piping and a pump for raising the gasoline, can be purchased for a fair price, and is somewhat more convenient. This, like some other articles of garage equipment, will appeal as a luxury rather than a necessity to the man intent

upon keeping down expenses. In default of a power-driven tire pump, a good-sized hand-pump, mounted upon a heavy base and worked with a lever, however, will save so much back-breaking toil that it fully earns a place in all but the most economical of lists.

The cost of erecting a garage like that alluded to will be found to vary considerably, depending upon locality. If constructed of stone the bill may, in some places, run close to five hundred dollars; if of brick, as low as one hundred and seventy-five dollars, or as much as three hundred dollars, depending upon the builder and the style of finish. I have in mind one garage of slightly smaller dimensions, which cost the owner, complete, one hundred and twenty-five dollars. This was a building with nine-inch brick walls, unfinished inside, solid concrete floor, sloping roof of tin, three windows with two sashes in each and a double door, all wood work inside and out being given two coats of paint. The work was done by a city builder, though, it is but fair to add, that bids from other builders for a structure of similar specifications ranged from two hundred to three hundred dollars.

The cost of constructing the driveway to the garage must, in each case, depend so largely upon its length and the nature of the material employed for a bed and top dressing, that no figures of general application could be quoted. It may be noted that the writer has secured excellent results from a driveway constructed of heavy cinders, watered and rolled repeatedly, the top layer being of finer cinders, and the final dressing of stone grit, well-watered and rolled down—the charge for this driveway being about one-half of that demanded for one made of stone.

Two Things You Need



UNDERGROUND GARBAGE RECEIVER



Opens with the Foot

The only Sanitary method of caring for garbage, deep in the ground in metal receiver holding heavy galvanized bucket with bail. No freezing, no odor. Avoid the battered can and scattered refuse resulting from frozen contents. Health demands it.



UNDERFLOOR REFUSE RECEIVER

Is a necessity in every well equipped, up-to-date garage. It occupies no valuable space as top is flush with floor. It provides a fire-proof receptacle for oily waste and sweepings. It is installed in front of furnace or heater for ashes and refuse. Sanitary, convenient, durable.



Easy to sweep into

**Nine Years in Practical Use
IT PAYS TO LOOK US UP.**

Sold Direct. Send for Circulars on each.

**C. H. STEPHENSON,
MANUFACTURER**

30 FARRAR STREET, LYNN, MASS.





**Stories of
Motor Trips
from
England
to
Suez
and from
Iceland
to
Sahara**

**AUTOMOBILING
IN MANY CLIMES**
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
DELRICH & CO. GENERAL AGENTS

THIS FASCINATING BOOK
Relates first person experiences of prominent American automobilists in motoring through the most beautiful by-ways of the universe. It also tells

HOW TO SHIP AN AUTOMOBILE ABROAD
Shows the advantages of taking your car with you; gives itineraries of best tours and all possible information regarding motor trips through Europe. Beautifully illustrated from photographic scenes. Sent FREE to any Address.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
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Four Car Owners in Every Five Use the Reliable Stewart Speedometer

An Absolute Necessity



Stewart Speedometers have 100,000-mile season odometer, 100-mile trip register, can be reset to any tenth of a mile.

Speedometers, \$15 to \$30
Clock Combinations \$45 to \$70

Tells you how fast you go; saves you from arrest and accidents; keeps track of your season mileage; helps you follow guide-book mileage when touring; saves you money on tire adjustments; checks your gasoline and oil supplies; helps you get maximum efficiency out of your car.

Beautifully made; absolutely accurate; open dial, easily read; jewel bearings; positive odometer; unbreakable flexible shaft; drop forged swivel joint that will outwear the car.

Speedometer Guaranteed for Five Years

Send for new 1912 descriptive catalog; tells you why, in our big factory, we can make the best speedometer at the lowest price.

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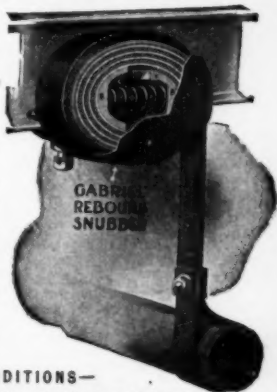
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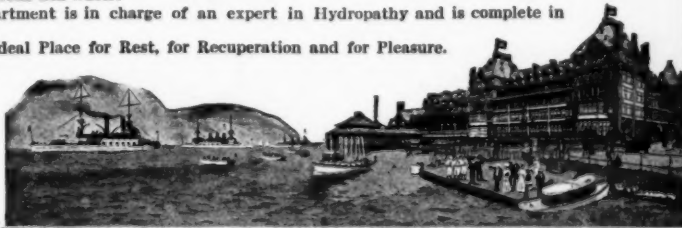
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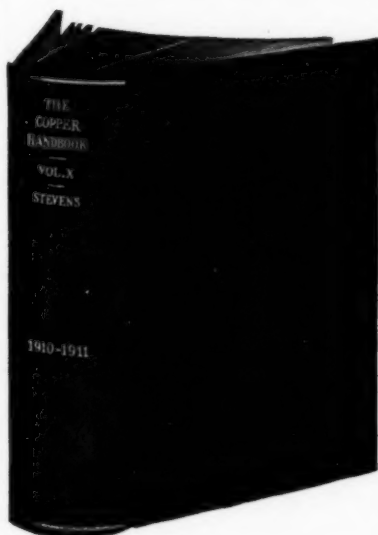
phone wire, can go forth arrayed in the most charming gowns, over which are worn the new motoring wraps and coats designed especially for the

limousine car, and which are both lovely and picturesque. Satins and chiffon broadcloth are the two modish materials, although occasionally there is a very chic model in chiffon taffeta of the most supple kind, charmeuse, or the soft corded silk. The lustre, softness and beautiful colorings of the new satins make that fabric by far the most popular.

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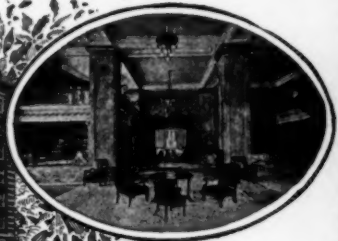
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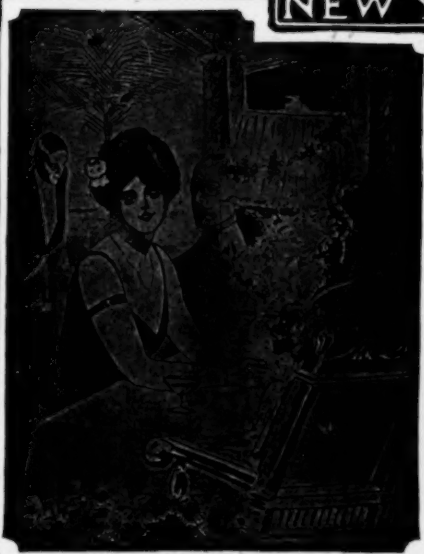
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THE BOYS.—"O-o-o-h! Pop! look! You hit the cop!"

JOHN.—"Gosh! I bet he'll run me in for that."

THE CAT.—"Guess that cop thinks the boss has got a grudge agin 'em!"